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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXVII

July-Dec

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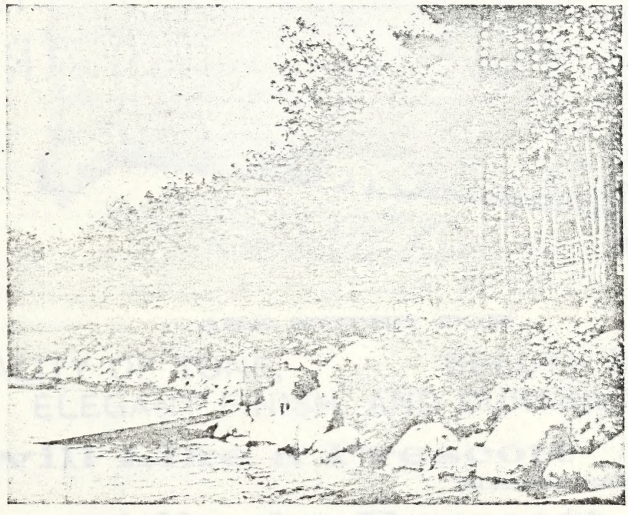
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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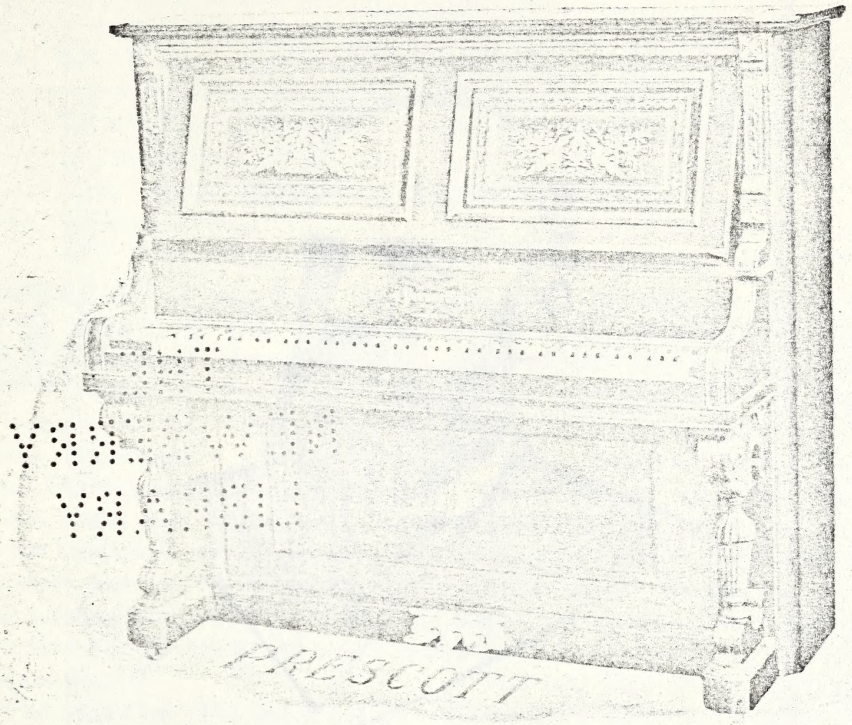
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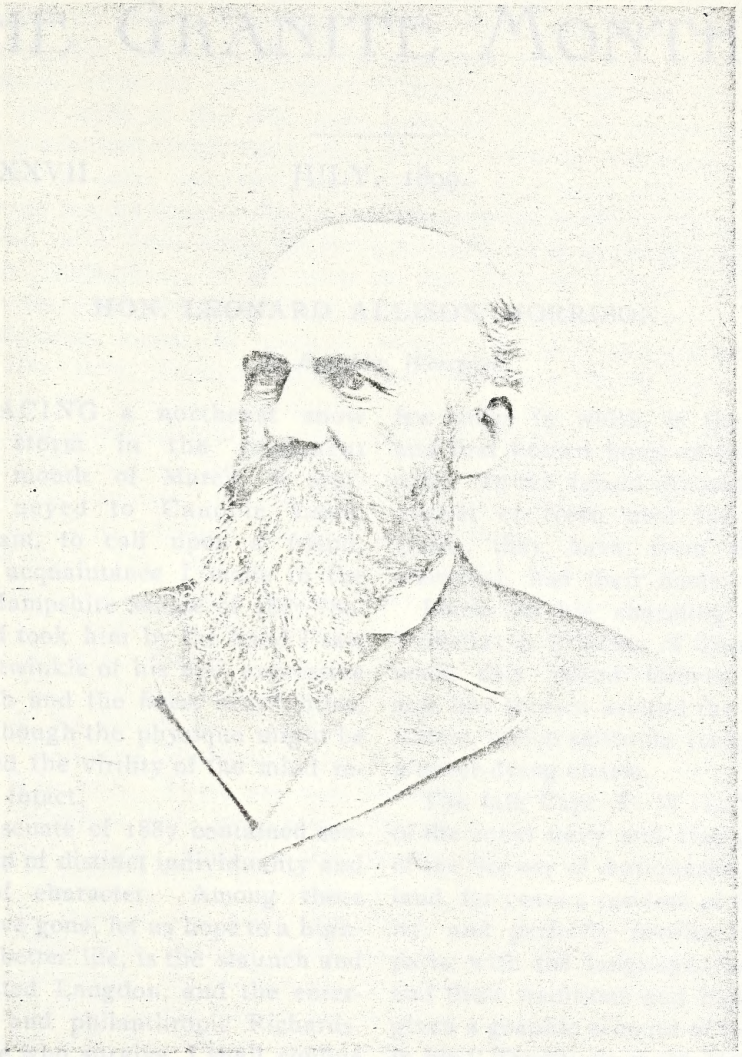
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Leonard Allison Morrison.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII. JULY, 1899. No. 1.

HON. LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON.

By Franklin Worcester.

FACING a northeast snow storm in the inclement month of March, I journeyed to Canobie Lake, Windham, to call upon a friend, whose acquaintance I made in the New Hampshire senate of 1887–'89. When I took him by the hand I saw by the twinkle of his eye, expressive of mirth and the finest sensibilities, that although the physique might be impaired the virility of the mind remained intact.

The senate of 1887 contained several men of distinct individuality and force of character. Among those who have gone, let us hope to a higher and better life, is the staunch and undaunted Langdon, and the enterprising and philanthropic Richards. Of those who survive, I shall confine myself to my friend, Leonard Allison Morrison, who was able to furnish me the desired data.

On an island, romantic and windswept by every ocean breeze, lying upon the northwest coast of Scotland and separated from the mainland by a strip of most turbulent waters a few miles in width, is the earliest and first known home of the Morrisons. In the Island of Lewis, in the district of Ness, near the Butt of Lewis, they have, from time immemorial, had their home.

Black, in his charming story of "Sheila; a Princess of Thule," has made this island forever famous, and has thrown around the heaving waters, which smite its rocky coasts, a never-dying charm.

The late Capt. F. W. L. Thomas, of the royal navy and vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, for years a resident of the locality, and perfectly familiar with all parts, with the language, the people and their traditions and history, has given a graphic account of the family in his "Traditions of the Morrisons," the substance of which has been incorporated by the subject of this sketch in his "History of the Morison or Morrison Family."

In the passing years many branches of the Morrisons passed over to the mainland of Scotland, and from there spread to all parts of the world.

John Morison, a sturdy Scotchman, removed from Scotland to the county of Londonderry, Ireland, previous to 1688, and he and his family were of the number of Scotch Protestants, who, during the celebrated Siege of Londonderry, 1688–'89, were driven beneath the walls of the city, and eventually admitted within the walls, when, with the other defenders, they endured the horrors of starvation.

In 1720, or a little later, he removed to Londonderry, N. H., with his last wife, Janet Steele, and their young children, where he died in 1736. His sons, Charter James Morison (2) and Charter John Morison (2), had preceded him in 1719. This John Morison (1), who died in 1736, was the ancestor of Leonard Allison Morrison, through Charter James Morison (2), and his wife Mary Wallace, his son Lieut. Samuel Morison (3), a soldier in the French War, and his wife, Martha Allison; their son, Dea. Samuel Morison (4), a soldier of the Revolution, and his wife, Mrs. Margaret (Dinsmoor) Armour, of Windham. Their son was Jeremiah Morrison (5), who married Eleanor Reed Kimball, the parents of Leonard Allison Morrison (6). In the veins of the latter the blood of Scot and Puritan flows equally commingled. On his father's side his descent is purely Scotch, he being related with the Arwins, Orrs, Cochrans, Wallaces, Steeles, Dinsmoors, Allisons, McKeens. On his mother's side he is of purely English descent, being related to the Puritan families of Massachusetts,—the Kimballs, Scotts, Hazeltines, Days, Hazens, Andrews, Harrimans, Reeds, Tafts, Parks; the latter three families of Mendon or Uxbridge, Mass.

He was reared in a conscientious Christian home. It was a home where, each morning, the family was gathered together, the chapter from Holy Writ was read, and prayer ascended from the family altar. Thrice, each day, as the family gathered at the social meal was the Divine blessing implored. Each Sabbath as it came around, so regularly was the family found in its accustomed place in the sanctuary and in the Sabbath school, unless prevented by illness or some serious matter. It was in one of those strict, conscientious, religious homes, which, a generation or more ago so numerously abounded on these hillsides and in these valleys of New Hampshire, and which constituted the strength and bulwark of the Granite state, that lessons of love, of truth, of justice, of right, of hatred, of wrong, and injustice were installed into his mind in his youth and became a part of his being.

Those early lessons have not been forgotten or ignored. He admires courage. He is quick to applaud the right and resent the wrong. He could easily stand for what he believed to be right, even if he stood alone. He has never been afraid of defeat or of being in the minority, and some of his successes have been what he has espoused, a forlorn hope, and won success from apparent defeat. Firm and constant in his friendships and mental makeup, he clings to a friend or a cause to which he is committed with great tenacity. He abandons neither till absolutely obliged to do it by the logic of events. The cares of life came upon him early.

Before his sixteenth year, by the



HOME OF LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON



feeble health of his father, the care of the farm and responsibility for its management fell largely upon him. His two elder brothers, Christopher Merrill Morrison and Edward Payson Morrison, those buds of promise, who had prepared for college, were taken ill with consumption and passed away in the brightness of their youthful promise. A little later his loved father joined them, and he was deprived of his wise counsel. His mother, sister, and himself now comprised the reduced family circle, and before his twentieth year, the homestead, which had been owned by the family for a century and a score of years, became his by inheritance, and which he still retains. In 1866, his mother joined those who had passed over the river. His sister, Margaret Elizabeth Morrison, soon after married Mr. Horace Park, and has always lived in Belfast, Me.

He was educated in the public schools of his native town of Windham, at the academy of Gowanda, Catteraugus county, New York, and at the seminary at Northfield, now Tilton. His strong desire was for a collegiate course and a professional life, but untoward circumstances prevented the fulfilment of the dreams and fond ambitions of his youth. He occupies and owns the ancestral acres at Windham. Always has he taken a deep and abiding interest in the public affairs and prosperity of his town. He believes that fair play is the fairest of all fair mottoes, that a man should follow closely and strictly the leadings of his conscience and his ideas of right in public and in private life.

He was a selectman in 1871–'72, and in those years was a trustee and aided in the establishment of the Nesmith Free Public library. There were four trustees who labored with him. They were Rev. Joseph Lanmon, James Cochran, Hiram S. Reynolds, and William D. Cochran. The books were selected, placed in the library, and when ready, the library was formally opened by a dedication. Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, Mass., made a very able address. Mr. Morrison, whose heart was in it, evinced it by an address delivered on that occasion.

A little later a library catalogue was prepared and distributed to the citizens, and he was one who aided in its preparation. The library now exceeds 3,200 volumes.

Before the establishment of that library, for many years he availed himself of the use of books from a fine circulating library in Lawrence, Mass., and from them derived great profit and delight. Thus unknown to others or himself, he was preparing for that important work that he has done.

Up to 1877 he lived the life of a farmer besides being engaged in the wood and lumber business, but he had dreams of something different, of public life and foreign travel. The year mentioned was marked by circumstances, slight in themselves, which became the beginning of a new life. "A pebble in the streamlet sent, has turned the course of many a river." He has always been a lover of literature. In that year he was chosen to edit a local paper, known as *The Windham Chronicle*, which he did. It was a small affair, but it opened up a correspondence, and was the commencement of the literary work of his after life. It

led also, indirectly, to his two somewhat extended tours of European travel and the accompanying works of travel. Another slight and singular circumstance will be here recorded to show how simple an event may affect one's after life.

> The massive gates of circumstance
> Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
> And thus some seeming pettiest chance
> Oft gives life its after tinge.

He has always taken a deep and abiding interest in political events and in the decision of public questions. In the year mentioned he was a delegate to a political convention, and accidentally was placed on the committee of credentials. He was an unknown man in a political circle, but did not long remain so. He belonged to no clique, and advocated what he believed to be right. The committee had been in session but a short time when he found himself in a sharp and earnest contest. Two sets of delegates appeared from a section of the largest municipality of the district. Only one set were, of course, entitled to seats in the convention, and he espoused with ardor the cause of those whom he believed were justly entitled to their seats. The chairman of the committee, who was from that place, had the deciding vote, and decided against Mr. Morrison, but said to him quietly, "You are right, but, in order to smooth things over locally, I shall have to vote against you."

During the progress of the convention, the ones who had most sharply made the contest with him, and who had supposed he had belonged to a clique, came to him saying they had found out his position, commended his action, and hoped they would meet him again next year. They did meet the next year. These men were now his warm friends, and through their influence and of others whom he met, he was made president of the convention. Upon taking the chair he made a speech, of which a copy was requested by the editor of the local paper, which appeared with proceedings of the convention, and was sent broadcast over that section of the state. The contest of the committee in 1877 led to the presidency of the convention of 1878; the speech and its publication, which brought him before the people, led to the train of events which landed him in the state senate and gave him whatever political prominence he has attained.

For fifteen years he presided in the annual town-meetings. The duties of a presiding officer came easily, and there was a charm for him in public speaking. For nearly thirty years he has been justice of the peace; was an enumerator of the Tenth United States census in 1880, one of the auditors of Rockingham county in 1886–'87. He has always been a Republican in politics, and was a member of the Republican State Central committee in 1881–'82. In 1884 he was elected a member of the house to serve from 1885–'87. In his legislative and other contests he arranges carefully his line of action. He studies men and his opponents, and looks ahead to see what will probably be their line of attack or defense, and makes his preparations to meet their attack or make his own. He is an uncomfortable antagonist for he never knows when he is defeated, and never acknowledges a defeat. He may have

a temporary set-back, but he is after his opponents again at the first chance. This has been repeatedly shown in his public and legislative experience.

During the session of the legislature of 1885, when he was a member of the house, a leading opposition paper (*Manchester Union*) aptly said "Mr. Morrison of Windham is a man of positive convictions. Ample study, research, and travel have ripened his thought and sharply outlined his opinions. Like all men of his class, he is liable to run counter to popular sentiment, but he is honest to the core, and he serves the state well in his general capacity and as chairman of the committee on education."

He was a new member in that session, but he was somewhat known, and he was appointed chairman of the committee on education, an honorable position for a new member. In the debates he participated when he had views which he thought should be expressed, but never for the sake of talking. At one time, several bills, some of which he had introduced, and others in which he was interested, were before the house. Gen. Gilman Marston of Exeter was a member. He was a blunt, brusque man of unquestioned honesty, but one who had many admirers and friends. One day he met the subject of this sketch on the street, and with that peculiar gesture with his index finger, which he often used when addressing the speaker, he said, "You have several bills before the house, have n't you?" "Yes." Then the general enumerated them, one by one, and exclaimed with an adjective in his expression, more forcible and expressive than pious or polite, "You 'll be lucky if you get any one of them through!" and off he went. Mr. Morrison was *very* lucky.

A very important bill of the session was the bill establishing the "Town District of Schools." It was introduced by a member of the committee on education and referred to that committee. The chairman was strongly in favor of the bill, as were the best educators and the most intelligent and best read men in the state. But it was a great innovation on the school customs and laws of the state, made a most radical change in them and was greatly ahead of public sentiment. School affairs were in a bad condition. Radical measures were a necessity. This was well known to its advocates. It was thoroughly discussed in public hearings in the state house, and before the committee, and a day and hour at length assigned for its consideration in the house. The chairman of the committee was greatly interested in its success and carefully prepared a plan for its progress in the house.

When the appointed hour arrived the galleries were packed, the judges of the supreme court, the senate, and distinguished men of the state filled seats by the speaker, and the rotunda in front of the speaker's chair. Upon the calling of the house to order, as chairman of the committee on education having the bill in charge, he called the bill from the table and opened the debate with a carefully prepared and forcible speech, pleading its merits and urging the passage of the bill. Others fell into line, the leading members urged its passage, and those who

were not often participants spoke in its favor, and there was no lull in the proceedings. There was a great interest and about 6 p. m. the roll was called and the bill passed by about a two-thirds vote.

It subsequently passed the senate, received the signature of the governor and became the law of the state. It was probably the most important step for the educational interests of the state for half a century.

The transition period was unpleasant, as all such periods are. It made something of a commotion in the state and his course upon this question and for the valued policy insurance law cost him some votes when he was a candidate and was elected senator two years later.

In 1886 he was elected state senator from the Londonderry district, No. 20, to serve from June, 1887, to June, 1889. In the senate he was made chairman of the committee on education and served on the committee on engrossed bills, on agriculture, on state prison, and industrial school. In that body, as elsewhere, his course was direct and outspoken upon public questions.

The Hazen bill (railroad bill) was the most important bill of the session. It was kept dallying along nearly through the session, and hearing after hearing took place before the committee. At last it passed both branches of the legislature by nearly a two-thirds vote. Then it came before Governor Sawyer, who vetoed it. The excitement was intense.

Mr. Morrison voted in favor of the bill and thought the governor had no valid excuse for his veto.

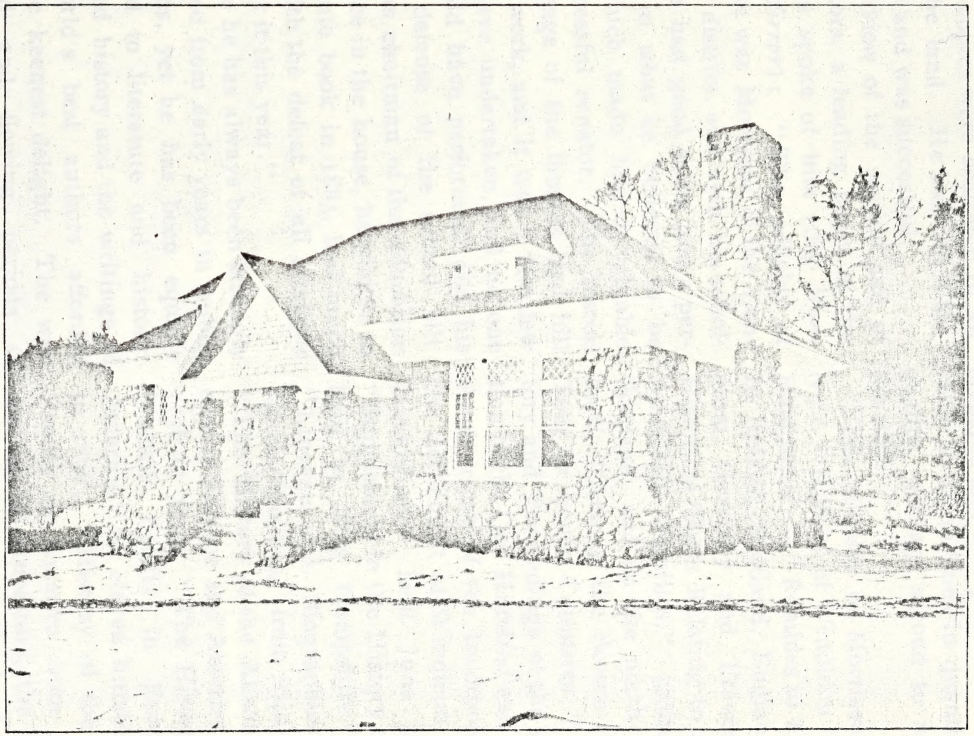
The adulteration of foods is one of the most obnoxious evils of the day. The adulteration of the one article of lard, it was claimed, was robbing the people of New Hampshire of half a million of dollars a year beside giving the consumer a spurious article when he bought a *pure* article. A bill was introduced to prevent the sale of the adulterated article for a pure article. If a person wanted "compound lard" let it be marked as "compound lard," and bought and sold as such, and a package marked as "pure" compel the seller to have it "pure." To this bill Mr. Morrison gave his earnest support by speech and vote. It was one of the most warmly contested bills of the session. The agents of the Chicago manufacturers of spurious lard were there in force lobbying for its defeat. After a stubborn contest it failed to pass.

Later in the session, Mr. Morrison, fearless of defeat, and with characteristic directness, introduced substantially the same bill in the senate, but in a new form.

The former conflict had been so sharp and stubborn that it was a matter of surprise to the senate that the bill was reintroduced in its new form. A senator sitting near him said, "Senator Morrison, I am surprised that a man who has as much sense as you have, should n't have *more* sense than to reintroduce that bill, for you will certainly be defeated."

Morrison quietly replied, "Defeat does n't frighten me. I have been defeated before and then came out ahead at last."

This statement was prophetic of the issue. The bill was just, and after a sharp contest it passed both branches of the legislature. In the



THE ARMSTRONG MEMORIAL BUILDING.

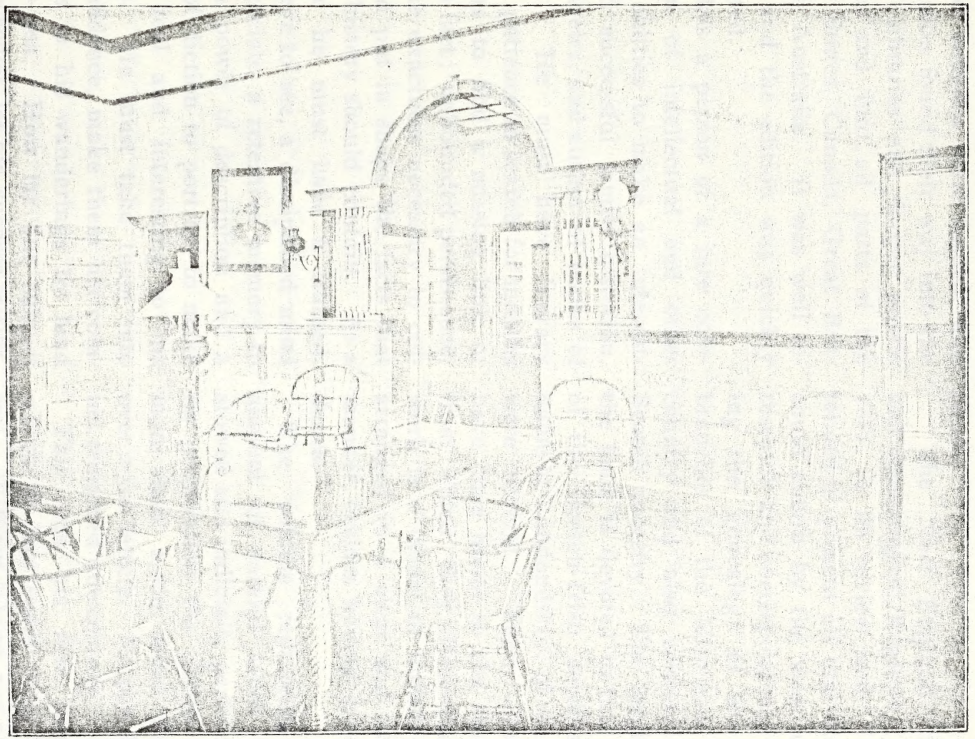


senate Mr. Morrison made a speech in its support. It was terse, direct, and strong in its denunciation of the great commercial fraud which unscrupulous manufacturers were perpetrating on the public. It attracted some attention, was published in two or more publications, and some six thousand copies were scattered in all parts of the land. He had led a forlorn hope and was successful.

In a review of the session and of the senators, a leading paper of the state thus spoke of him (the *Manchester Mirror*): "The scholar of the senate was Morrison of the Londonderry district, and with his scholarship he had good sense and a persistency in what he believed to be right, which made him a valuable and successful senator. The rescue and passage of the famous lard bill was his work, and it was a feat few would have undertaken, and no one else could have performed, and his earnest defense of the school bill, which, as chairman of the education committee in the house, he piloted to the statute book in 1885, had much to do with the defeat of all attempts to defeat it this year."

While he has always been strongly interested from early years in public questions, yet he has been equally attached to literature and history. He loved history and the writings of the world's best authors afforded him the keenest delight. The well rounded and flowing periods of Macaulay and the beautiful sentiments of the poets have a great charm for him. For years he was more of a reader than writer. Thus, unknown to himself or others, he was preparing himself for the important work which he has done and is doing. It is a field of labor into which he had not long dreamed of entering, but was drawn into it by chance, or more properly by Providence, and for twenty years his life has been earnestly devoted to historical research, travel, and elucidation of these brilliant themes; and has prepared and had published works of value in these lines in quantity and quality, perhaps second to none in the state.

"The Morison or Morrison Family;" "History of Windham in New Hampshire;" "Rambles in Europe: In Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany and France, with Historical Facts Relating to Scotch-American Families," gathered in Scotland, and in the north of Ireland; "Among the Scotch-Irish; a Tour in Seven Countries;" "History and Proceedings of the Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Settlement of Windham in New Hampshire," held June 9, 1892; "Supplement to the History of Windham in New Hampshire," 1892; "Lineage and Biographies of the Norris Families," from 1640 to 1892; "The History of the Alison or Allisons in Europe and America," A. D. 1136 to 1893; "The History of the Sinclair Family in Europe and America," for eleven hundred years, to 1896; "History of the Kimball Family in America from 1634–'97, and of its Ancestors, the Kemballs or Kemboldes of England," in two volumes, and 1,290 pages, by Leonard Allison Morrison and Stephen Paschall Sharples; "Poems of Robert Dinsmoor," "the rustic bard," compiled and edited with foot-notes; "Dedication Exercises of the Arm-



THE MEMORIAL ROOM.

strong Building for Nesmith Library, Windham, N. H.," January 4, 1899.

Early in life he commenced writing for the press, and has been a contributor since 1861. In 1878 he began his literary life in sober earnest by commencing his "History of the Morison or Morrison Family," published in December, 1880. Eleven hundred volumes were issued, and copies soon found their way into the college libraries and larger public libraries and into all parts of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and Australia. It was well received and the edition was quickly exhausted.

It takes a person of a rare combination of intellectual and other solid qualities to make an interesting and successful family historian, or a traveler, and author of books of travels. He must have literary ability, patience to search for months or years to find a missing link or prove a fact; unbounded persistence, with the exactness necessary to collect and put in shape the facts that such a history should contain. As a traveler he must have a trained, quick eye to see, a disciplined mind to appreciate, a retentive memory to hold, a power of description and a grace of diction to portray, to make things real and interesting to his readers. He must take them into his confidence, make them his companions in his wanderings by land and by sea. How far our subject has succeeded, let his success testify, as will the voice of the press.

The *Literary World*, in reviewing it, "The Morrison History," July 2, 1881, said "It has secured a permanent place in the historical literature of the country. A very creditable volume it is, well planned, well prepared, well illustrated, and well printed and bound. Its early history is unusually rich in tradition, and some of the stories of the hereditary judges of Lewis, given in the opening pages, are diverting. We commend them to romancers in search of material for out-of-the-way places."

"The New England Historical and Genealogical Register," April 1, 1881, in its review said, "It is intended to present all that the author could obtain by the most assiduous research and correspondence concerning the genealogy of the various branches of the Morrisons in this country and also concerning their Scotch ancestry. The larger part of the book is devoted to the posterity of the Scotch-Irish settlers of the name at Londonderry, of whom there were several. Their descendants have done honor to the sturdy race from which they descended. The work is a model of industry and is arranged in a clear and intelligible manner, besides having excellent indexes."

The volume represents a vast amount of careful labor well bestowed and judicially performed. In its preparation the author traveled more than 2,000 miles and wrote over 2,500 letters. No possible channel remained unexplored.

This was his first book, upon which he had spent three years of toil. Without taking any rest or vacation he commenced the "History of Windham in New Hampshire," his native town.

The aged people were few who knew the early history of the town; tradition was fast dying out and he

felt that no time was to be lost. For three years he gave this work his unremitting attention and the work was published at the close of 1883, a book of 872 pages and 60 pages of illustrations.

In a review of it Oliver Stebbins, in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," says, "This is an exceedingly interesting and elaborate history of another one of the little group of New Hampshire towns of which Londonderry was the parent settlement, and which owed their origin to the efforts of those grand and sturdy old Presbyterian Covenanters who emigrated from Ireland and Scotland at the beginning of the last century;—those brave, self-sacrificing patriots whom no sufferings could subdue, no threats could terrify, no bribery could tempt, nor persecution cause to waver in their devotion to their simple faith."

The reviewer confesses that he never can read the account of the heroic defense of the town of Londonderry, in Ireland, with its little garrison of seven thousand men against the whole Catholic force of James II, supported by an army sent by Louis XIV of France which has been so graphically described in the histories of the New Hampshire towns of Londonderry, Antrim, and Windham, without feelings of intense enthusiasm, although he himself comes from Puritan stock.

The title of Mr. Morrison's book indicates in some measure the labor bestowed upon and the interest taken in the subject. On nearly every page there is evidence of patient and painstaking research and unremitting toil.

The *Literary World* in its review August 13, 1883, thus speaks of the "History of Windham," stating that two thirds of the book was "devoted to a history of Windham families, family by family, of whom about 200 are included, arranged in alphabetical order. These family histories contain an immense store of genealogical material, the collection of which must have required an inexhaustible industry and patience."

It was reviewed by numerous papers in a commendatory manner, well received by the public, and the edition was quickly exhausted.

In 1882 he wrote a condensed history of Windham for the "History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties." In recognition of his services to family and local history, Dartmouth college, in 1882, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Morrison has not only been a student and writer of history, but has been something of a traveler. He has traveled much in this country and Canada and has spent two summers in Europe.

The summer of 1884 was spent in Europe in travel and historical research. Some time was spent in the Scotch settlements in the north of Ireland. Those localities were visited from which came many of the first settlers of Londonderry and other towns in New Hampshire, and which were made forever sacred by their heroism, sufferings, and sacrifices. The old historic city of Londonderry, in the defense of which his ancestors participated, was visited and became familiar ground. He visited the noted cathedral in which Episcopalians and Presbyterians worshiped during the siege of 1688–'89,

though at different hours in the day. A most interesting episode came to him in connection with it. The writings of Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander were familiar to him. Some of her poems he could repeat from memory. But of her as a person or of her life history he knew nothing. Her poem, "There is a green hill, far away, far away," and her "Burial of Moses," "By Nebo's Lonely Mountain," are familiar to the English speaking race, and her religious hymns are sung every Sabbath in multitudes of American churches.

Wishing to consult the ancient records of the cathedral which were in the charge of the Lord Bishop Alexander, he called at the palace to obtain permission of the bishop. Then he learned that the gifted poet, Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, was the wife of the distinguished bishop and was then in England. He ascertained the singular fact, that he had crossed the ocean and by accident had entered the house and seen something of the home life and surroundings of the soulful poet, one of the sweetest singers of the English tongue.

"My Lord" was a charming man, a poet, too, able and eloquent, simple as a child. One who would readily lead captive the hearts of men. He is now the head of the Episcopal church in Ireland. He readily granted access to the records, and for three days Mr. Morrison was in the private study of the Dean of Derry consulting them. He was the guest and was much indebted for courtesies to Hon. Arthur Livermore from New Hampshire, the American consul, and his attractive wife.

He consulted libraries in different parts of the kingdom and made the acquaintance of interesting people. Some time was spent in Dublin in that vast repository of the valuable records of Ireland, "The Four Courts."

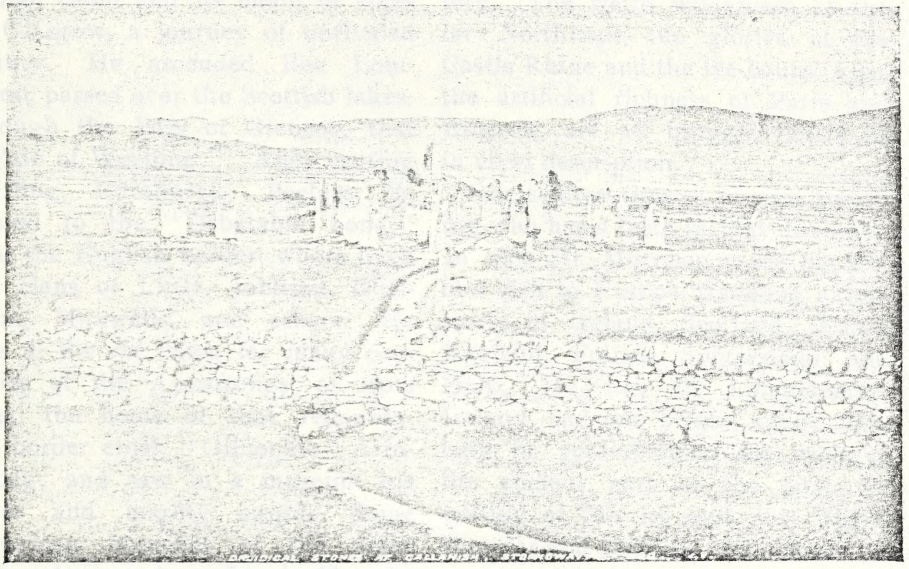
The historic libraries of Londonderry and Belfast gave him valuable information. He traveled from the South to the North, from the East to the West of that land of greenness and of beauty; he visited her famous lakes, cities, and world-renowned causeway, and was delighted with it all, save the poverty, wretchedness, and misery of many of her people.

On leaving Ireland, the temporary home of his ancestors, he thus speaks in his "Rambles in Europe," etc., "As we steamed out of the harbor (of Larne) I glanced back upon the retreating land upon which Nature had poured out her riches and her charms so lavishly. Farewell sweet, beautiful Ireland! Farewell your high mountains, your green hills, your lovely valleys, and sweet flowing rivers! I bid you all adieu.

"My desires to be in Scotland, the fatherland, were too strong to be longer repressed. I longed to gaze upon her historic mountains, to breathe her bracing air, and to press my feet upon her soil. As the boat speeded upon her way out of the silvery sea rose the bold outlines of the Scottish coast. As the shades of evening fell, bolder and more distinct came the high headlands, when night brooded over the silent mountains. I was in the home of my forefathers. Thus I passed into Scotland."

Scotland has been the home of a great and intellectual people. It is a wonderful thing to have claims upon

a nationality whose traditions and memories have been glorious. Scotland had strong attractions to him. There was magnetism in her mountains, charms in her turbulent waters. Weeks were passed amid historic and famous scenes. The country was traversed in many directions from the English border to the wind-swept shores of the Island of Lewis, and the bleak shores of the North Sea with its chill winds and beating billows. The land of Burns was visited, and in Ayr he made the acquaintance of Miss Beggs, a niece of the poet, a lady with black hair, keen black eyes, and a strong, intellectual face, and very pleasing were her expressed memories of her famous uncle. Mr. Morrison became familiar with famous places on the Clyde, and Glasgow, the classic city of Edinburgh and Sterling, and passing through the Highlands he reached Oban on the Western coast.



The Druidical Stones at Callernish.

He took the steamer *Claymore* for a journey among the Western Islands, around which William Black, by his facile pen, has thrown such a fascination. As he passed out of the harbor of Oban, on the retreating shores, as lofty sentinels stood the mountain peaks of Ben Nevis and Glencoe. Without stopping at the island of Mull, skirting the island of Skye, he reached the far north shore of the Island of Lewis and entered the harbor of Stornoway, the chief city. The city had wonderful attractions for our tourists. In the words of Whittier in the poem of Abram Morrison,

> "From gray Lewis over sea
> Bore his sons their family tree.
>
> "Of wild tales of feud and fight
> Witch and troll and second sight,
> Whispered still when Stornoway
> Looks across its stormy bay,
> Still the home of Morrisons."

It has been the home of the Morrisons for many centuries.

Hardly had he reached his hotel

before Norman Morison, the postmaster of the city, was announced and gave him the warmest welcome to Stornoway.

This island William Black has made famous by his Sheila, a princess of Thule. He visited the Druidical stones at Callernish, of much celebrity and great antiquity, and other places of historic interest, crossed the stormy Minch and from Inverness passed through the Caledonian canal and its chain of lakes to Glasgow, a journey of unrivaled beauty. He ascended Ben Lommond, passed over the Scottish lakes, through the Pass of Glencoe, that "Vale of Weeping." After visiting Sterling, Edinburgh, Peebles, he passed to the "Debatable Land," near the English border, where lived the clans of Little, Johnson, Chisholm, Maxwells, and others. He was in the *old* home for many centuries of the Armstrongs, or from 1235, the home of that redoubtable border chief, "Gilnockie" Armstrong, and saw in a museum his great and mighty sword. Some American branches of the name claim descent from him.[1] He visited the English lakes and the delightful country at Keswick, Ambleside, Windemere, and all the sections made sacred forever as the residence of Mrs. Hemans, the sweet, sad poetess, of Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, Coleridge, and Southey.

In 1887, as a result of his travels and investigations, were published his "Rambles in Europe, in Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. With historical facts relating to Scotch-American families gathered in Scotland and the north of Ireland." Two thousand four hundred copies were printed. This was an octavo volume of 351 pages with illustrations. It was well received and had many reviews.

The Exeter *News-Letter* says, "His style is direct and forcible with frequent passages showing a poetic appreciation of the beautiful in nature and the romantic in history. The weird wilderness of the far Northland, the glories of the Castle Rhine and the ice-bound Alps, the artificial richness of Paris and Brussels, are all brought before us in vivid description."

One seldom tires of foreign traveling who has a taste in that direction. In 1889 Mr. Morrison made his second visit to Europe, traveling extensively in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. He was in Londonderry, Ireland, and one bright, sunny Sabbath he perambulated the walls of the ancient part of the city. In writing of this he said, "It was a singular and thrilling coincidence for me to remember as I gazed on the streets, the cathedral, the walls, the River Foyle, and the hills beyond that at that very July day and hour, just two hundred years before, my ancestors and relations, with their friends and kindred, were within the city in the direst extremity, enduring the horrors of starvation; that they walked those streets; looked forth with famished eyes upon the same cathedral, the same walls, the same river, and surrounding hills, and were waiting with unspeakable longing for succor to come, which came at last."

[1] George Washington Armstrong, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., claims descent from "Gilnockie."

He made interesting discoveries relating to the Scotch in Ireland, which are recorded in his succeeding volume relating to his travels.

While in Scotland, he went to the far Northland of Caithness to Thurso and Wick. The heather was in full bloom and covered the hillsides with a beautiful purple. For long distances the mountains were bare except as covered by this mantle of beauty. It was a treeless country. This city, Thurso, was the birthplace of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, one of our generals in the Revolution. There is the fine old castle of Nebster, built about 1660, and situated at the mouth of a river and amid groves planted by human hands. That, and its vast estate of sixty thousand acres, is owned by Sir J. L. Tollmache Sinclair. He and his fathers before him, for generations, have been members of parliament. It is the country seat of the family. There General Grant was royally entertained when visiting Thurso.

It was a pleasure to Mr. Morrison to meet the Sinclair family at lunch one day as their guest. Among those he met were Maj. Clarence G. Sinclair, Archdeacon Rev. William Sinclair, chaplain to the queen and vicar of St. Stephen's church, Westminster, London, and ladies of collateral lines of the family. All parts of the castle were shown him by Rev. Mr. Sinclair. Family portraits of members of the family for 250 years hung from the walls. Trophies of the chase were there, while old armor, guns and weapons of defense were everywhere apparent. From the top of the castle there was a wonderful view. In the distance over the turbulent waters he saw the mountains of the Orkney islands.

While a guest at the hospitable home at Wick of George Miller Sutherland, F. S. A., he was shown by his host an autograph letter of the late Cardinal Newman, dated August 21, 1887, in which he said that while at sea June 16, 1833, he wrote the hymn which all the world admires, "Lead Kindly Light."

In describing the country of Caithness, Scotland, Mr. Morrison speaks of it in his "Among the Scotch-Irish; and Through the Seven Countries:"

"Caithness, as a whole, is treeless and one's eye will sweep over tracts bounded only by the horizon where hardly a tree will greet the vision.

"I have passed in the autumn from the depths of Canada, through Vermont and New Hampshire, when the great stretches of mountains, hill, valley, and plain, covered with hardwood growths, were ablaze with autumnal glory; where the leaves of every tree presented all varieties of color and were tinted with every form of beauty, and the eyes feasted on a scene of rapturous loveliness beyond the skill of the writer to portray in words or painter to place upon enduring canvas.

"In Caithness was another and different scene of beauty, not the golden tinted leaves on millions of forest trees but the purple loveliness of vast tracts of moorlands, where plain, valley, hillside, and mountain slope was in the glory of a purple robe, more beautiful than any woven by weaver's loom for monarch's apparel. It was the purple of the full blooming heather, worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold."

Leaving the enjoyments of the far

northland, he passed southwest through the entire length of Scotland, England, to the sunny slopes of Normandy, France, visiting many places made famous by William the Conqueror; the Paris exposition, thence to the glories of the Alp-land, Switzerland, and to classic Italy, over its lovely lakes and its famous cities of Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and the long buried city of Pompeii. Of that this sketch is too meagre to speak.

While in London some time was spent in the British museum and listening to debates in parliament. On his return to the United States he wrote "Among the Scotch-Irish; and Through Seven Countries," a book of mingled description, and published in 1891. It is a companion to "Rambles in Europe," etc. It was well received and called forth favorable reviews. One says, "The tour described extended from Caithness, Scotland, on the north, to Rome, Naples, and Pompeii on the south. The reader catches glimpses of tantalizing brevity of noble cathedrals, battle memorials and world-famous structures, of fertile landscapes, hills clothed in purple heather, ice-bound summits, and azure lakes. He is permitted to linger fondly at times on historic spots hallowed by memories of some of the world's greatest acts of genius and of courage. Everything is described as seen by a true Yankee's shrewd, independent, observant eyes, but seen also with a deep appreciation of the picturesque in nature and of the noble in human achievement."

After this book was issued, his pen did not rest. At one time he had portions of five different works in manuscript. In 1892, he issued "The History and Proceedings of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Windham in New Hampshire, held June 9, 1892," which was published by the committee of the town. Those who took part in the exercises, of which he was president and gave an address of welcome, were Rev. Augustus Berry and Rev. B. E. Blanchard. Between 1,500 and 1,800 people shared in the festivities of that occasion.

A very able historical address was given by Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Ill., who was a native of the town. Among the other addresses were one by Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle, Evarts Cutler, Esq., Rev. Samuel Morrison, Hon. George Wilson, William C. Harris, Esq., Rev. William E. Westervelt, William H. Anderson, Esq., Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., Hon. James W. Patterson, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, and Hon. J. G. Crawford.

The speaking was excellent. A very nice poem was read from Mrs. M. M. P. Dinsmoor. The vocal music was furnished by the "Windham Glee Club," a club which had retained its honored name and organization for thirty-six years. The instrumental music was finely rendered by a band from Haverhill, Mass. It was an honored day and one to be remembered with pride by all those present.

In the same year was issued his "Lineage and Biographies of the Norris Family, 1640–'92." Of this the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" of July, 1873,

says, "It is a well compiled and handsomely printed book. . . . The author has had much experience in writing books on local and family history. He has given us in the book before us a very full record of the descendants of the Hampton (N. H.) emigrant. The book is well printed, and illustrated with numerous portraits. It is well indexed."

In 1893 he completed and had printed the "History of the Alison or Allison Family in Europe and America." It is the record of a strong and intellectual Scotch family. Some of its branches came direct from Scotland, while others passed to Ireland, and came from there to the United States. Some of its members were martyrs for the Solemn League and Covenant in Scotland. Others continued the struggle for religious liberty in Ireland, while still others crossed the ocean and maintained the successful family struggle on American soil."

A review (November 23, 1893, the *Statesman*) says, "Mr. Morrison has done his work with ability and fidelity. He has studied diligently and written intelligently. Travel and research made the foundation of a strong structure, which is a credit to the builder, and the family in whose name it stands. A great deal of the world's most important history had been epitomized within the three hundred odd pages of the volume, and there is much beyond the genealogical records to interest and instruct. In arrangement the work is a model of clearness, and its information is available for the hasty examination or the leisurely study. Twenty-five illustrated pages lend attractiveness to the volume, which is clearly printed, handsomely and durably bound in cloth."

Other families claimed the attention of Mr. Morrison's historic pen. The Sinclair, St. Clair, family, an old and illustrious one in Europe, with prominent and able offshoots in American soil. After long and diligent research it was written, and issued from the press in 1896. It is a book called the "History of the Sinclair Family in Europe and America for Eleven Hundred Years," a book of 516 pages of printed matter with 63 pages of illustrations. It includes many branches of this widespread patronymic. Many prominent personages of the name in Great Britain are mentioned, into whose libraries it has gone. It was reviewed by the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register."[1] A very lengthy article appeared in the *Northern Ensign*, Wick, Scotland, July 28, 1896, by Thomas Sinclair, M. A., of Torquay, England, author of "The Sinclairs of England." In the opening sentence he says, "A practised hand at historical genealogy for many years, Mr. Morrison's latest work is a monumental book about the lineage which he has this time chosen to treat." John Sinkler (name spelled phonetically) of Hampton and Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1658, and his descendants of ten generations, are given for 260 years, which includes the well-known representatives of the state of the past and present, and many others in Scotland and over the land. Gen. Arthur St. Clair, who was a promi-

[1] Roland William Saint-Clair, of Aukland, New Zealand, author of "The Saint-Clairs of the Isles," procured this work, and by the permission of Mr. Morrison took and incorporated seventy-five pages of his work in "The Saint-Clairs of the Isles," his work being all of the surname of Sinclair.

nent actor in the Revolution, and his ascendants and descendants, is another prominent branch, whose genealogy and history are fully given.

"The History of the Morison or Morrison Family" was finished by Mr. Morrison in 1880, which gave the record of his father's family for generations. He then determined to write "The History of the Kimball Family," in memory of his mother, who was Kimball before marriage. This was upon his mind, and he had been gathering information ever since. When in England, by searching the public records, he discovered, located, and visited the home parish of the Kimballs in the parish of Rattlesden, county of Suffolk, England, which his ancestor, Richard Kemball, left in 1634. The work was a stupendous one. It was seventeen years from its commencement to its completion. During its progress, he discovered that Prof. Stephen P. Sharples of Cambridge, Mass., was also engaged on the same historical subject. Thinking that better results could be secured by working together, they formed a literary and business partnership upon it, and brought the work to a completion in 1897, and issued a "Supplement" in 1898. The history is a large book of 1,290 printed pages, with 54 pages of illustrations, and 1,000 copies were printed.

The next venture of Mr. Morrison was a second edition of the poems of Robert Dinsmoor of Windham, self styled the "Rustic Bard." He was a brother of the elder Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor of New Hampshire. An edition of his poems, many of them written in Lowland Scotch dialect, which was understood and spoken for more than a hundred years by the descendants of the early Scotch-blooded settlers, from Scotland and Ireland. Many of his poems had never been printed. Mr. Morrison carefully examined them all, rearranged, compiled, edited, and printed all of worth, with a large number of explanatory notes, and published it in 1898. Copies went to all parts of the country, and some found their way across the water to the old sod and native heath of the family.

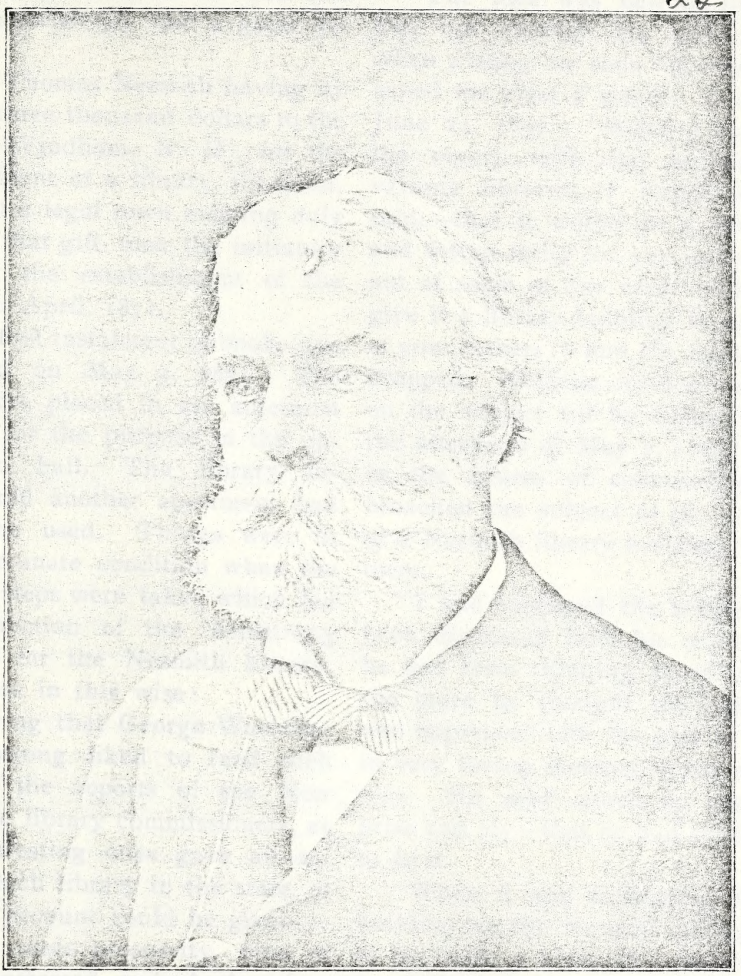
This literary and historical work has completely absolved his mind and he has engaged in it with great enthusiasm and delight.

He was elected a life member of the New Hampshire Historical society in 1893; is a member of "The Scotch-Irish Society of America," and was elected vice-president for New Hampshire in 1894, and re-elected in 1895 and 1896. He is an attendant and a contributor to the support of the Presbyterian church. He has never assumed the hymeneal vows.

The last book (a small one) was "Dedication Exercises of Armstrong Building, for Nesmith Library, Windham, New Hampshire, January 4, 1899." His connection with it shall be told in his own words.

"I consider it an honor that I was permitted to take so active a part in the library's establishment, one of the three institutions of the town which will endure.

"Life has dealt kindly with me, that I could help and could state the way the 'Armstrong Memorial Building' was hastened to completion; and at the dedication exercise held January 4, 1899, that I could occupy the position, when the library en-



GEORGE WASHINGTON ARMSTRONG.

Giver of the "Armstrong Memorial Building," of Windham, New Hampshire.

tered its career of greater usefulness than ever before. Then after the 'Dedicatory Exercises' a sum of money was put into my hands, by one of the good friends of the library, which I invested in books. All this was a heartfelt joy and a great delight.

"Col. Thomas Nesmith having by will left three thousand dollars to the town of Windham, N. H., for the establishment of a library, the town, having at a legal town meeting duly accepted that gift, took the initiatory steps for the establishment of the library in April, 1871.

"The first instalment of books was purchased on May 9, 1871. The books were placed in an anteroom prepared for the purpose in the upper town hall. The library increased and another apartment had also to be used. Things were in this unfortunate condition when the incipient steps were taken which led to the erection of the 'Armstrong Building' for the Nesmith library, which were in this wise:

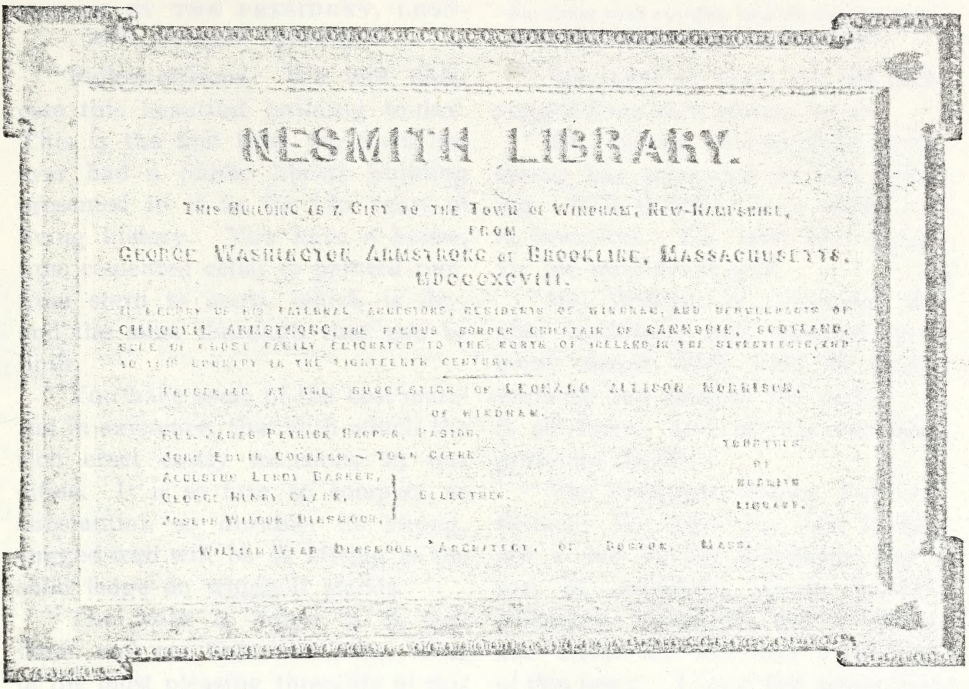
"Knowing that George Washington Armstrong liked to read such works as the reports of the New Hampshire library commissioners, as those interesting ones gave an account of each library in the state, of which an account could be given,—their size, their prosperity, kind of building possessed, and whether they were a gift or otherwise,—and having received the third biennial report, I procured another copy and forwarded it to him. There were descriptions and illustrations of library buildings, many of them the gifts of public-spirited citizens, showing how the resources of wealth had been consecrated to the public good; and a suggestion was made that it would be a fitting opportunity for him to give a memorial library building for the Nesmith library in Windham, the old home of his ancestors.

"The idea was new to him; it had not entered his mind; and, when writing me soon afterwards, he asked me what I meant. I replied, June 24, 1897: 'When I sent you the report, with the buildings of various libraries, I meant what I said,—that it would be a very fine and fitting thing for you, a descendant of some of our early settlers, to give it a library building in memory of your fathers;' and the matter was dropped. Nothing further was said on the subject till he visited me on the afternoon of May 2, 1898, when, in the course of conversation, he broached the subject of the erection of a Nesmith library building for the town.

"I had supposed the subject had been dismissed from his mind; but he had been thinking about it, and the more he thought the more he was impressed with the plan to do it, in very loving memory of his ancestors. He said—much to my surprise and joy—that he had concluded to do it.

"When it was announced that a building for the Nesmith library was to be built, a sense of thankfulness for the kindness of the donor pervaded all hearts. A town meeting was called to meet June 25, 1898, and they voted to accept the gift of Mr. Armstrong.

"He had wisely decided to build of field stone a solid, substantial structure, and William Weare Dinsmoor, of Boston, Mass., was selected as architect."



The Bronze Tablet.

The building was finished. In the Memorial room is a bronze tablet bearing this inscription in burnished letters:

NESMITH LIBRARY.

This building is a gift to the town of Windham, New Hampshire, from George Washington Armstrong, of Brookline, Massachusetts, MDCCCXCVIII, in memory of his paternal ancestors, residents of Windham, and descendants of Gilnockie Armstrong, the famous border chieftain of Cannobie, Scotland, some of whose family emigrated to the north of Ireland in the seventeenth, and to this country in the eighteenth century. Presented at the suggestion of Leonard Allison Morrison, of Windham.

Rev. James Pethick Harper, Pastor; John Edwin Cochran, Town Clerk; Augustus Leroy Barker, George Henry Clark, Joseph Wilson Dinsmoor, Selectmen; — Trustees of Nesmith Library. William Wear Dinsmoor, Architect, of Boston, Mass.

On the walls are three large, well-chosen pictures, masterpieces of ancient architecture, pleasing and instructive; they are the Coliseum at Rome, the Acropolis at Athens, and the Forum at Rome.

In this same room, at one side of the arch, is a large, fine picture of George Washington Armstrong.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer, by Rev. James Pethick Harper.

Speech, by President Leonard Allison Morrison.

Introduction of Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury.

Address, by Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury.

Introduction of William Henry Anderson, Esq.

Speech, by William Henry Anderson, Esq.

Remarks by Rev. Augustus Berry.

Presentation of keys, by George Washington Armstrong, Esq., to Rev. James Pethick Harper.

Reception of the keys, by Rev. James Pethick Harper.

Remarks, by William Calvin Harris, Esq., and reading of resolutions of thanks to George Washington Armstrong.

Vote on resolutions.

Presentation of beautifully engrossed resolutions to George Washington Armstrong.

"America," sung by the audience.

Exercises closed with the benediction, by Rev. Augustus Berry.

SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT, LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON.

"Fellow-citizens: We will dedicate this beautiful building to-day. This is the first time the town has ever had a public library building presented to it in its 180 years of living history. You have a house, from cemented cellar to painted roof, from stern to stern, which is dry, and the most thorough that can be built.

"You have some of the best material in existence, that with which the rich erect costly mansions in our cities. It is so firm, so compact, so substantial, so durable, its strong, rugged wall will be as lasting as the solid ledge on which it stands.

"The work is done; it is well done, and not done too soon. One of the most pleasing thoughts of this happy moment is that it is an historic act. It is an act that has the immutable stamp of an earthly immortality upon it. We, with all our hands have wrought, and all our hearts have loved, must pass away; but this building and this library, we hope, will not pass away. Other hands will tend it; other feet will press the gravelly road to reach this favored spot; other persons will read and consult the volumes of this library. This library complements the common school, and leads to higher education and broader culture.

"It will preserve, in loving remembrance, him whose kindly thought placed it here in memory of his fathers. He speaks with the silent eloquence of deeds.

"To his ancestors it is dedicated.

'For them each evening hath its shining star,
And every Sabbath day its golden sun.'

"We think of them and all their rugged lives have earned for us.

"Mr. George Washington Armstrong has presented us this building. It is tasteful; it is strong; it is beautiful. We tend our thanks for his munificent gift.

"Mr. William W. Dinsmoor, the able architect, has watched over every detail from start to finish. Nothing has escaped his notice. It is all there; and he has our most profound thanks.

"The President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We have one here to-day, not a son of old Windham, but a sort of *grand*son, whose mother, Elizabeth Dinsmoor, was a native, and before her marriage a resident, of this town. I have the satisfaction of introducing the ex-attorney-general of Massachusetts, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury of Boston, Mass., who will now address you."

It is well to say that the dedicatory exercises were all that could be desired.

The homes of men show somewhat of their tastes and desires. The residence of Mr. Morrison at "Stornoway" is no exception. His home is a hospitable one. The walls about the highways have been relaid, the fields have been freed from stone, and the abundant acres are rich with grass. In 1876 he celebrated the centennial by setting out one hundred shade trees, lining the road in three directions with them. Twenty-three years have passed away, and these have become large and stately, and furnish to all abundant shade.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1900.

By Merrill Boyd.

HE appeared strangely handsome as he stood there beside the great oak mantel. His clearly cut features had a look of iron determination, uncommon in so young a man. Men said of Kenneth Stanley, presidential candidate, that he had all the tenacity of a bulldog. They erred in their metaphor. His was a grasp of steel within a glove of silk. He never flinched. He never mistook. He resembled fate in his directness and inexorableness. A friend never flattered, an enemy never deceived, him.

The day had been one of triumph, for he had received official information of his mission to lead a great political party to victory or defeat. Later he had been closeted with the party leaders. The broad lines of party polity had been formed. All seemed of good omen for the campaign. The contest was to be sharp and brilliant, and upon the young leader, to a large degree, would lie the burden of the assault. Yet the soul of Kenneth Stanley was thrilling with impatience at the very thought of the affray, for upon it he had staked his whole future.

As the evening came on he had strolled alone beside the great sea, rejoicing in its power. The dark, gray cliffs of the Atlantic towered majestically. A night-hawk swooped down with its weird cry. Sternly and remorselessly the great waves beat against the opposing rocks. The salt spray dashed about him. In the distance a bell buoy rose and fell, rose and fell. And in some strange fashion it had comforted him as he turned homeward.

Now he stood alone in his dimly lighted study leaning heavily against the mantel, and, for the first time in years, thinking of his childhood days. Once more he was a boy, playing gleefully near the great sea, and beside him was Kitty, brown-handed, brown-eyed little lassie, the companion of so many youthful joys and sorrows. Again there was the old home, fragrant with Eastern roses, and the starlit presence of a mother's love.

The years glided by, happy, joyous years for the most part, and he must leave for the old college whose very name had to him the ring of sincere and noble manhood. Boy that he was, a shrinking terror seized him at the thought of the new world. Then his college life began, and will he ever forget that? After a cursory inspection he judged it to be all jollity and good fellowship. He was young, you see, so he quickly fell into the habit himself. All traces of sadness in his home life were carefully hidden. Even the choking loneliness for that home was stifled. Why? Simply to meet the tradition

that college is a place of uninterrupted pleasure. In about two years the boy passed through his period of doubt and unbelief. All the old moorings seemed slipping away. He yearned for his peaceful thoughts of former days, yet he concealed his tormenting unrest with a smiling face. The time drew near when he must leave the old college. Once, twice, yea, thrice, the hand of God removed members of his class, and his heart was weary within him. But custom demanded good cheer, and so he obeyed.

On a bright June night the Seniors, his class, gathered for the last time around the fence to sing the old songs. And, though his eyes were dim, and a lump *would* rise in his throat, he remained outwardly composed. A half hour later, he entered his room, lighted only by the moon, in time to hear a stifled sobbing. On the window seat lay his room-mate, the jolliest, most reckless member of the class, crying as if his heart would break. The boy, a boy no longer, stole softly to his side, and heard, like a revelation, the story of another life that had been apparently joyous, while inwardly bearing a lonely sorrow. And two souls at least thought it no disgrace that the pain of years should find expression in burning tears of sympathy.

His new life in the world began. He worked with a splendid enthusiasm. He kept straight at the mark of his ambition. A single opportunity was the crucial test of his success, and he met it well. In a great amphitheatre was gathered a vast audience of workmen whose faces were sullen with despair. Kenneth Stanley rose to address them. At first he spoke calmly, but it was the quiet before a mighty storm. Soon his flashing eyes betokened his intense earnestness. Towering like a giant, with massive form and darkening brow, he hurled forth his denunciation of their employers' conduct. His words resembled, not the rushing river, but the thunder of a cataract. Then his voice sank almost to a whisper. Simply, mournfully, he wailed for their shattered hopes. Again, in a lofty burst of pathos, he upheld their honor and integrity, but pleaded for peace. The faces of that audience were bathed in tears of sympathy.

The victory was brilliant, instant. From one end of the land to the other accounts of the matchless eloquence of the young orator were trumpeted. The great army of labor greeted him as their champion. His political associates recognized their opportunity, and, in a convention of tremendous excitement, gave him an overwhelming nomination to the presidency.

So to the young leader there comes a procession of faces once dear, now lost, and an undefined longing for the days that are no more. To every brave soul once in life comes a consciousness of its own terrible solitariness. Such a moment, even in the hour of triumph, had come to Stanley with a dull sense of pain that agonized. He realized dimly that something was lacking in his life perhaps never to be acquired, yet he must face his duty.

Suddenly he was conscious of a presence. Some one had entered unannounced. He turned quickly toward the caller. Men had said of Stanley that he could judge a man's

dress and soul at one glance. Yet here was a sharp contradiction, for Stanley, as he gazed at the man's form before him, not for a moment thought of dress or soul. The eyes of the stranger were so familiar. Where had he seen them? They were curiously like those of his mother in their gentle light. He felt that he would never tire of gazing at them. But courtesy demanded action.

"Please be seated," he said. The stranger gave a simple motion of refusal.

"I have known you before," ventured Stanley.

"Yes," was the answer in soft but startlingly clear tones, "you have known me."

"And my life is known to you?"

"Yes, I know it."

Stanley was struck by the directness of the reply. It was plainly asserted that his entire history was known by a stranger, yet there came to the young leader no thought of contradiction. Somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the stranger should know all.

Then Stanley did, what for him was a remarkable thing. He asked a direct question concerning man's opinion of himself. Did it arise from the feeling of desolation upon him? God knows. Our duty is but to record the fact.

"And has my life been a success?"

For a moment there was silence. Then came the reply.

"As men reckon success, yes. As God, no."

A great wave of self pity came over Stanley's soul. Somewhere he had read, with contempt, that men in battle had often been known to confess to the hilts of their swords. Now he realized their feeling. He felt that he could pour forth his whole heart to this quiet visitor. In quick, impetuous tones he began:

"Once I would have said the same. I have had my ideals, but they are changed. My dearest friend and I discussed for days the meaning and purpose of life. Confident of my position, I even dared to descend from the rugged heights of my own belief, and to stoop to the dark valley of my friend. With glowing words I painted the joy and nobility of life. I employed philosophy and poetry and religion to attack his position. But I was not wise enough or good enough to let my claims rest there. My arguments took on something of the nature of the lower level. I even went further. I dared to confront and to attempt to refute the brilliant array of doubters and agnostics. Suddenly a great darkness fell across my mental vision. I tried to force it from me. In vain. I, myself, no longer believed. I doubted."

"I know," said the stranger, softly, "I know." Somehow the words gave comfort to Stanley's wounded soul. He went on more quietly:

"And so I have lived on, fighting and doubting. Was it wrong to change my ideals? Did I not mistake my duty? Is not an ideal merely a lighthouse to show the way, but never to be reached. Many there are who strive toward it that they may weep out all memory of toil and agony. And yet though they seek for it, and strain their eyes for it, and sob for it, they never attain unto it. Often, in the distance, they see it, and, for a moment the

wail dies out of their voices, but it eludes them with increasing pain." Stanley was gazing imploringly at the stranger now.

The reply came in the same, steady tones. "There is something higher in life than to follow one's own leading, though that aim be high. To lower one's ideals is a most pitiful failure, for then something has gone out of the life never to be regained."

Stanley had moved a step toward the speaker, and was listening as to his own condemnation. He felt that the clear eyes before him were reading his very soul.

"But, oh!" he cried, "how shall I know the true?"

"The true will live," was the answer in tones of such authority that Stanley believed. Others might suggest. This stranger knew.

Like a vivid flash Stanley remembered his proposed campaign, how that he was to appeal to the lower passions of the poor to attack the more affluent classes. Yet he never thought of telling that to the stranger, feeling that it was all known. A straight line of care appeared across the candidate's brow. Leaning heavily against the mantel, he spoke slowly as though weighing every word, yet dimly conscious that any excuse he might give would be in vain.

"The poor are oppressed and there is no one to comfort them. They pass through hunger and endless toil and sorrow, yet they see no hope. They are cheated with lying words, but no one says, 'Restore.' Justice is perverted and there is no avenger. Are not they justified in cursing their rulers and their God?"

Once Stanley had seen a mother, with dumb agony in her streaming eyes, bend for the last time over her child upon whose white brow had fallen the kiss of the angel. And at this moment the pain exhibited in the stranger's face recalled the sight, only the pain seemed more terrible.

"True," was the answer, "there is no one to minister to their bodies, but there is one who observes; there is a comforter to their souls. Yet are you not a ruler of them, and are you not bringing a message of despair? And, although your message is true do you not seek your own profit without thought for the souls of the poor?"

Stanley was speechless. His throat seemed parched. Even in those few minutes he seemed to have aged.

Again the clear tones went on: "Bear a message to the people, whether they will hear or refuse to hear. Tell them that before man's laws, or commands, or wishes, is the voice of God. If a man is just and has oppressed none, is a giver of bread to the hungry and walks in God's judgments, he shall surely live. But if he has ground down the needy, feeds not the poor, and follows not God's precepts, he shall die. Say that a nation may wax strong in wealth, and fleets, and standing among the peoples of the earth, but, if it forgets God it shall die, for as is a man so is a nation. Beyond the love of home, or kindred, or country is the love of God, and the love of man is the love of God."

"The message is old!" cried Stanley. His voice was strained and wearied. "It has been told to men for thousands of years, and they have

not heeded it. They will not heed it now."

"Truly, truly, the message is old," came the reply, "but right is right through all ages. So is sorrow and sin and death and duty. Then carry the message. Let God care for the result."

Stanley buried his face in his hands. A minute later he looked up with an expression of patient endurance that was pathetic. And lo! his visitor departed, leaving as it were a terrible void. For a moment Stanley hesitated. Then he turned resolutely to his desk and wrote hurriedly but with masterly power.

* * * * * *

A day later the letter of acceptance of Kenneth Stanley, presidential candidate, was telegraphed into every nook of this great country. It contained no mention of man's greed or man's wrongs, but only a call like a trumpet note to the people to remember duty and God. And men said that day throughout the nation that the message was like unto that of a prophet of old.

GOING TO MARKET.

By Alice O. Darling.

I hied me to the market with
  A basket full of sighs;
The sweetest, saddest, loveliest things,
  And cried, "Who buys! Who buys!"
Only one old dyspeptic bought,
And I went bankrupt on the lot.

A bigger basket full of laughs
  I carried into town,
A basket piled and rounded up
  Yet light as thistle down.
I'm blessed, for all the jolly rout,
If I can tell what 't was about.

Lo, men of every trade and tongue,
  Of every clime and lot,
The scholar and the ditch-digger,
  The fool and wise man bought.
I built a palace with the gold
  For which these jolly laughs were sold.

MRS. PETTIGREW'S VENTURE.

By Willametta A. Preston.

"A JUMPING gold mine! A two-acre frog ranch! Why didn't he call it a frog pond and done with it? Millions in it! I don't believe it, there now."

Squire Pettigrew was reading aloud the headlines of his weekly paper, interspersing them with remarks of his own. It was the only way, he maintained, of getting the news in a nutshell, and what did anybody want of more?

"What was all that about, Simon?" inquired Mrs. Pettigrew, bringing in a dish of apples. The Squire prided himself upon having one tree of apples that would keep their flavor until midsummer.

"Why, it's nothing but a frog pond. Some fool thinks he is going to make his fortune raising frogs. He don't know twice. There is as much sense in raising a lot of hedgehogs."

"But if folks wanted them and was willing to pay for them?" persisted Mrs. Pettigrew.

"That's all you women know," exclaimed the Squire, taking an apple from the dish and stalking to the door.

Mrs. Pettigrew waited until her husband was out of hearing, then she took up the paper and read the article in question. An idea had occurred to her. Was not this the golden opportunity for which she had looked so long and vainly?

Squire Pettigrew was what is called a "near man," not a miser. He believed in living well and keeping up a good appearance, but the old adage of a penny saved being a penny earned, was the keynote of his life.

Mrs. Pettigrew often sighed for a chance to do a little earning rather than so much saving. Jessie, her eldest daughter, a bright, pretty girl of sixteen, wanted to go to the academy at the village, but her father would not consent. A district school was good enough for him and it must answer for his children. But the mother wanted her daughter to have the best that could be obtained. She had lain awake many a night trying to contrive some way of earning or saving the first term's tuition. For if Jessie could have but one term she might then be able to teach and so pay her own way. But saving had been carried to the point of an exact science in the Pettigrew household. The poultry clothed the family, the butter paid the grocery bill. Every dollar from the fruits and vegetables had its part to play in the economy of the home. But if the frog pond could only be made a source of profit instead of annoyance. Many and many a time had she wished the earth would open and swallow it up. Now it seemed to her excited fancy what the paper had called it, a jumping gold mine. Frogs! There must be hundreds if not thousands of them, to judge from their unearthly croak-

ing. She could not sleep for planning when and how she would put her scheme into effect.

After the dinner work was done, next day, Mrs. Pettigrew, impatient of further delay, harnessed old Doll and drove to Hingham and straight up to the front door of the new hotel, then filled with city boarders. Tying her horse to a convenient post, she took from the back of the wagon a covered pail containing a dozen struggling frogs and marched up the front steps, apparently undaunted by the number of people staring at her.

"I want to see the proprietor," she said firmly, yet wishing the earth would open and hide her from sight, as the frogs began their music.

"He has gone to the city, Madam. Is there anything I can do to serve you?" inquired an elderly gentleman perceiving her embarrassment.

"Why, I heard that the folks out here was in a taking for frogs, though what they want of the slippery critters is beyent me, so, as we've got the biggest frog pond in Chelton county, I brought some over. I thought it was a good time to rid the pond of the pesky things."

The gentleman shook his head reprovingly at his companions, who were convulsed with laughter, then turning to Mrs. Pettigrew, whose face was growing painfully red,

"Come around to the other side of the house," he said, taking the pail from her hand and leading the way to the side porch. "I think we will not be interrupted here. Now tell me all about it."

Again Mrs. Pettigrew repeated her story of frogs to spare, and lifting the cover of the pail showed what she considered fine specimens.

The gentleman managed with difficulty to conceal his amusement.

"I do not suppose they could use them here," he remarked kindly. "We like the sort of things you eat, berries, eggs, cream, but there are people who consider frog's legs a great treat."

"How can I find them?" asked Mrs. Pettigrew eagerly. "You see this is the only thing on the farm I can call my own. If I sell eggs or chickens, or fruit, the Squire is sure to call me to account for every penny. My Jessie, as good a girl as ever lived, wants to go to the academy. Then she could teach and help educate the younger ones. The Squire says the district school was good enough for him and it must do for his children, and he with money at interest. But I mean to circumvent him yet if I can only make that old frog pond do its share."

"But you say nobody wants them?" she added, as an afterthought.

"I don't think we could use them here, but I am going to the city tonight. If you like to leave these with me, I will see what I can do. I will let you hear from me in a day or two. My name is Lorimer, Charles Lorimer."

"Judge Lorimer," exclaimed Mrs. Pettigrew, almost aghast at her audacity, as she recognized the name of the great man the Squire was constantly quoting. She could only accept his offer with murmured thanks and get home as quickly as she could.

On the evening of the third day, however, Judge Lorimer called. The Squire felt highly honored. He did not know he had his wife and the frog pond to thank for the interview. They had a pleasant social evening

with no thought or word of business, but just as he was taking his leave, the judge handed Mrs. Pettigrew a letter.

As soon as she was at liberty she took it to her room and opened it. There was the pay for her first frogs and an order for all she could send with explicit directions for packing and shipping.

Thereafter her leisure hours were spent in depleting the pond of its best inhabitants, while the evenings were devoted to social life, such as she had never enjoyed. The Judge became a frequent caller, and with him frequently came one and another of the ladies from the hotel. The Judge gave his invitations with care, but his friends were not slow to recognize Mrs. Pettigrew's worth, and to appreciate the Squire's peculiarities.

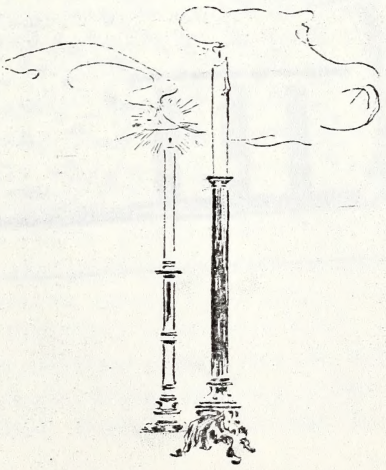
Judge Lorimer finally convinced Squire Pettigrew that times had progressed since his youth, and that today education stood hand in hand with money as a power in the world. That it was, in fact, the surest investment that could be made.

It was with a very shamefaced manner, as if caught doing some forbidden act, that the Squire handed Jessie enough to pay her expenses for a year. And his manner was not much more self assured next morning when he told Bennie to harness Doll and carry his sister to school.

"You might as well take your books and see if you can learn anything," he added gruffly, "there wont be time enough to amount to anything on the farm before its time to go for her."

"But I expected to walk, Father," said Jessie, not knowing how to take this new departure.

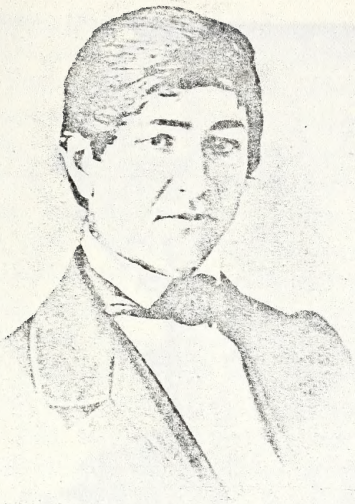
"Do you s'pose I want you coming home all tired out? No, I want you to study as if your life depended on what you learn, no half way works, remember. And when you get home, there 'll be enough to do, there always has been," and again the Squire took refuge in his sanctum, the barn.





CHARLES HENRY SANBORN, HAMPTON FALLS, 1897.

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Concord, N. H., 1846.

DR. CHARLES HENRY SANBORN OF HAMPTON FALLS.

By F. B. Sanborn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has had its full share of eminent physicians and surgeons, and the Sanborn family, originally of New Hampshire, but now dispersed throughout the United States and Canada, has furnished many of this profession. More than forty doctors are named among the 2,200 Sanborns included in Victor Sanborn's genealogy of the family, lately published; but Dr. Sanborn of Hampton Falls was the first of his immediate line to take up the medical profession, which he practised, in his native region chiefly, for forty-three years, after graduating at the Harvard Medical school in 1856. Among his thirty-two classmates there, mostly younger than himself, were Dr. C. E. Briggs of St. Louis, Dr. Alfred Hosmer of Watertown, Mass., Dr. Ezra Parmenter of Cambridge, Dr. F. A. Sawyer, Dr. Robert Ware, and Dr. James C. White of Boston, with others who rose to distinction. More than half of this class are now dead, the latest decease being that of Dr. Sanborn, on the 16th of May, at his residence in Hampton Falls, where he spent the greater part of his long life. He was born there, October 9, 1821, in the old house built by his grandfather's grandfather in 1743, and on the farm where all his ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred and twenty years. His own farm of thirty acres was part of the original Sanborn estate, coming into his hands by purchase, after it had been in other ownership for a century; but his father's farm was handed down by inheritance from



LAST RESIDENCE OF DR. SANBORN.

BIRTHPLACE OF DR. SANBORN.



generation to generation, from its original settlement, about 1675.

On this farm Dr. Sanborn was brought up, and became skilful in its labors of all kinds,—planting, sowing, haying, threshing with the ancient flail, harvesting, wood-cutting, plowing, and the care of animals of all sorts. His father being an orchardist, and having originated a new variety of apple, the "Red Russet," at one time Charles became a book agent, to sell the fruit-book which described this among other apples; but the adventure did not please him, and he returned to the farm,—working there, or for some other farmer, in summer, and teaching school in winter at Kensington, Kittery, and elsewhere. He had qualified himself by private study for better teaching than was then usual in the common schools, and it was from him that I acquired, about 1841, when I was ten and Charles twenty, the rudiments of Latin and of French, to which, half a dozen years later, he added German, which also he taught me,—for up to 1850 neither of us had ever attended any but the common school, and that only for some thirty weeks in the year. But the farm labors were not severe, allowing us much leisure for shooting, fishing, swimming, chess- and card-playing, and most of all, for reading and private study, to which we were both addicted from childhood. Charles was also a good mathematician and draughtsman, and skilful at mechanics, which I could never master; although, still under his instruction, I learned to make women's shoes for the Lynn manufacturers, and, with the proceeds of the only box I ever completed, paid the cost of a walking trip to the White Mountains in September, 1850. At that time, and for several years before and after, Charles worked at that industry for a portion of the year; it kept him near home, where he usually preferred to be, and gave him money for books, newspapers, and such political expenses as he might incur; for he was an active politician, on the anti-slavery side, from 1845 for a dozen years, and had a hand in the check and final overthrow of the old-line Democracy, which ruled New Hampshire for thirty years, and in which both he and I were brought up.

Charles Sanborn left the party of his father and grandfather (for some account of whom see the GRANITE MONTHLY of October, 1898) in company with John P. Hale, then in congress, Amos Tuck, Porter Cram, and other leaders of the Democrats in Rockingham and Strafford, in the winter of 1844-'45. He was then but two-and-twenty, but he had studied politics for years, and was an energetic ally of the older men who, in 1846, carried the state against Franklin Pierce, Moses Norris (our mother's first cousin), Charles Gordon Atherton, and the other sachems of the pro-slavery Democracy in New Hampshire. His friend, George Gilman Fogg, editor of the *Independent Democrat*, which had been started in Concord in 1845 to aid in the political revolt, being chosen secretary of state in June, 1846, Charles Sanborn was appointed by him assistant secretary, and combined work in the state house with a share of the editorial tasks at the *Democrat* office. He resided in Con-

cord for a good part of the year, and there sat for this earliest portrait of him, which well represents him at the age of twenty-five. Although but thirteen years old when the party division took place, in 1845, I followed my brother into the new party, and became a faithful reader, and afterwards a contributor, of the *Independent Democrat*,—my first contribution being a version of Buerger's "Wild Huntsman" from the German, which was printed there in 1849, before I was eighteen. Charles remained active in the anti-slavery party for more than ten years, and twice represented Hampton Falls in the legislature; he also acquired the then new art of phonography, and at times reported the legislative proceedings, speeches, etc., for the Concord or Boston dailies. He was one of the few members of the house who thwarted the Democratic plans for leaving Mr. Hale out of the United States senate, and helped re-elect him the next year.

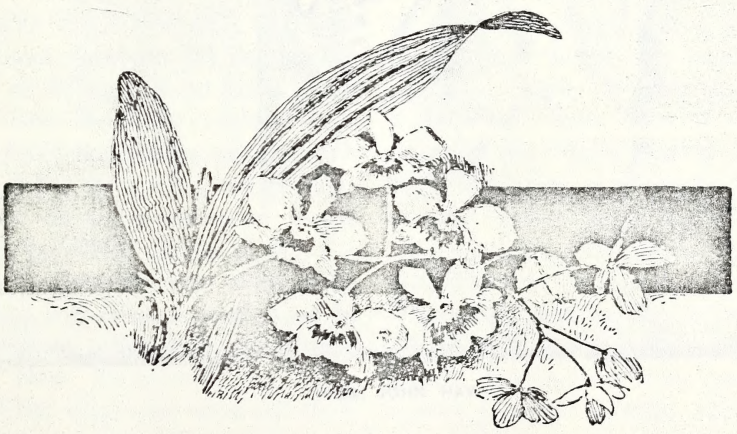
By this time, 1853–'54, Charles had decided to study medicine and began to prepare himself for the medical lectures in Boston, where, at graduation, in 1856, his unusual age (34), and his wide reading and experience of life gave him some advantages and made up for the lack of an earlier systematic course of instruction. Although no college alumnus, he was a better scholar than most graduates are, and his habits of observation, of reporting, and of writing served him well.

His medical knowledge, however, which became very extensive, was mainly acquired during his long practice in those towns where he had tilled the land, taught school, drilled the militia,—for he became a lieutenant, like his first American ancestor, John Samborne of Hampton,—canvassed for elections, and performed all the functions of a young citizen. He knew every household for miles around, and was on familiar terms with all. Nor could he, after trying Washington, Kansas, and Massachusetts, feel himself so much at ease anywhere as where his ancestors had lived for more than two centuries. He therefore settled down to the comparatively humble practice of a country doctor, combining with it the care of his small farm, and as much business in the probate court and elsewhere for his neighbors and patients as they asked him to do.

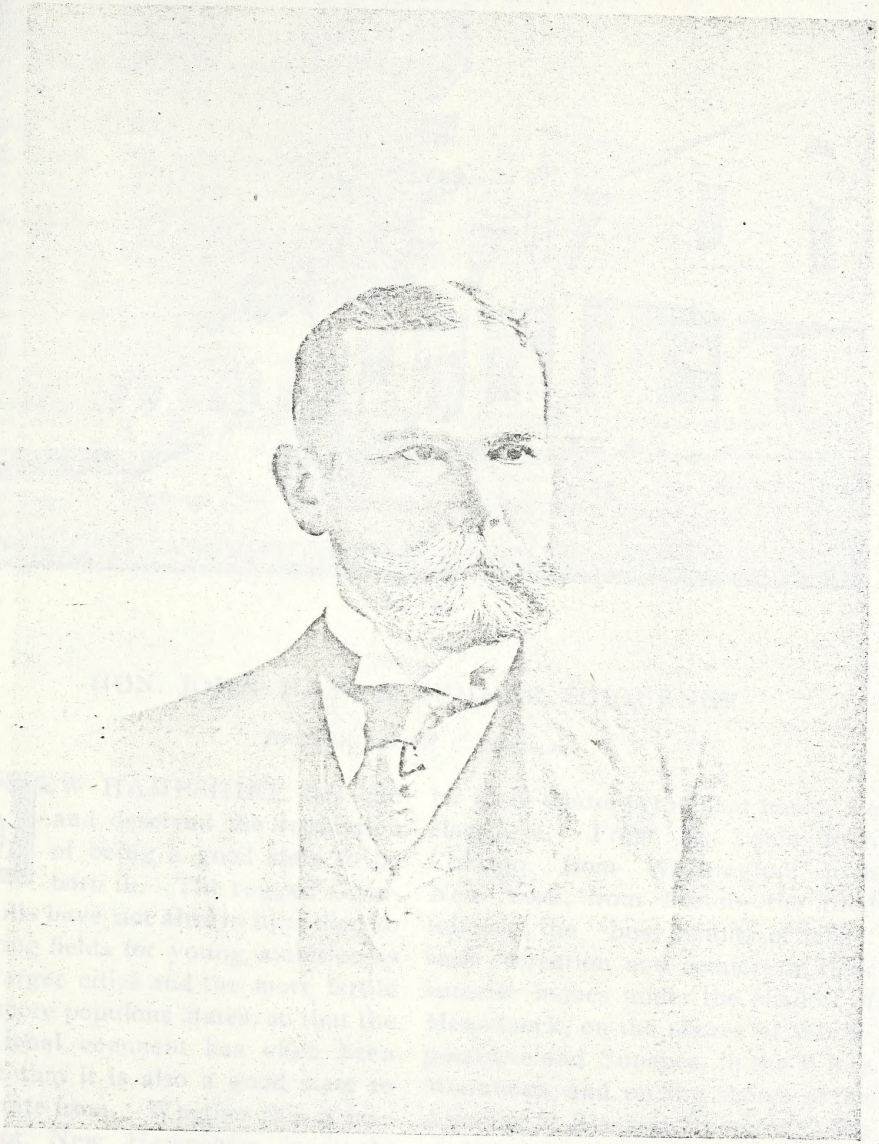
He had already held most of the town offices successively, and when the Civil War came on he was able to render much service to the town and its soldiers, either professionally or in the management of its war business. His visits to the Virginia camps, in the heat of summer and the inclemency of winter, injured his own health permanently, so that for the last thirty years he had been an invalid, and for the years beyond threescore and ten, he was more ill than most of his patients. Yet he continued to care for them, and made his last visit, five miles away, but three days before his own death, of heart failure.

Dr. Sanborn was that rather unusual character, a man of rare talents and quick sensibility without ambition. He ever reminded me of that saying of Oceanus to Prometheus in the Greek drama,—"Always thou wert more wise for others' sake than for thine own." His plan of life in-

volved much care and service for those about him, and little for himself. This, to be sure, is the character of the good physician, and it was this turn of mind, perhaps, that drew him into that philanthropic profession, after severe disappointments in early life had removed those personal objects for which the many strive. Those experiences gave the grave cast to his handsome features which appears in his earliest portrait, and is hardly deepened by age and illness in the latest, which shows him sitting in his parlor, after the death of his wife and his two elder children, occupied with reading, except as he paused long enough to allow his daughter's friend to take this likeness. Yet he was hardly ever melancholy in the common scope of that word; a fund of humor had been given him on which he drew for those amusing thoughts which he could clothe in the most mirth-provoking words, either of prose or verse. He wrote well and much, though seldom with a view to wide publication, and when not playfully, with a severe emphasis that exhibited the exacting nature of his ethics. His affections were deep and tender,—if wounded, they sometimes made him unjust, but never toward those who needed his practical aid. His way of life laid most of those who knew him under some obligation to him—few more than the writer of this imperfect sketch. But he seldom made claim to any return, dealing in his practice and in all the affairs of life so that no member of his little community has been more missed at death, or more kindly remembered. He married, in 1862, and of his three children but one, Miss Anne Leavitt Sanborn, survives him.







HON. JOHN HAY.





"The Falls."

HON. JOHN HAY—A SUMMER SOJOURNER.

By Hon. Samuel C. Eastman.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has had and deserved the reputation of being a good state to be born in. The rugged Granite hills have not always furnished so alluring fields for young ambition as the larger cities and the more fertile and more populous states, so that the additional comment has often been made that it is also a good state to emigrate from. Whether this is true or not, New Hampshire is justly proud of her sons who have left their native state in early youth and made a name for themselves on new soil and amid new surroundings.

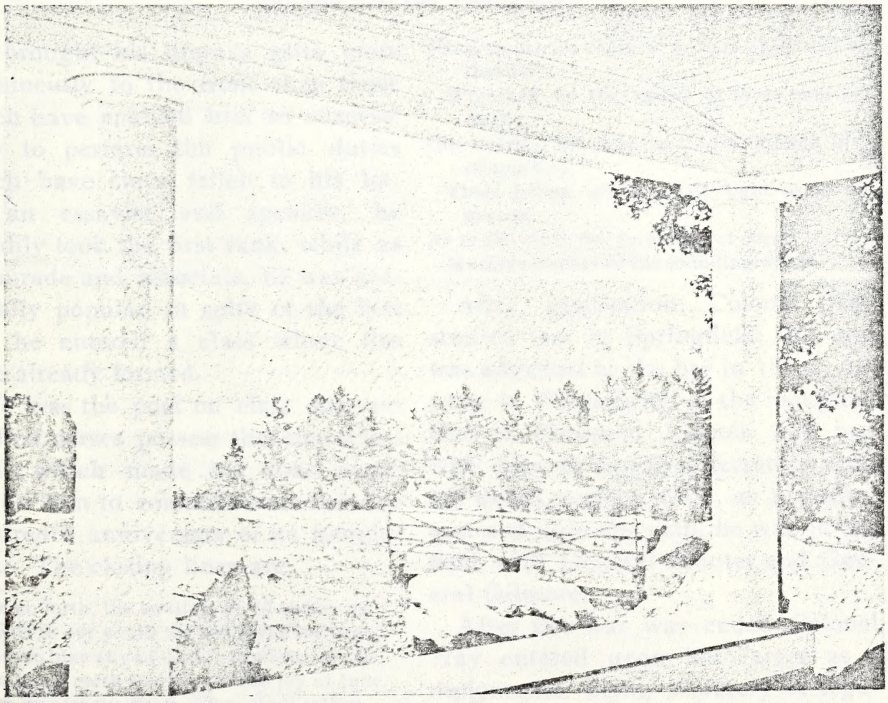
New Hampshire has other attractions. It is a good state to come to for those whose permanent homes are elsewhere. From St. Louis, from Chicago, from Washington, from New York, from Boston, the tired toilers of the "busy haunts of men" seek recreation and comfort in their summer homes under the shadow of Monadnock, on the shores of Winnipesaukee and Sunapee, in the White Mountains, and on the shores of the Atlantic, at Rye and Hampton. We gladly welcome all such guests and rejoice in their welfare and renown and claim them as, at least, half citizens of the Granite state.

Among them is Col. John Hay. Though he has a house in Washington, and a home in Cleveland, where

he keeps his legal residence, it is on the shores of Lake Sunapee in Newbury that he lives for a part of the year as a matter of choice and not of business. He is the owner of an extensive domain, to which he has recently made additions, on one of the most beautiful of the sloping shores of the lake. To the beauty with which it is endowed by Nature, he has added increased attractions by the roads and paths, which have been laid out under his supervision, until there is not a more attractive spot in the whole of New Hampshire.

It is now several years since he built his commodious and elegant villa in the colonial style, to which additions have been made from time to time. Since then there has been no summer in which this home of his choice has not been occupied by himself or his family for at least some portion of the time. His wife and daughters are as fond of the locality as he is.

John Hay was born in Indiana, in 1838. He received his early education in that state, but entered Brown university in an advanced class in 1855, at which time one of his predecessors in the office of secretary of state, Hon. Richard Olney, was also a student in the senior class. It is not recorded that they then and there talked over the future and discussed their course of conduct while conducting the affairs of the nation in the most important office of the country, except that of president. In college, John Hay was soon distinguished for many of the qualities which have made him prominent in the world. Naturally the scholastic



View of Sunapee Mountain, from the Porch of "The Fells.





View from "The Fells," looking East.

life brought his literary gifts more prominently to the front than those which have enabled him so successfully to perform the public duties which have since fallen to his lot. As an essayist and speaker, he speedily took the first rank, while as a comrade and associate, he was universally popular, in spite of the fact that he entered a class where ties were already formed.

He was the poet on class day and his first verses possess the characteristics which made his *alma mater* call on him to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. The closing lines are,

As we go forth, the smiling world before us
Shouts to our youth the old inspiring tune,
The same blue sky of God is bending o'er us,
The green earth sparkles in the joy of June.
Where 'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
Wreathed by the spirits of those vanished days.
Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion,
Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves,
As in the shell, the memories of ocean
Murmur forever of the sounding waves.

After graduation, Colonel Hay studied law in Springfield, Ill., and was admitted to the bar in 1861. He came to Washington at the inauguration of President Lincoln and was with him as assistant secretary until his death, except when, as his adjutant and aide-de-camp, he was in the field with General Hunter and General Gilmore.

After the war was ended, Colonel Hay entered upon his career as a diplomatist, being secretary of legation to France in 1865, and then, in

terms of about two years in each, to Austro-Hungary and Spain. It was during his term in the latter country, in 1869 and 1870, that he wrote his "Castilian Days," which at once established his reputation as an author of the first rank.

He returned home to become an editorial writer on the New York *Tribune*, being editor-in-chief for five months. After five years' service in this capacity, he removed to Cleveland and while there took an active part in the presidential campaign.

In 1879, he again resumed his diplomatic labors as assistant secretary of state, retiring in 1881, when he represented the United States at the International Sanitary congress at Washington, of which he was president.

In 1897, he was appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain, from which office he was recalled, in 1898, to be appointed to his present office of secretary of state.

It will be seen that he has filled his official positions for about two years each. We may hope that this sequence will now be broken and that no such limit will be placed upon his remaining in his present position, the duties of which he discharges with such signal ability.



View from "The Fells," looking West.

Besides fulfilling all of his public duties, in connection with John G. Nicolay, Colonel Hay found time to write the history of the "Life and Times of Abraham Lincoln," one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the history of the Civil War.



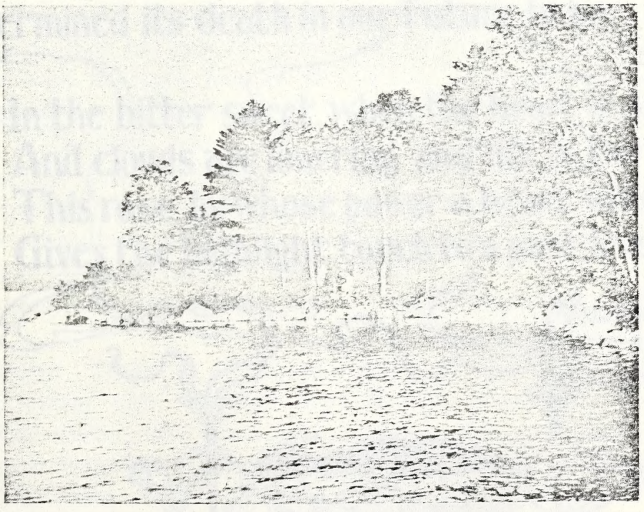
It is a most comprehensive work, requiring great labor and careful research, and also one for which the two authors were eminently fitted by their official and personal relations to our great president.

Aside from this labor of love, his single volume of prose is matched by a single volume of poems. Is there a fatality about the number two in his life? The volume of poems, published in 1890, contains his dialect poems, "Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches," and the others, which at once established his reputation at home and abroad, and his poems of travel, of incident, narrative, and emotion, and translations. They make one wonder why his muse is silent. Or is it that he has his drawer full, laid aside for nine years to fulfil the rule of Horace and to appear later? Let us hope that the cares of state will not be so great as to divert him from the duty which, as author and poet, he owes to his fellow-countrymen and the world. While Mr. Hay has essayed with success the lighter vein of the humorous as well as the poetry of love, affection, and sentiment, he has, like all his predecessors, also adopted the form of the sonnet. We cannot do better than to end this brief sketch by quoting,

TO W. H. S.

Esse quam Videri.

The knightly legend of thy shield betrays
  The moral of thy life; a forecast wise,
And that large honor that deceit defies,
Inspired thy fathers in the elder days,
Who decked thy scutcheon with that sturdy phrase,
  To be rather than seem. As eve's red skies
  Surpass the morning's rosy prophecies,
Thy life to that proud boast its answer pays.
Scorning thy faith and purpose to defend,
  The ever-mutable multitude at last
  Will hail the power they did not comprehend,—
Thy fame will broaden through the centuries;
  As, storm and billowy tumult overpast,
  The moon rules calmly o'er the conquered seas.





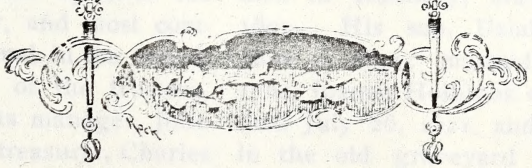
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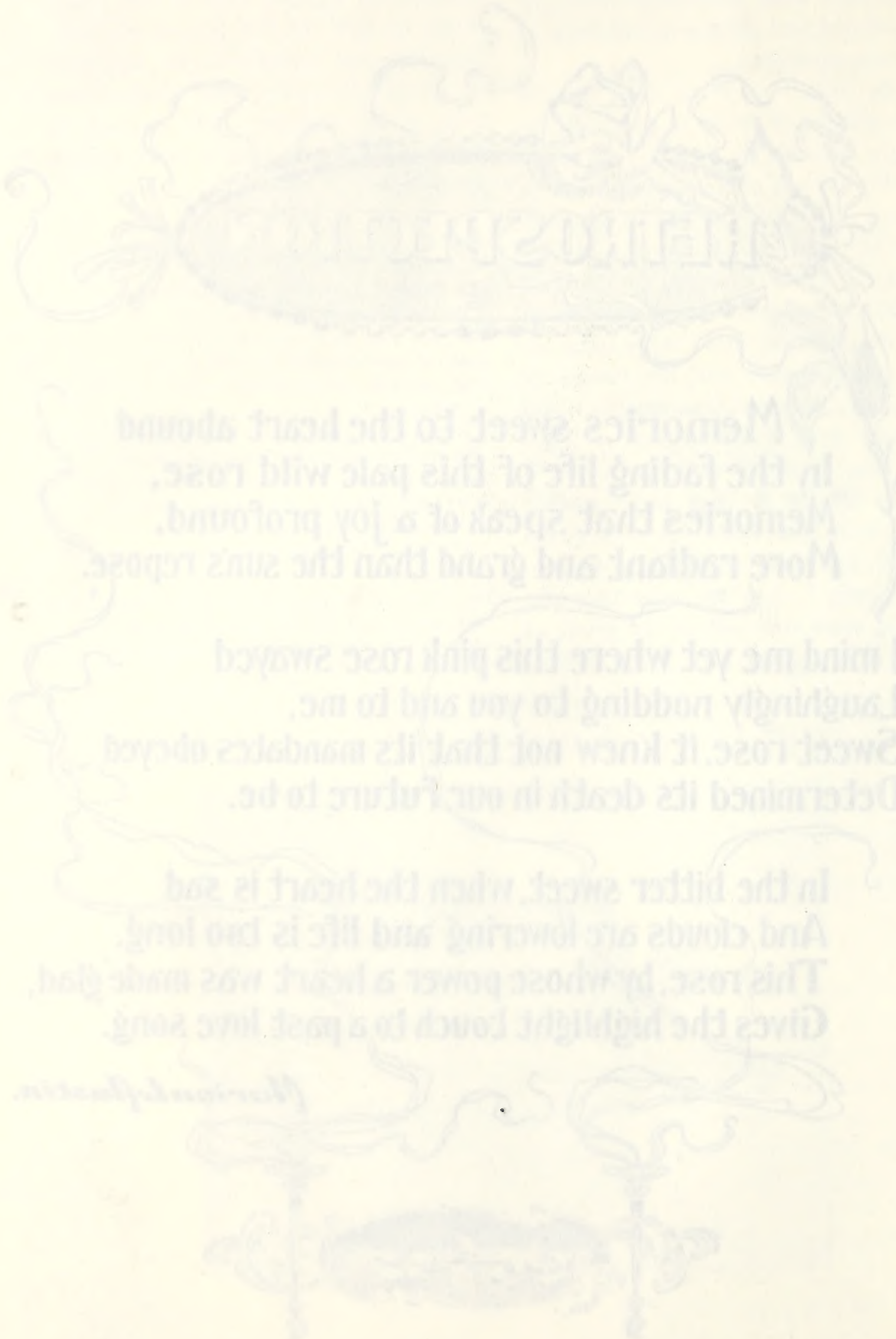
Memories sweet to the heart abound
In the fading life of this pale wild rose,
Memories that speak of a joy profound,
More radiant and grand than the sun's repose.

I mind me yet where this pink rose swayed
Laughingly nodding to you and to me,
Sweet rose, it knew not that its mandates obeyed
Determined its death in our future to be.

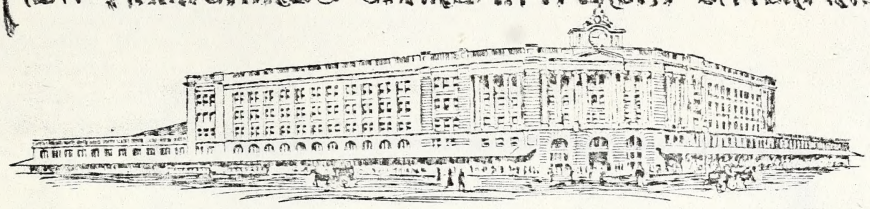
In the bitter sweet, when the heart is sad
And clouds are lowering and life is too long,
This rose, by whose power a heart was made glad,
Gives the highlight touch to a past love song.

Marion L. Austin.





NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SHARE IN A GREAT ENTERPRISE



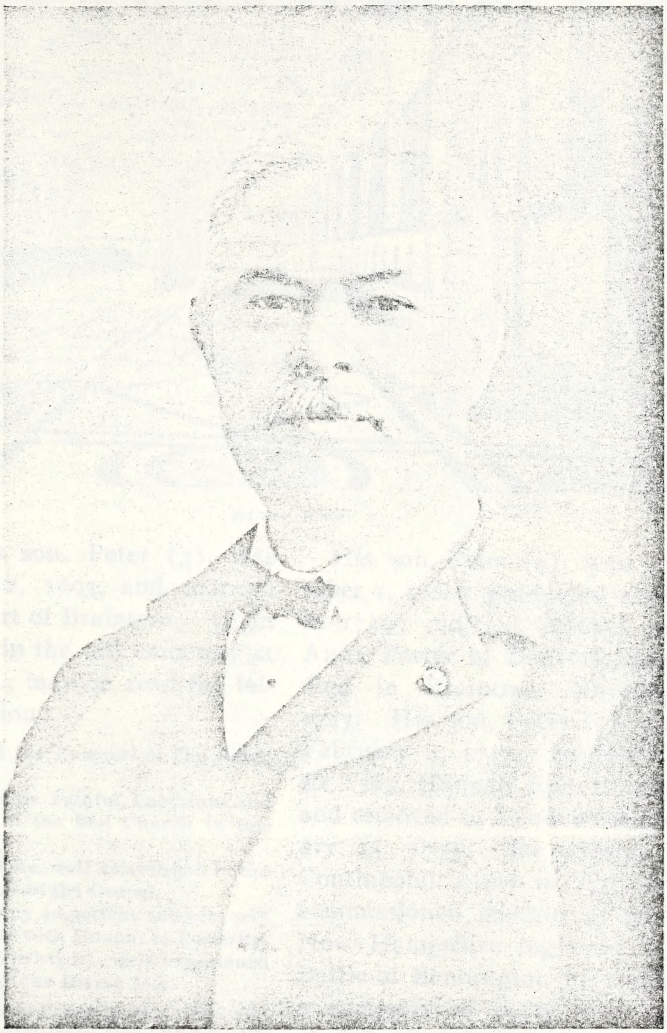
By Edward N. Pearson.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S share in many great enterprises has been so important that her history could not well be written without trespassing upon the annals of other states and other lands, to whose prosperity New Hampshire born men and women have contributed largely. In science, letters, and the arts, in business, theology, and statesmanship, in the ordeals of battle, and in the pursuits of peace, New Hampshire has contributed more than her share of the leaders of the nation. It is not, therefore, with the intention of heralding some new achievement that this present record of New Hampshire prominence is made, because it is not new for New Hampshire men to have had to do with the greatest enterprises of their kind, but it is done because it is noteworthy that three of the most important positions in an enterprise calling for executive ability of the very highest order, should be filled by three men of New Hampshire birth.

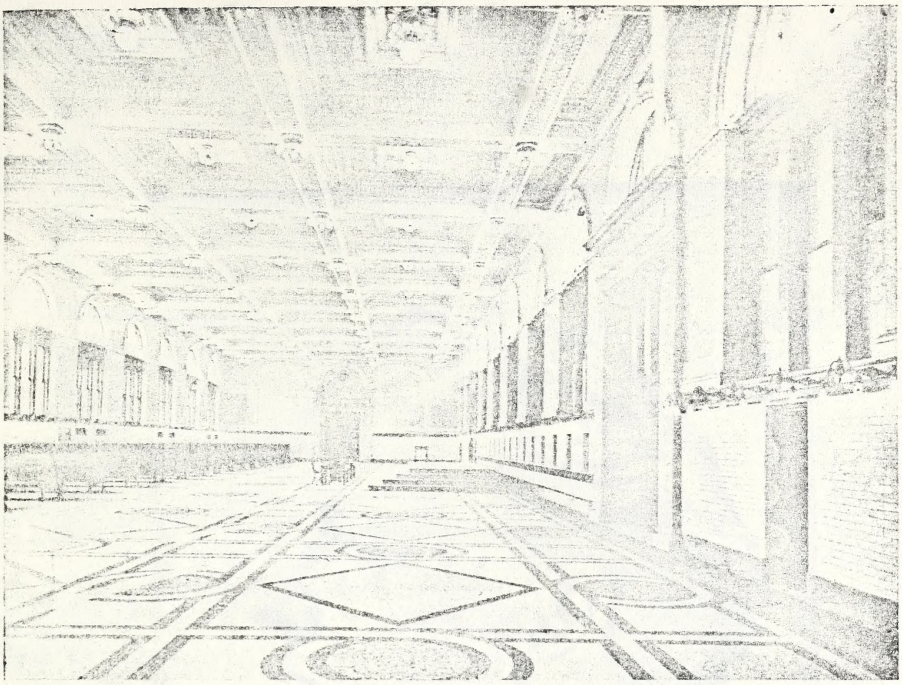
The Boston Terminal Company has built, owns, and operates the largest, most costly, and most complete railroad terminal in the world, and the chairman of the trustees, Charles P. Clark, its manager, John C. Sanborn, and its treasurer, Charles F. Conn, were born in New Hampshire, two of the three were educated at her beloved Dartmouth, and all of them cherish the deepest affection for the state of their nativity. The positions are held by them by no fortune of birth, and for no reason other than that in all the great field from which choice of men to plan and perfect and control such a vast undertaking could be made, they were the best equipped by ability and experience for the work to be done.

Chairman Clark stands in the very front rank of the world's great railroad men, and New Hampshire proudly claims him as a son. His ancestry represents much of success in the professional and business life of two centuries of New England's history, and it is interesting to trace the line from Hugh Clark, the English emigrant of the first half of the seventeenth century, through eight generations, to the subject of this sketch.

Hugh Clark (1) was born in 1613, emigrated to America, and was living in Watertown, Mass., in 1641; he died in Roxbury, Mass., July 20, 1693. His son, Uriah (2), born June 5, 1644; married in October, 1764, Joanna Holbrook of Braintree; died July 26, 1721, and was buried in the old graveyard near Mount



Charles P. Clark.



Waiting Room.

Auburn. His son, Peter (3), was born March 12, 1693, and married Deborah Hobart of Braintree. Upon his tombstone in the old cemetery at Danvers, Mass., may be read the following inscription:

Here lie entombed the Remains of The Revd. Peter Clark
For almost 51 years the Painful, Laborious and Faithful Pastor of the first Church in this town.
He was a Great Divine, well established in the orthodox Doctrines of the Gospel.
His writings on many important subjects will Transmit his name with Honour to Posterity.
An accomplished Christian: well experienced in all the Graces of the Divine Life.

The most exemplary Patience, Humility, and Meekness were illustratively Displayed in his character as a Christian.

He was born March 12, 1693. Graduated at *Harvard College* in Cambridge in 1712. Ordained Pastor of the first church in this Town June 5, 1717.

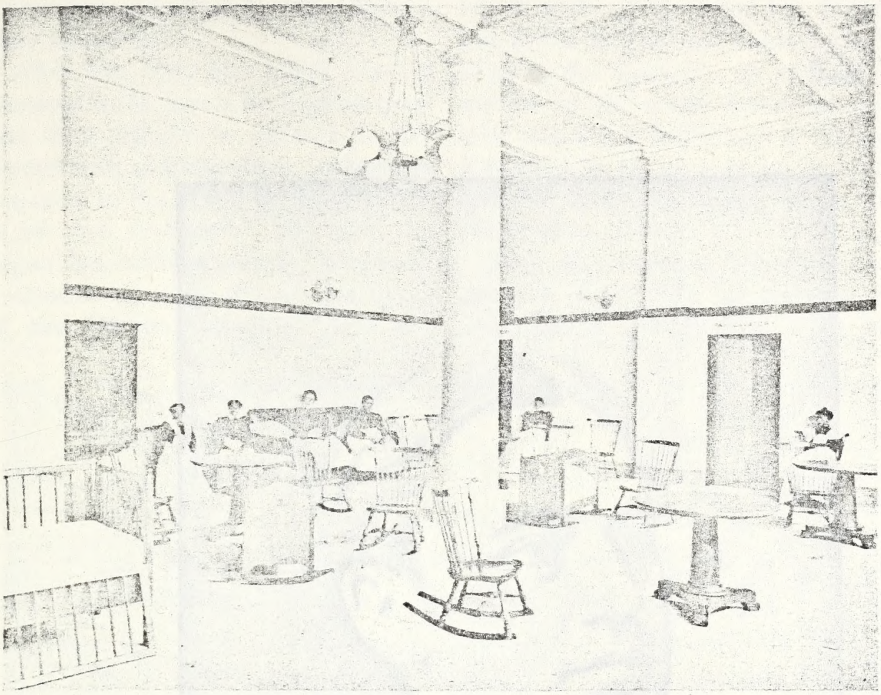
He lived much esteemed and respected by men of learning and Piety and after a long life spent in the service of Religion, He died much lamented on June 10, 1768.

ÆTATIS 76.

His son, Peter (4), was born October 1, 1720; graduated at Harvard in 1739; married October 22, 1741, Anna Porter of Danvers, Mass., and died in Braintree, November 13, 1747. His son, Peter (5), was born February 4, 1743; married October 20, 1763, Hannah Epes of Braintree, and removed to Lyndeborough, January 23, 1775. He enlisted in the Continental Army in 1775, and was commissioned captain of the Ninth New Hampshire regiment. At the Battle of Bennington he commanded a company of sixty men and displayed great bravery, being the second man to scale the British breastworks. Captain Clark also participated in the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777. He sat in the New Hampshire legislature for many successive terms and was deacon of the Congregational church from 1783



John C. Sanborn.



Women's Waiting Room.

until his death, October 14, 1826, aged 83 years.

Captain Clark's son, Peter (5), was born September 27, 1764; married in July, 1783, Elizabeth Punchard of Salem, and died in Lyndeborough, February 3, 1851. His son, Peter (6), married Jane Aiken in 1809; lived in Francestown, Nashua, and Boston; was distinguished for his enterprise and public spirit, especially in connection with the railroad interests of New England, and died December 25, 1853. His son, Peter (7), was born April 29, 1810; graduated from Dartmouth college in 1829, and studied law at Yale. He married, May 28, 1834, Susan, daughter of Nathan and Phebe (Walker) Lord of Kennebunkport, Me., and resided in Nashua until his death, May 29, 1841. He was a prominent citizen of Nashua, and at the time of his death was chairman of the board of selectmen of Nashua, and treasurer of the Concord railroad.

His son, Charles Peter Clark (8), the head of the Boston Terminal Company, was born in Nashua, August 11, 1836, and was educated at Dartmouth college, class of 1856. On October 21, 1857, he married Caroline, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Spring Tyler. During the War of the Rebellion Mr. Clark served with distinction in the United States navy. He entered in September, 1862, as acting ensign; served in the West Indies and East Gulf blockading squadrons; was twice promoted, and was honorably dismissed in December, 1865, as acting volunteer lieutenant commanding, having commanded the ironclads,

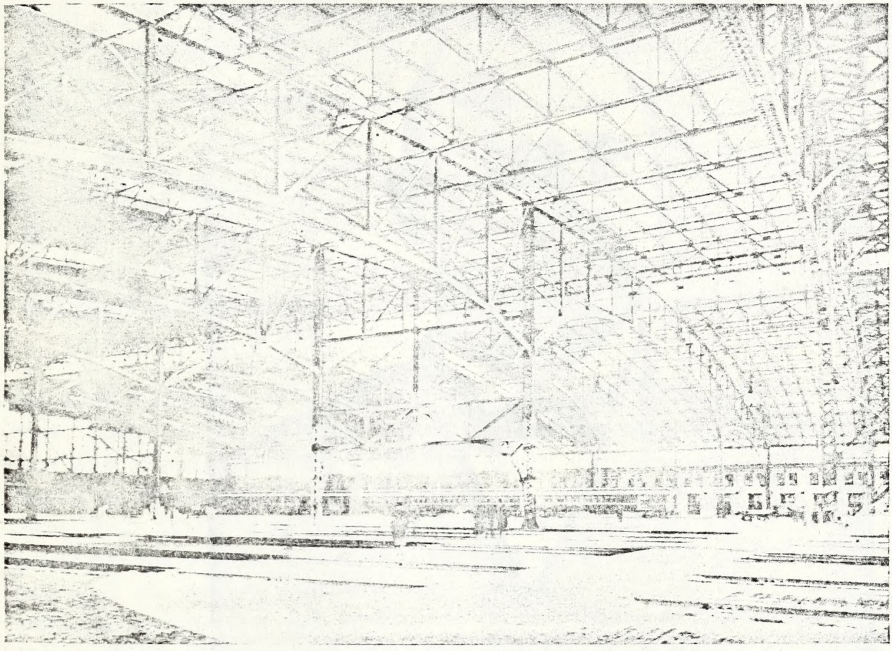


Charles F. Conn.



Carondelet and *Benton*, of the Mississippi squadron.

After the war, Mr. Clark was in business in St. Louis for a short time, and then became a partner in the Boston firm of Dana Bros., who were engaged in the West Indies trade in sugar and molasses. In 1871, he began his railroad career, becoming a trustee of the Berdel mortgage of the Boston, Hartford & Erie; from 1873 to 1879, he was vice-president and general manager of the New York & New England; from 1881 to 1883, second vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford; from 1883 to 1886, again with the New York & New England, as its president, and in 1887 became president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, a position which he has filled to the present time with brilliant success. Under his administration the corporation has become one of the largest and strongest of its kind in the country. A natural sequence of its vastly increased business was the construction of the new Terminal, in the conception and creation of which President Clark was the leading spirit.

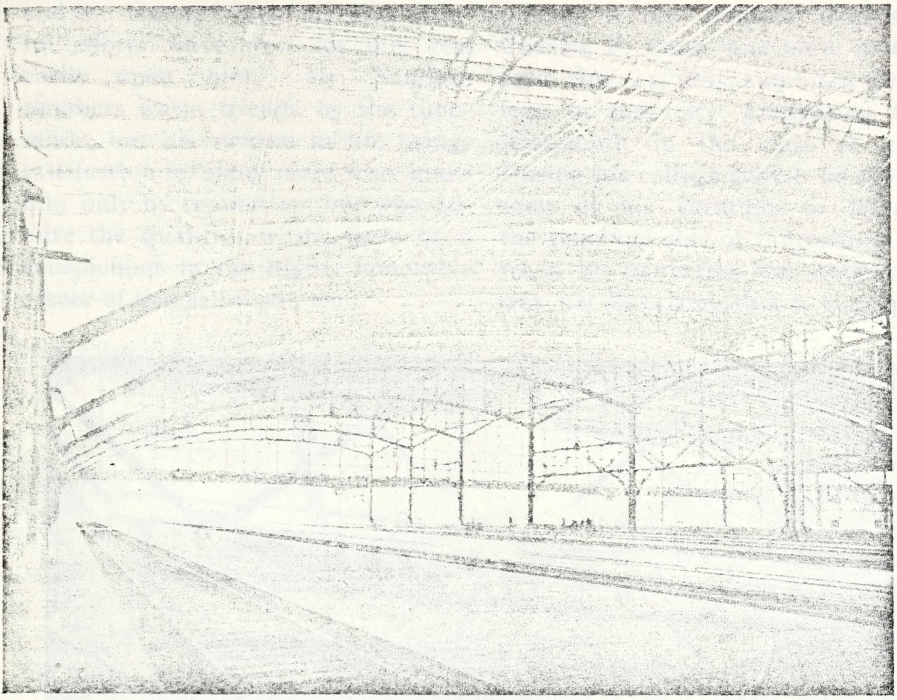


Train Shed, looking in.

John C. Sanborn, manager, was born in Northfield, September 13, 1842, son of Dr. Samuel Roby and Clarissa Thayer Sanborn. His educational advantages were limited to the common schools and Hollis institute, South Braintree, Mass. The foundations for a successful career were laid in the few years which were spent in the schoolroom, and no better example of a self-educated man can be pointed out than is Manager Sanborn. While a lad of only sixteen, in 1858, the first step of a railroad career which has led to one of



George B. Francis, Resident Engineer.

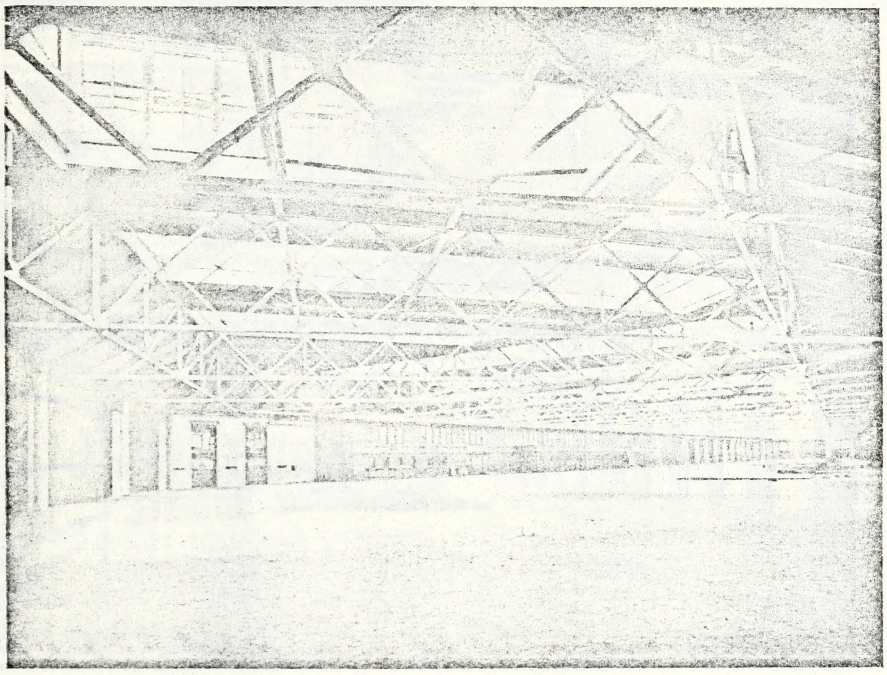


Train Shed, looking out.

the most important positions in the New England states, was taken. The Old Colony railroad, in whose employ so many men of New Hampshire birth have made their reputations, was the avenue toward his success, and his service with that company was continuous and faithful as station employé, brakeman, baggage-master, conductor, Boston station-master, transportation-master, and general train master until the lease of the road, in 1893, to the New York, New Haven & Hartford. On the latter date Mr. Sanborn was made superintendent of the Plymouth division, a position from which he was taken when the greatest honor of his career was bestowed upon him,—his selection as manager of the Boston Terminal Company. In the last-named position Mr. Sanborn visited the great terminals in Europe in quest of information which might be useful in the construction and management of Boston's magnificent station, which was to be made the largest and finest in the world.

Mr. Sanborn served his country bravely as a soldier in the Union army during the War of the Rebellion. In the first regiment which Massachusetts sent to the front, the Fourth, we find him enrolled as a corporal in Co. C, and later a lieutenant in Co. B, Forty-third Tiger regiment, taking part in all its numerous engagements, and remaining with it until its term of service had expired. Later on he was commissioned a captain of volunteers by Governor Andrew. Mr. Sanborn is a fine specimen of rugged manhood,

and the honors which his own faithful efforts have won for him rest easily upon him. Mr. Sanborn numbers warm friends by the thousands, but his success in life brings satisfaction to many more who know him only by reputation, but who admire the qualities which have been conspicuous in the highly honorable career of this self-made man.

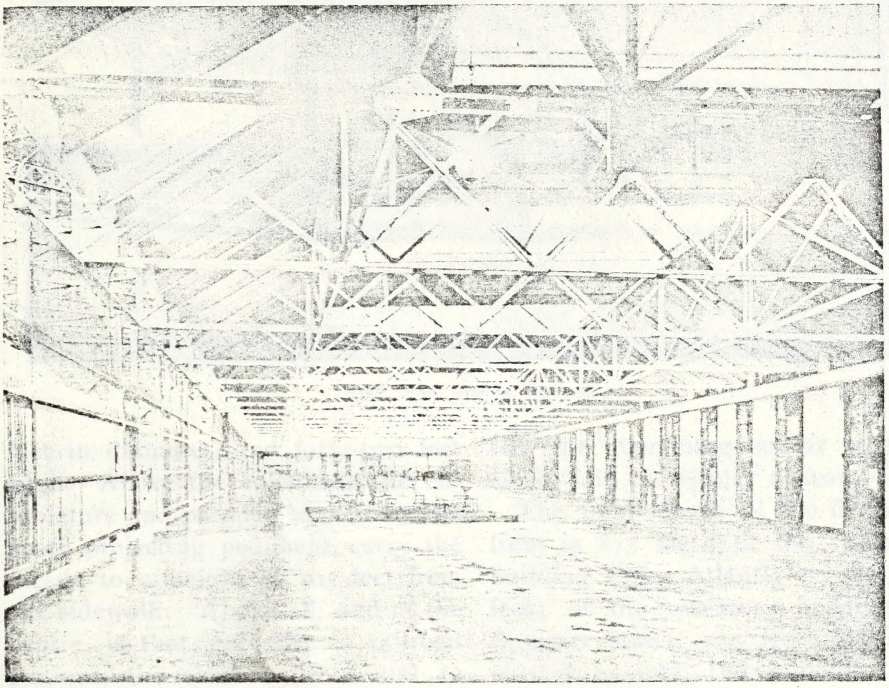


Midway, looking East.

Charles F. Conn, treasurer of the company, bears a name which is known and respected by New Hampshire people at home and abroad. His father, Dr. Granville P. Conn, is recognized as one of the leaders of the medical profession, not only of New Hampshire but of the United States. Perhaps Dr. Conn's eminence as a railroad surgeon had nothing to do with the son's choice of a career, but it would not be surprising if the contrary were true. Charles F. Conn was born in Concord, Nov. 11, 1865, and fitted for college in that city, graduating from Dartmouth in the class of 1887. During his college course he devoted some of his vacations to learning the practical side of railroading, and when his education was obtained it was not surprising that a good position was awaiting him in a Boston transportation office. Promotion was gained rapidly, and in 1892 he was honored with the responsible position of auditor of the Old Colony Steamboat Company. His selection as treasurer of the Terminal Company was the logical outcome of his success in a position which had brought him into association with the gentlemen who were to make a choice of the best man for the place.



Mr. Conn has amply demonstrated his capability for his new position, and the great financial interests entrusted to him are managed in a manner which displays rare natural ability, aided by experience in positions where his thorough training, quick perception, and sound judgment have been potent factors in winning success.



Midway, looking West

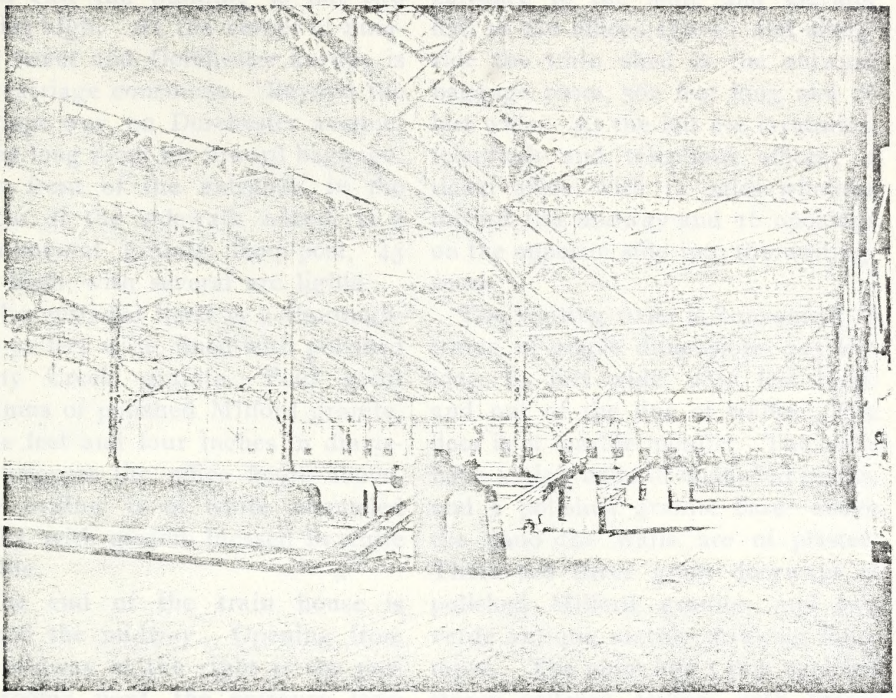
THE STATION.

It is not our purpose here to attempt a minute description of Boston's magnificent railway terminal. The illustrations which accompany this article, show, better than words can tell, the magnitude, the convenience, and the beauty of the great structure. The location, at the junction of Summer and Federal streets with Atlantic avenue, and on the west bank of Fort Point channel, is an admirable one for many reasons, and as one approaches the building from any direction its proportions are impressive.

Opposite the end of Federal street is the main entrance and central architectural feature of the station. The building extends from the entrance south along Atlantic avenue 792 feet, and east on Summer street 672 feet. The central portion is a large five-story building, of which the first story is given to station uses, and the upper four stories are used as offices.

Of the central, curved portion, 228 feet in length, two stories form a strong base, in which are three great entrance arches, and the upper three stories are treated as a colonnade. The columns are four and one half





Train Shed, showing Bumpers.

feet in diameter, and forty-two feet high. Above the colonnade the entablature and parapet, broken by the small projecting pediment, carry the facade to a height of 105 feet from the sidewalk. Above all, and at the centre, is that necessity to railroad stations, the clock, with a dial 12 feet in diameter. The top of the clock case bears an eagle with wings partly spread. Across the wings the eagle measures eight feet. Over each of the two piers which mark the entrance is a flagstaff, 60 feet in height.

All of the curved portion is built of Stony Creek granite, and nearly all the remaining front is of this stone, but on each side of the colonnade the granite is relieved by large, dark buff mottled bricks. On the central portion the granite is pointed and cut, but the remaining ashlar is rock faced, laid in regular courses.

The total length of the five-story front is 875 feet; of the two-story building along Atlantic avenue, 356 feet; of the two-story building on Summer street, 234 feet; on Dorchester avenue, the building continues 725 feet, two stories high. The total length of the front on three streets is 2,190 feet.

Along Atlantic avenue, the first story is the outward baggage room, with doors all along the street, protected by an iron and glass awning, wide enough to shelter baggage teams as well. On the Summer street front the waiting-room is marked by large arched window openings, and beyond is the main exit, a wide thoroughfare at the end of the waiting-room. Beyond the

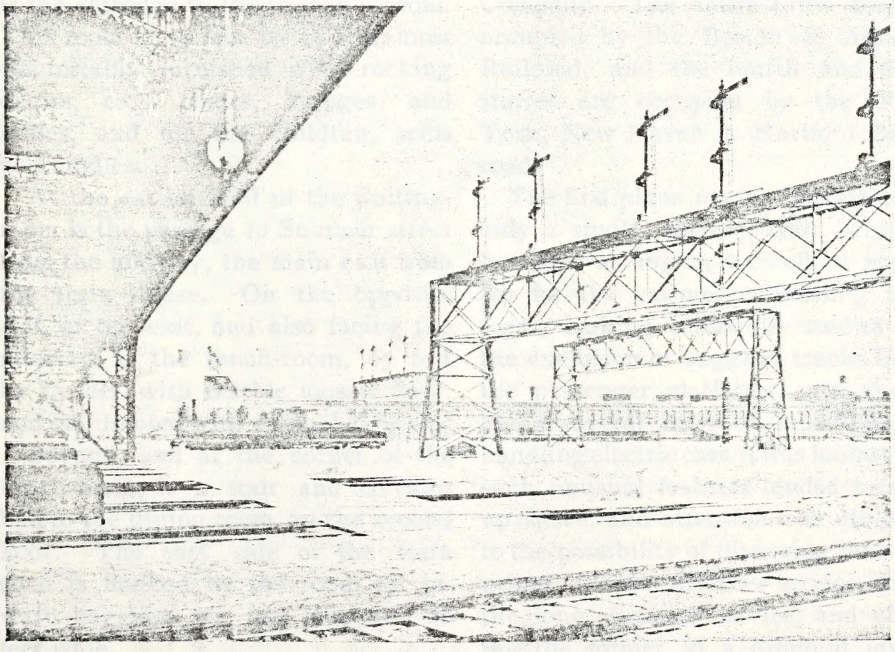
main exit the building is but two stories high. At the corner of Summer street and Dorchester avenue is the carriage concourse. Beyond the carriage way, on Dorchester avenue, is the long room for inward baggage.

In front of the entrance, in the centre of the sidewalk island, is a monumental granite lamp-post, 43 feet high, with several arc lights.

The entrance itself is a thoroughfare 92 feet wide, lined with polished Stony Creek granite. Four great columns of polished Milford granite, three feet and four inches in diameter, support the office floors above. The ceiling is of white enameled bricks, with girders incased in white marble.

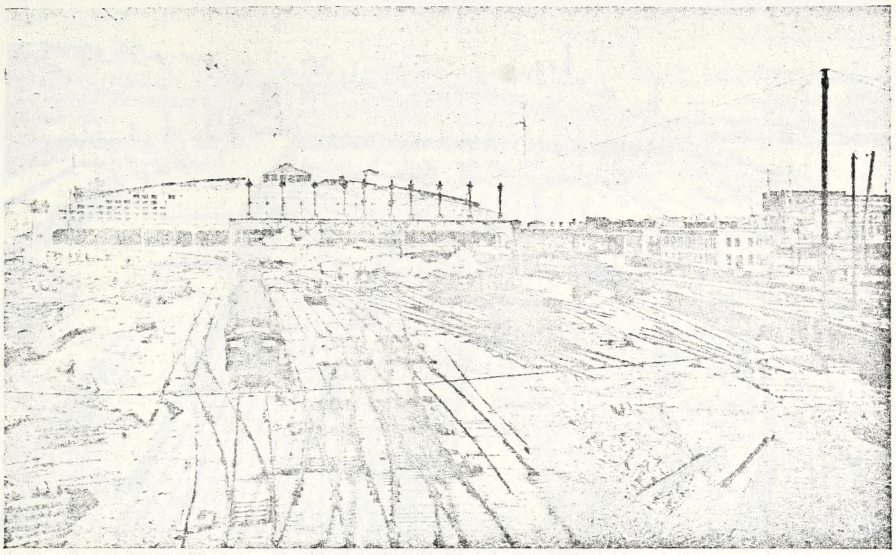
The end of the train house is termed the midway. Opening from the midway at the right is the parcel room; next, the entrance from Atlantic avenue, which is also the entrance to the stair and elevator hall to the offices above; and alongside the train shed is the outward baggage room, 562 feet long and 26 feet wide. At the left are lavatories, telegraph and telephone offices; a ticket office, with 11 sales windows toward the midway and 16 openings on the opposite side into the waiting-room.

The waiting-room is convenient to trains, of ample dimensions, 225 feet long, 65 feet wide, 28½ feet high, and out of the line of traffic. The floor is of marble mosaic. The walls have a high dado of enameled bricks, and a polished granite base—above the dado the walls are of plaster. There are three great doorways of polished Milford granite, and two verde antique marble drinking fountains. The room has a rich modeled stucco coffered ceiling, with beams four feet deep, and carries well the



Signal Bridges in Yard, with Power-House in the Background.





Train Shed, from Yard, January 1, 1899.

electric light fixtures, which are in excellent keeping with the ceiling, and give to the room an adequate diffused and unobtrusive light.

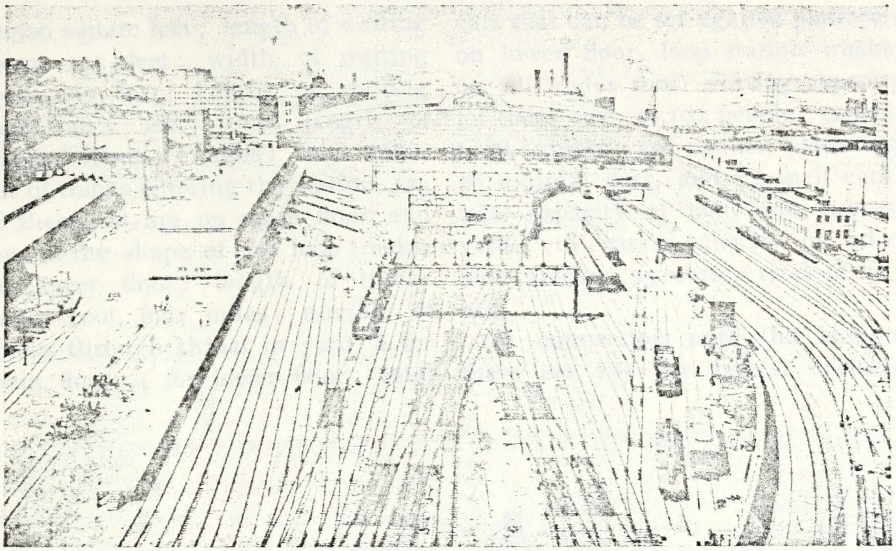
At one corner of the waiting-room is the entrance to the women's room. This room is 34 feet by 44 feet, most comfortably furnished with rocking chairs, easy chairs, lounges, and tables, and for the children, cribs and cradles.

At the eastern end of the waiting-room is the passage to Summer street from the midway, the main exit from the train house. On the opposite side of the exit, and also facing the midway, is the lunch-room, 67 feet by 73 feet, with marble mosaic floor, and wainscoted with enameled bricks.

Beyond, and at the corner of the lunch-room, is a stair and elevator hall to the dining-room, on the second floor. The east side of the train shed is flanked by the room for inward baggage, 507 feet long and 26 feet wide.

The building above the first story is used for offices and employés. Conductors and trainmen have rooms in the Dorchester avenue wing, and the remainder of the second story is occupied by the Boston Terminal Company. The entire third story is occupied by the Boston & Albany Railroad, and the fourth and fifth stories are occupied by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

The first plans made contemplated only a single floor for train service, but after arranging as well as possible for the various controlling features, making numerous studies for the exclusion of baggage trucks from the passenger platforms, and developing several ways of expeditiously handling electric cars, it was found that such unusual features tended to use up space, and attention was directed to the possibility of divorcing the suburban, or short distance service, from the long distance service, and placing the former at a different level, thus doubling the room for tracks,



Train Shed, from Yard, July 1, 1899.

on certain areas. This was found to be feasible, and the great suburban traffic which the station must handle was provided for in an immense basement story, with platform room for 25,000 people.

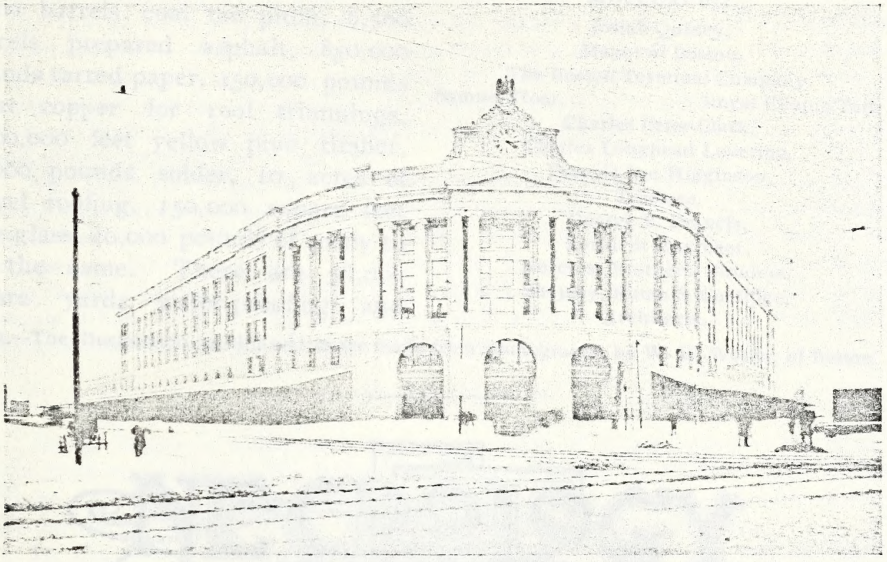
Loop tracks, two in number, connect with the main tracks at points about one half mile from the station, and enter the station at one side of the steam tracks, and at a grade about 17 feet beneath them. As they enter, they spread, so that there is a large platform between the tracks. This central platform lies immediately below the midway on the main floor, and is connected with it and with the main waiting-room by stairs. It is designed to be the loading platform, and is the right platform for all trains. The unloading is designed to be done on the outside platforms. The capacity of the two loop tracks is sufficient to allow the sending out of a train a minute, or 2,000 trains in and out each day of 18 hours.

Some conception of the details which have to be attended to, both in planning, building, and managing such a structure, may be gained from the following statistics:

Total area of terminal land, about 35 acres; total area covered by building, about 13 acres; maximum length of main station, 850 feet; maximum width of main station, 725 feet; average length of main station, 765 feet; average width of main station, 662 feet; area of main station, 506,430 square feet; area of awnings, outside of buildings, 46,000 square feet; height of main station from sidewalk to top of eagle, 135 feet; length of express buildings, 712 feet; width of express buildings, 50 feet; length of power buildings, 569 feet; width of power buildings, 40 feet; total length of buildings on street front, 3,300 feet; length of train shed proper, 602 feet; width of train shed proper, 570 feet; height of train shed over all, 112 feet; area of midway, 60,000 square feet; area of connecting roofs,

17,500 square feet; length of waiting room, 225 feet; width of waiting room, 65 feet; height of waiting room, 28½ feet; total length of tracks, about 15 miles; total number of tracks entering the station, 32; of these, 28 are on main floor, and four in the shape of two loop tracks, on lower floor; length of tracks under roof, four miles; number of tracks through throat in yard, 8 for main floor, 4 for lower floor; total cars that can be set against platforms on lower floor, loop station tracks, 60, all under roof; seating capacity for these cars, 28,104 people; capacity of express yard against platforms, 26 express cars, and 12 mail cars; total capacity of mail and express yard, 116 cars; capacity of other yard tracks, 93 cars; total of 613 cars.

In connection with the station, there are 235 arc lights, enclosed



weight of rail, 2,800 tons; number of double slip switches, 37; number of switches, 252; number of frogs, 283; number of semaphore signals, 150; number of signal lamps, 200; number of levers in tower No. 1, 143; number of levers in tower No. 2, 11; number of signal bridges, 9; total number of trains to use new station when fully opened, 737 per day; number of 65-foot passenger cars that can be set against platforms on main floor of station, 344, 252 under roof; number of 40-foot passenger pattern; 6,000 incandescent lights, 1,200 of which are in the main waiting room; 25 electric elevators, 209 water closets, 138 urinals, 118 set bowls, 5 shower baths, 106 fire supply outlets, 14 water metres, 29 storage vaults, 43 toilet rooms, 215 office rooms, 1,000 window shades, 200,000 pounds sash weights, 120 connections for supplying gas to cars, 36 ticket windows, 95 baggage-room doors, 69 express building doors, 10 steam boilers, 4 electric generators, 9 compressors, 45 electric motors, 20 heat-

ing and ventilating fans, 25 steam engines, and 1 traveling crane.

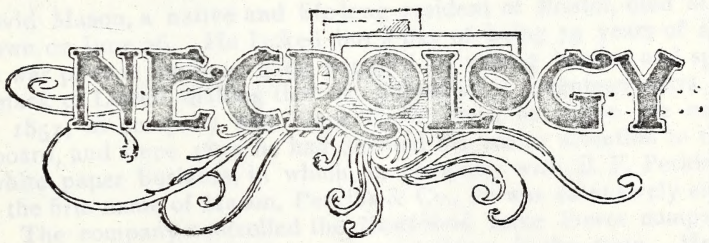
The material used to complete the work approximates: forty-three thousand spruce piles, 15,100,000 common brick, 487,000 medium brick, 846,000 enameled brick, 74,000 cubic yards concrete, 32,000 cubic yards stone masonry, 30,000,000 pounds steel, equal to about 1,200 car-loads; 200,000 cubic feet of cut stone for building, or 500 car-loads; 75,000 barrels Portland cement, 20,000 barrels Rosendale cement, 8,000 barrels coal tar pitch, 6,500 barrels prepared asphalt, 850,000 pounds tarred paper, 450,000 pounds sheet copper for roof trimmings, 5,000,000 feet yellow pine timber, 16,000 pounds solder, 10 acres of gravel roofing, 150,000 square feet wire glass, 40,000 pounds of putty to set the same. There are 56,000 square yards water-proofing and about 200 acres of painting, reduced to single coat.

The inscriptions carved in the granite wall of the entrance give this information:

MDCCCXCVII.
This building erected by
The Boston Terminal Company
Composed of
The Boston & Albany Railroad Company,
The New England Railroad Company,
Boston & Providence Railroad Corporation,
Old Colony Railroad Company,
The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

MDCCCXCVII.
Josiah Quincy,
Mayor of Boston.
The Boston Terminal Company.
Samuel Hoar, Royal Chapin Taft,
Charles Peter Clark,
Charles Loughead Lovering,
Francis Lee Higginson,
Trustees.
George B. Francis,
Resident Engineer.
Norcross Brothers, Builders.
Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge,
Architects.

NOTE.—The illustrations for this article are made from photographs by W. H. Weller, of Boston.



JOHN G. SINCLAIR.

John G. Sinclair, a time-honored resident of Bethlehem, died at his summer home, June 27, after a brief illness. He was born in Barnstead, March 25, 1826. After following a country merchant's life for several years he prepared for college at Newbury, Vt., institution, but owing to business ambition gave up the college idea and soon attained an enviable business reputation.

Mr. Sinclair represented the town in the state legislature six different terms, and was elected senator one term, and once was Democratic nominee for United States senator. In 1866, '67, and '68 he was Democratic candidate for governor, and was chairman of the state delegation in the National Democratic convention in 1868. He was the father of Col. Charles A. Sinclair, who died in April.


NECROLOGY

REV. JOHN WOOD.

Rev. John Wood, a prominent Congregational clergyman, died at Fitchburg, Mass., July 7, aged nearly 90 years. He was a native of Alstead, a graduate of Kimball Union academy, Amherst college, class of '36, and of the East Windsor Theological institute. He was ordained at Langdon, in 1840, where he was pastor nine years. After pastorates at Townsend, Vt., and Wolfeborough he became agent of the American Tract society of Boston, and later filled a similar position in New York city. He removed to Fitchburg in 1879, where he has since resided. He was married twice and leaves a widow and daughter.

DAVID S. PAIGE.

David S. Paige died at his home in New York city of a complication of troubles, at the age of 85 years. Mr. Paige was born in Hopkinton in June, 1814, his mother being a daughter of Capt. William Stinson of Dunbarton. He had the limited opportunities for education common in those days, and at an early age he went to Boston, and after his father's death located in New York, where his habits of thrift and enterprise stood to a good purpose. He entered on a hotel career in West street, where later he built and managed Paige's hotel, opposite where important steamship lines landed passengers and cargoes. His wife was an English lady of means, who well seconded his efforts. Two daughters and several grandchildren survive.

Mr. Paige was a popular man, member of the New York legislature, and for many years a member of the school board of the city. He never forgot his native town and state, and his frequent visits, until hindered by failing health, were enjoyed by him very much. A sister, Mrs. Harriet Huntress, of Concord, is the only family survivor. Mr. Paige was a grand representative of that Scotch-Irish people, whose force of character, strong and self-reliant traits, have ever been so conspicuous and successful, traits that always win.

DAVID MASON.

David Mason, a native and life-long resident of Bristol, died at his home in that town on June 26. He lacked but a day of being 79 years of age. In early life he was pilot in the river gang engaged in rafting lumber and spars down the Merrimack to Lowell, making that trip annually for seventeen years.

In 1852, in company with Capt. G. W. Dow, he began the manufacture of strawboard, and since 1855 he had devoted his entire attention to the wood pulp and white paper business, in which, in company with B. F. Perkins, of Bristol, under the firm name of Mason, Perkins & Co., he was extensively engaged in that town. The company controlled the Newfound Lake Power company's stock of Bristol, which has one of the best water privileges in the state. He was also one of the heaviest stockholders in the Bristol Aqueduct company, and a member of the Bristol Savings bank, and was identified with other business enterprises.

Mr. Mason was an uncompromising Republican, had held the office of selectman, and for three terms represented the town of Bristol in the legislature. He leaves a wife, Elvira (Gurdy) Mason, and only a short time ago buried his only daughter. He leaves other near relatives.

Mr. Mason was a member of the Methodist church, and he had at all times been untiring in his efforts to further the interests of Bristol, and was held in high esteem as one of its solid and substantial business men, who have contributed so much to its present prosperity and success. He was a member of the Masonic order.

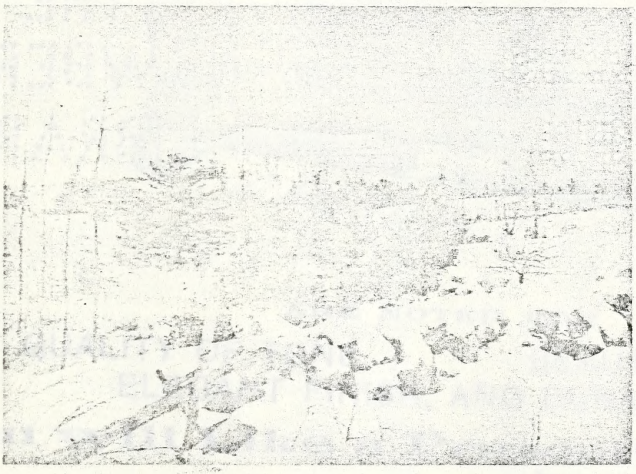
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me XXVII AUGUST Number 2

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



MONADNOCK FROM SAWYER'S HILL.

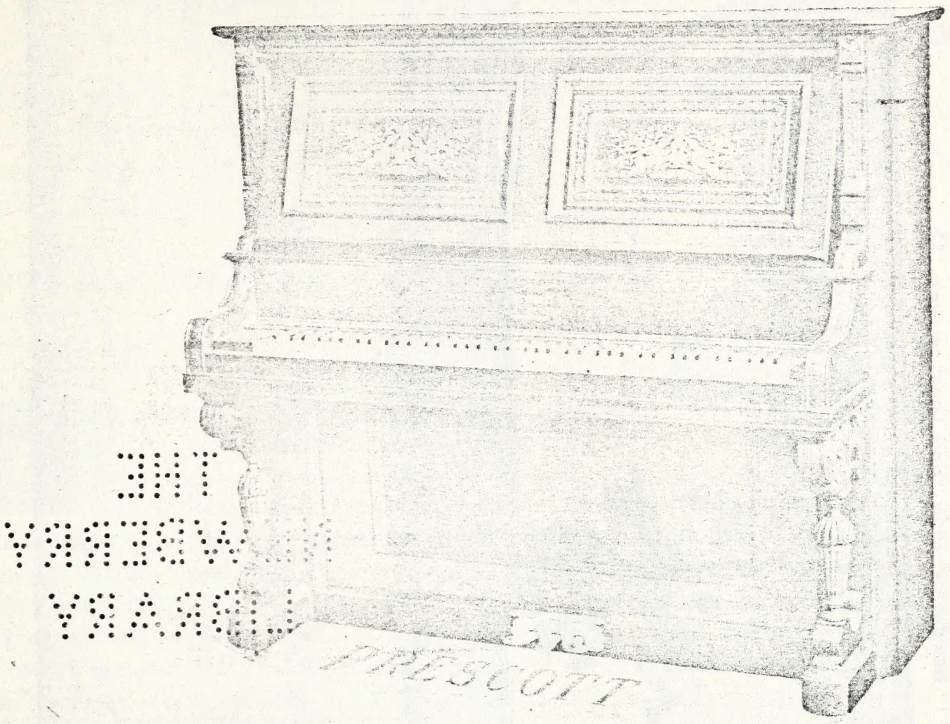
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MONADNOCK, FROM LONG POND, JAFFREY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII. AUGUST, 1899. No. 2.

THE MAKING OF A TOWN.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH OF THE TOWN OF JAFFREY.

By Albert Annett.

THE earliest recorded history of the region about Monadnock has to do with savage forays upon the frontier of Massachusetts in the old French and Indian wars. For more than a century after this isolated peak on the northwestern horizon appeared to the view of the incoming white race, the wilderness upon which it looked down remained unbroken for miles around.

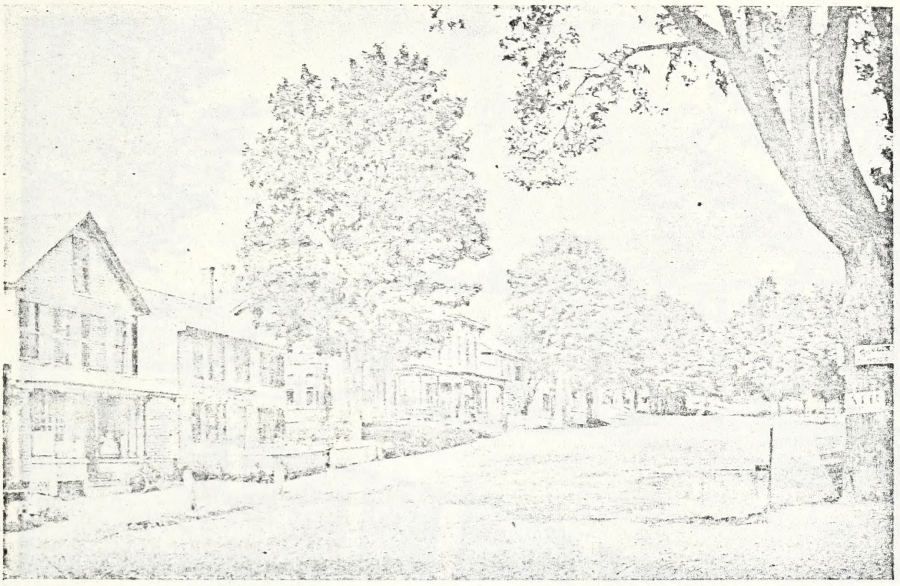
It seems to have been a landmark to the migratory tribes, known far and wide, and it served to steer their course from the Connecticut to the Merrimack and to the ponds that lay between. It was a mountain fastness, to which the frontier settlements in Massachusetts looked with apprehension and alarm. It was no groundless fear that retarded the progress of settlement, for all those old frontier towns to the south of Monadnock have their record of Indian war and alarm, of houses and crops destroyed and families carried away captive.

In the year 1706 a company of rangers from the old town of Groton went up to Monadnock bent upon the gentle pastime of hunting for Indian scalps. When the sun was an hour high they made their camp for the night, and like experienced woodsmen they sent out scouts to reconnoitre and guard against surprise. Meanwhile those in the camp drummed with their hatchets on the trees to guide the outposts and prevent their becoming lost in the gathering darkness.

The scouts had not proceeded far before they discovered signs of the enemy that filled them with alarm. Near a brook two of them found tracks which one declared to have been made by Indian dogs, the other said that they were the tracks of a she wolf and her whelps.

The drumming on the trees became alarming, and they were sure

that they heard it answered from another camp. They became frightened and made their way back to their company. Other scouts came in in equal alarm. They declared that they had seen the French and Indians in great force, a thousand in number. The commander ordered the company to fall back from their position. The awfulness of their situation in the unbroken woods beneath the shadow of the dark mountain was sufficient to fill the imaginations of even these brave men with dread. A panic ensued; the officers made some attempt to halt the fleeing men but their calls were unheeded, and none were swift enough to overtake them in their stampede. A few of the bravest stuck to their position. Lieutenant Tarbell was the hero of the occasion. He threw his hat on the ground and declared that with four men he would face the entire force of the foe, but, sad to relate, not four men were found to risk their lives for the good fame of Groton that day. On his return home the commander was tried by court martial for his disorderly retreat, and by that means an account of one of the many expeditions into the wilderness about Monadnock has been preserved.[1]



Main Street,

A few years later a bounty equivalent to about forty pounds sterling was offered by the governments of New Hampshire and Massachusetts for Indian scalps, and under the stimulus of this beneficent act ranging parties were organized to scour the woods of New Hampshire. A letter written by the governor of Connecticut at the time states that it was the purpose of the friendly Indians of Connecticut to look for scalps in the country around Monadnock. What luck attended them is not known.

But another long-continued obsta-

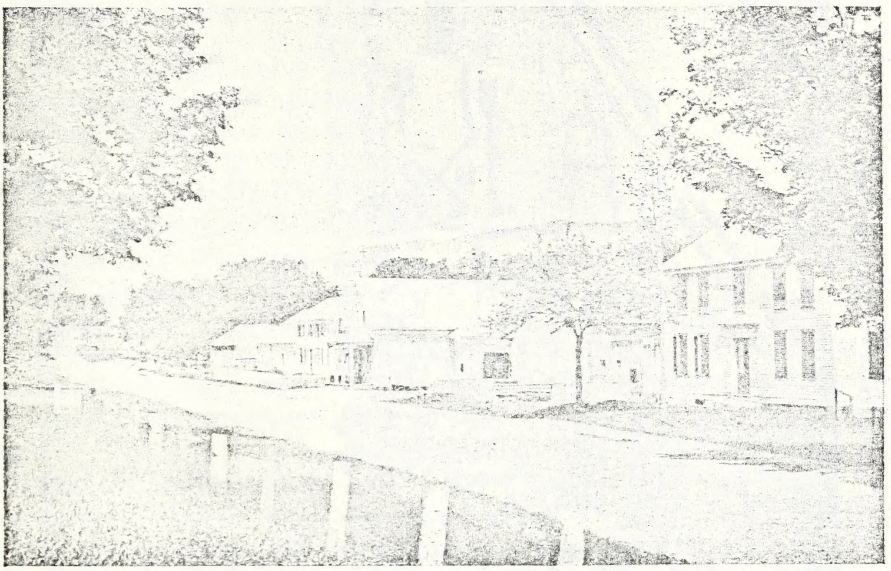
[1] Groton in the Indian wars.



cle to the occupation of the lands about Monadnock is to be found in the interminable controversies over questions of civil jurisdiction and title to the land.

The grant of the province of Massachusetts Bay extended "three miles to the northward of the Merrimack river and of any and every part thereof." But the course of the river was then supposed to be from west to east, and in the year 1629, when the province of New Hampshire was granted to John Mason, a merchant of London, his territory was bounded by the Merrimack river for a distance of sixty miles and the course was described as westerly to "His Majesty's other possessions" (New York). Subsequent grants or patents were issued, many of which were also based upon an imperfect knowledge of the geography of the country and they served to make the confusion worse.

When the northerly bend of the Merrimack was made known, and the boundaries described in the grants were found to be impossible lines, the province of New Hampshire, contending for the intent of its grant, claimed a westerly course, leaving the river at the place where it turns to the north, and extending from that point across the Connecticut to the state of New York.

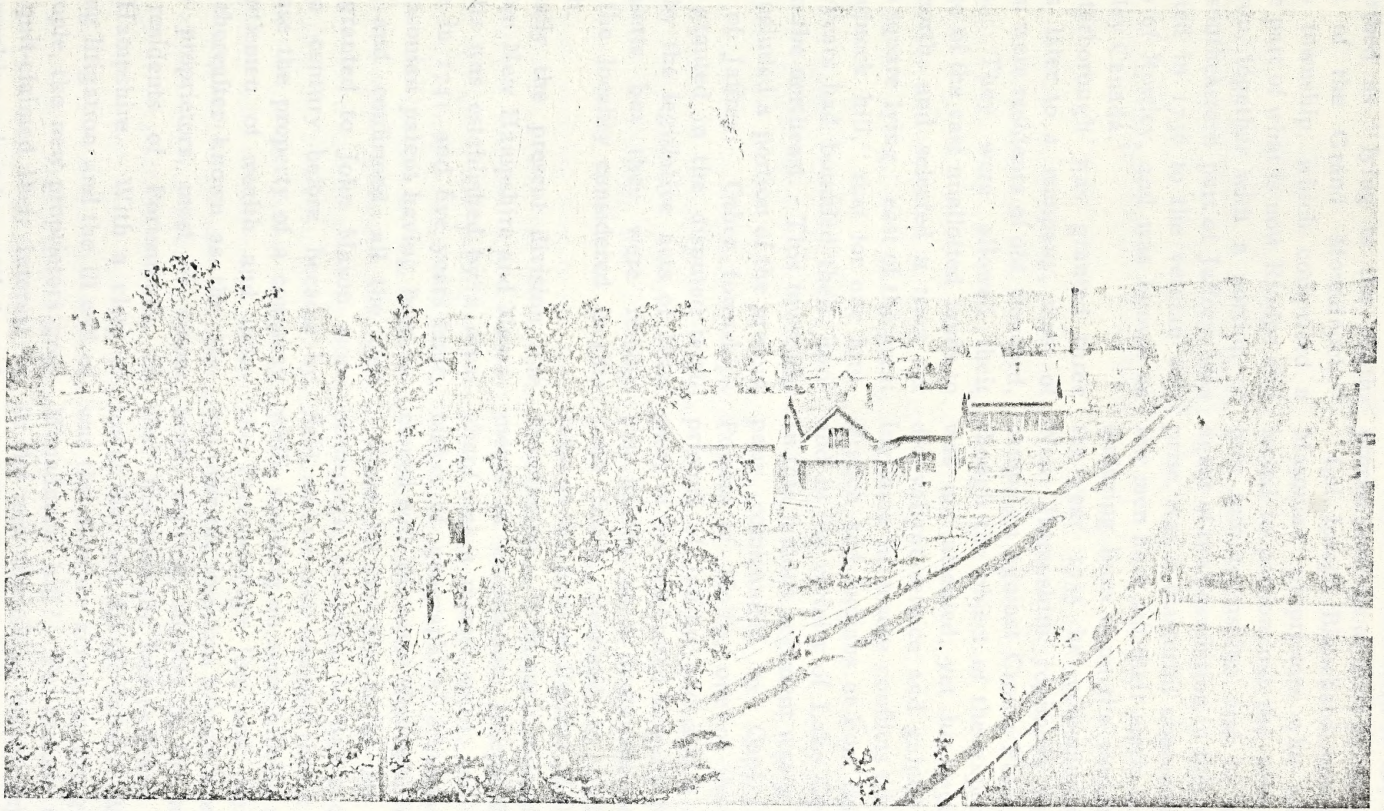


Jaffrey Centre Street.

Massachusetts on the other hand, holding more nearly to the letter of the grant, claimed all the territory between the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers as far north as "where the rivers of Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee meet," and to fortify her claim by occupation she granted townships in this disputed territory to her volunteer soldiery who had participated in the expedition under Sir William Phipps, in 1690, against the French in Quebec.

Among these Massachusetts grants





EAST JAFFREY, FROM THE EAST.



was a township of irregular shape, described as "lying to the southwest of the Grand Monadnock." This township, which comprised a large part of what is now Rindge and Sharon, together with a portion of the southeastern part of Jaffrey, was granted in 1736 to the veteran soldiers of Rowley, and was known as Rowley Canada.[1]

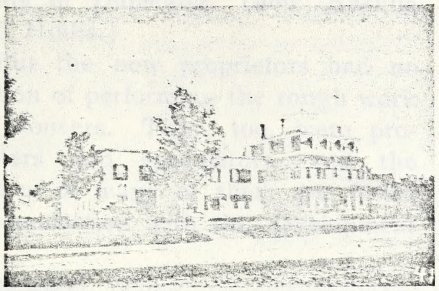
Peterborough was granted three years later to a company, most of whom were residents of old Concord, Mass. They were allowed their choice of the vast unallotted lands to the north, and selected a tract six miles square lying "east of the great Monadnock hill," that for one hundred years had bounded their horizen in the northeast. This township also included a portion of the present town of Jaffrey. Other townships were granted in the disputed territory by the legislative acts of Massachusetts but they were remote from the locality considered in this sketch.

Finally the present division line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts was established by a royal decree in 1741, and five years later, the Masonian patent having been revived and confirmed, all the vast tract granted to John Mason more than a century before became by purchase the property of a company of gentlemen of wealth and influence, thereafter known as the Masonian proprietors, most of whom were residents of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. With a view of avoiding litigation and the ill will of the people, the new proprietors generally quit-claimed their interest in the townships already settled and devoted their attention to the unimproved portions of their estate.

Col. Joseph Blanchard, one of the Masonian proprietors who was selected to portion out the new territory into townships and to act as agent of the association in this enterprise, was a masterful character and few men have left their mark in such enduring lines upon the world. In the year 1755 he commanded the New Hampshire regiment in the campaign against Crown Point, and though the object of the expedition was not attained, yet his regiment did valiant service and gained lasting fame in severe conflicts with the French and Indians at Fort Edward and in the vicinity of Lake George. In this famous regiment was a company commanded by Capt. Peter Powers of Hollis, one of the proprietors of Jaffrey, and also a company of the celebrated Roger's Rangers, having as a lieutenant young John Stark, destined to undying fame as the hero of Bunker Hill and Bennington. With such rugged elements of civilization, Joseph Blanchard was a master spirit, and as a maker of geographical divisions he moved with the same elemental force.

From the west line of the old Peterborough township he had a clear field, and we may imagine that it was while standing on some hillside near the Peterborough line and peering out over the tree-tops toward Monadnock, waiting silently in the west, that his thought foreshadowed the towns that now fill the valley. What was the distance across to the great Monadnock hill? To include that in the new townships would depreciate their value. How much room had he to the north and south? Dis-

[1] History of Rindge.

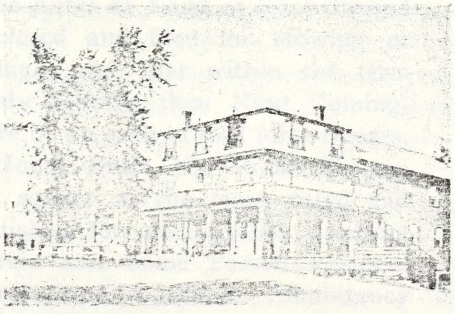


Granite State Hotel.

tances were estimated, and the letter has been preserved wherein he reported to the proprietors that he was about to lay out three townships of like dimensions, five miles from north to south, and seven miles from east to west.

The space proved too small for the towns he had in mind, but he was a mighty man as has been said, and to gain room he shouldered the old Massachusetts township of Peterborough, with all its inhabitants and proprietors buzzing like hornets in his ears, three fourths of a mile to the east, carrying it on to the side of the East mountain; the old township of Rowley Canada was sent where Tyre had gone, and the triplet towns of Rindge, Jaffrey, and Dublin made their first appearance upon the map of the world. It seems to have been his intention in transplanting the old township of Peterborough to gain space for his new towns in the more desirable land of the valley, but still there was not room and as, with all his mightiness, he could not budge the great Monadnock hill, the townships of Jaffrey and Dublin were perforce laid over the top of it, with all its waste land, making them nearly two miles to the west of a right line with their sister town of Rindge.

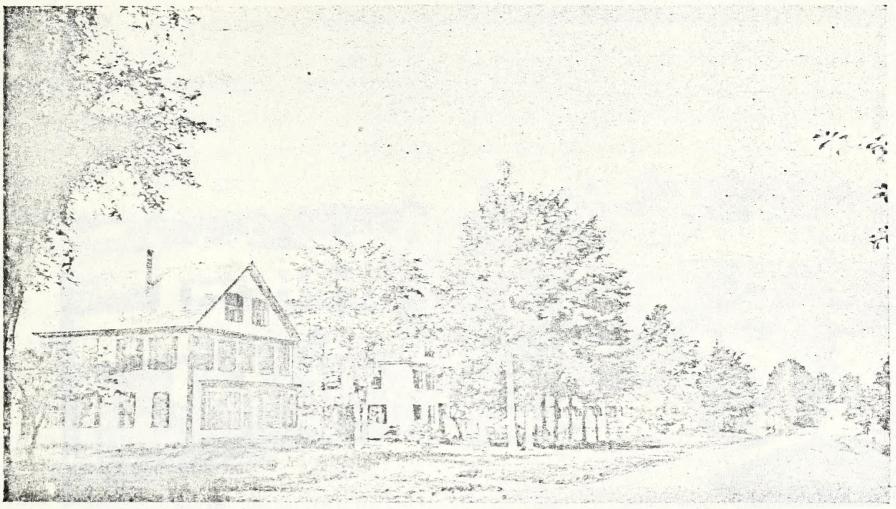
These new townships, with others afterward granted, were designated as the Monadnock townships, and Jaffrey received the name of Middle Monadnock, Monadnock No. 2, or sometimes Middletown. From this point we deal with the middle township alone. Here was raw material for the town maker,—thirty-five square miles of primeval forest broken only by the mountain summit and here and there by the gleam of a woodland lake. From a spring on the mountain side a stream trickled down and wound its way through the woods till it met another from a high basin in the hills to the south, and together they formed the Contoocook with its sites for future mills. But the unoccupied wilderness could yield no returns to the proprietors; to make townships of their real estate and thereby enhance its value, they must have in each geographical division the entire outfit of a town, selectmen, tythingmen, husbandmen, housewrights, millwrights, and many handicraftsmen more; but above all, a meeting-house and settled minister, and to supply these lacking elements, in 1749, they granted the township to Jonathan Hubbard of Lunenburg, and thirty-nine others most of whom were resi-



Cutter's Hotel.

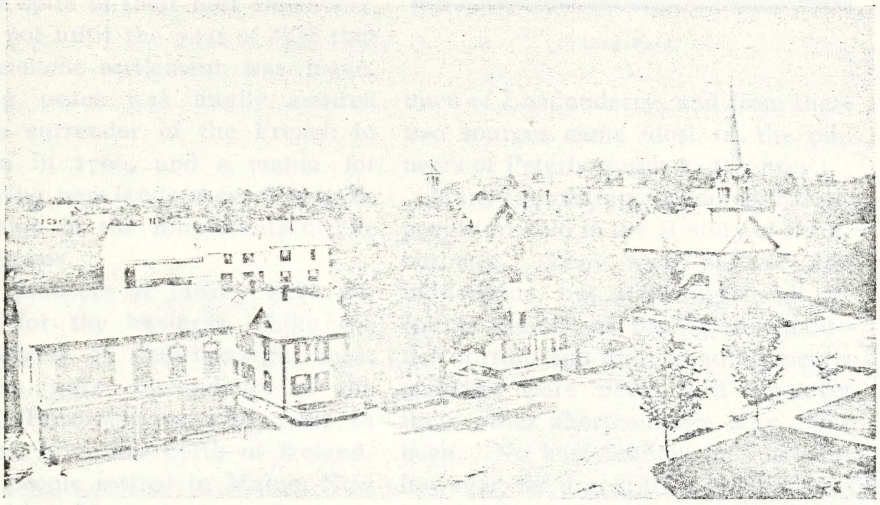
dents of Dunstable (now Nashua and Hollis.)

But the new proprietors had no notion of performing the rough work of pioneers. They, too, were promoters and speculators, and the names of many of them are found in connection with the development of other towns. The first meeting of this syndicate, called "The Proprietors of Monadnock Township, No. 2," was held at the house of Joseph French in Dunstable, early in 1750. At this meeting Capt. Peter Powers was entrusted with the work of surveying the township, and Jacob Lawrence and William Spaulding were appointed a committee to lay out a road from No. 2 (Wilton) through Peterborough Slip (Temple and Sharon) to the new township. In the following summer, in order that the township might be divided in severalty among the proprietors, it was divided into lots of approximately one hundred acres each, three of which constituted a settler's right. It had been specified in their grant that three shares, or rights, should be appropriated for public purposes, "one for the first settled minister in said township, one for the support of the ministry," and "one for the school there forever." And for the profit of the original proprietors, eighteen shares drawn by lot were reserved to them and "Aquited from all duty and charge Until improved by the Owner." It was required of the new proprietors, "provided there be no Indian war," that within four years from the date of the grant forty of the shares "Be entered upon and three Acres of Land at least Cleared Enclosed and fited for Mowing or Tillage, and that within the term of six Months then Next Coming, there be on each of said forty Shares, a House Built, the Room Sixteen feet square at the least, fitted and furnished for comfortable dwelling therein and Some Person Resident therein and Continue Inhabitancy and Residence there for three years



Summer Boarding-house of Mrs. Lawrence, Jaffrey Centre.

then Next Coming, with the additional Improvement as aforesaid of two Acres Each Year for each Settler." It was furthermore required that within the period of six years, "a Good Convenient Meeting House be Built in said Township as near the Center of the Town as may be with Convenience and Ten Acres of Land Reserved for Publick Uses." "All White Pine trees fit for Masting His Majesty's Royal Navey Growing on said Track of Land" were also reserved to his majesty and his heirs and successors forever; but there was a family quarrel in after years that involved this portion of the estate, and some of these old hereditaments of the king, charred by the fire that cleared the settler's farm, yet lie in long, moss-covered mounds in the sapling woods.



East Jaffrey, Main Street.

No record of the work of the road builders can be found, and it is probable that no survey of their route was ever made. They probably followed the old trail, and many traces of the road that they laid out may still be found. In the bottom of a mill pond at Squantum, that has been flowed for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, traces of an old road have been found, and from that place it may be followed along the east side of the Garfield hill, and again on the north side of the turnpike at the place formerly owned by James Newell in Sharon. Here the location of the road is made unmistakable by a well and traces of the dwelling place of Joel Adams, the first settler, ten or fifteen rods north of the present road. Then after passing the "old Blood place" the road crosses the ridge between the mountains over bare ledge, a short distance south of the present road to Temple through Spofford Gap. Very few stones were removed from the track, and it must have required not only endurance, but skill, to bring over this rough trail teams loaded with household goods. The supposition that this was the loca-

tion of the first road is further supported by the statement in the History of Jaffrey that in 1752, the year following the laying out of the road, a settlement of short duration was made by eight persons in the southeastern part of the town.

But following the grant of the town came ten years of war and alarm, and, in spite of their best endeavors, it was not until the year of 1758 that a permanent settlement was made. Lasting peace was finally assured by the surrender of the French in Canada in 1760, and a mania for occupying new lands seemed to take possession of the inhabitants of the older towns.

The pioneers of Jaffrey were designed for the business. Like the first settlers of Peterborough, most of them were descendants of the Scotch Presbyterians who came to America from the north of Ireland. These people settled in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, and with their sturdy strength in clearing away the woods, and the fighting blood that they furnished for the Revolutionary struggle, they were a godsend to the new world.

One company of these emigrants settled in Lunenburg in Massachusetts, another obtained a grant in New Hampshire, and founded the



Long Pond.



Long Pond.

town of Londonderry, and from these two sources came most of the pioneers of Peterborough and Jaffrey.

Many interesting anecdotes of these people are told in the History of Peterborough. They were shrewd and industrious, but according to all accounts they drank prodigious quantities of rum, and their frequent merrymakings were never dull whatever their other shortcomings may have been. No hasty conclusions should, however, be drawn from their drinking habits and rough ways. Those were remnants of old heathendom that even their strong religious principles had not had time to overcome. They were on the upward road and it was admitted even by their Puritan neighbors of Massachusetts that "they held as fast to their *pint* of doctrine as to their pint of rum." That they did not practice all the austerities of the Puritans led to a misunderstanding of their character and purpose. They brought with them an indomitable love of freedom, hardihood and mental acuteness, and withal, a religious zeal differing more in outward manifestations than in spirit from that of the Puritans. Following quickly upon their devotions they found a time to sing and a time to dance, and these diversions served to lighten the

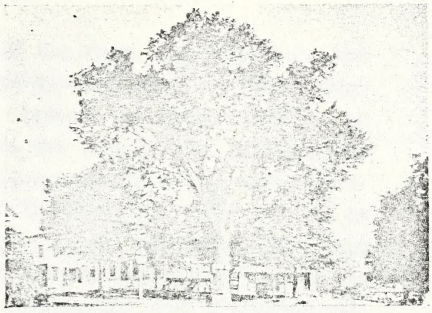
hardships of the wilderness. The vigor of the race has extended through many generations and many successful Americans trace with pride their descent from a Scotch-Irish ancestry.

The first permanent settler in town, according to his own statement, was John Grout. He came first from Lunenburg but had lived for a time in Rindge. He settled on the town right drawn by Joseph Emerson on the lowland at the foot of the Squantum hill, as early as 1758. But the place did not suit him. It was cold and frosty and unsuited to cultivation; and accordingly with thrifty eye he looked about him in the forest, where he appeared to be monarch of all he surveyed, and found the old clearing that Moses Stickney had made before the Indians drove him away five years before. This was south of Gilmore pond, probably on the farm now owned by Henry Chamberlain. Here Grout set to work and according to his later report to the proprietors endured "hardships too many to be here set forth."

The Grouts were a famous family, even before John o' Groat gave his name to the northern extremity of Scotland, and perhaps no more gifted family was ever connected with the history of Jaffrey. John Grout was a lawyer and a man of classical education, such as we should hardly expect to find doing the rough work of a pioneer. He was also, unfortunately, a litigious character and was often at odds with his neighbors. He was given to writing petitions for favors to the proprietors, and these papers are remarkable for skill of composition, as well as notable examples of correct spelling in those times when the phonetic method so generally prevailed. There is plainly an unwritten chapter in the life of this man and something like peevishness discernible in his writings may indicate that some thwarted ambition or failure made him, with his education and undoubted abilities, a dweller in the woods. His abilities were inherited in good measure by his thirteen children, but it may be doubted if the older ones ever lived with him here notwithstanding his frequent mention of his large family in his petitions to the proprietors. He died in the year 1771, and tradition says that he was buried where the town house now stands, a fitting monument to the first settler of the town. The oldest son of the



Sawyer's Elm.



Village Elm.



East Jaffrey, from the South.

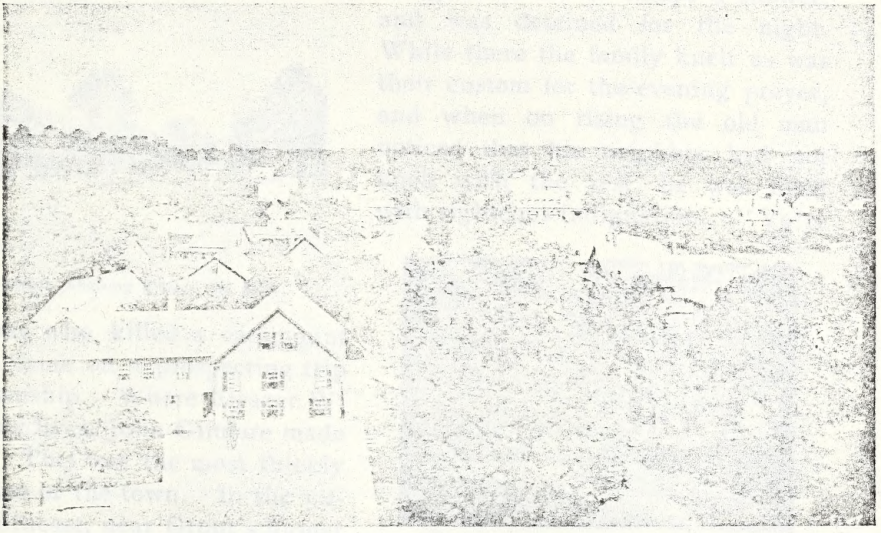
family, Major Hilkiah, settled at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, and a sketch of his life reads like romance. In 1755 he was attacked by the Indians and his companion was killed while he escaped by his strength and fleetness of foot. His young wife, and three small children, were taken captive and sold to the French in Montreal. In three years she was ransomed but was compelled to leave her children behind. Hilkiah, the eldest, never returned and afterwards it appeared that he had been adopted by the Indians. It is said that he took the name of Peter Westfall and passed his life with the Cattaraugus Indians, who made him their chief, and that he was progenitor of the distinguished family of Westfalls in the state of New York. Of the other sons, John Grout, Jr., was a successful lawyer in Montreal, Elijah was a commissary in the Continental army, and a justice of the peace when that title was a distinguished dignity. Joel, also, was an officer in the American army and a leader in the political affairs of his state, and Jonathan, the most widely celebrated of the family, was a lawyer of great ability, an officer in the Revolution, and a member of congress under the administration of Washington. He is said to have been a very handsome man and a friend of the leading spirits of his time. Jehosaphat was a leading citizen of Keene and sheriff of the county, and Solomon, the only one who remained in Jaffrey, served as selectman and was prominent in town affairs.

But the marked characteristics of the family were not least strikingly displayed in Abigail, the youngest daughter. She became the wife of Col. Nathan Hale of Rindge, who commanded a regiment in the patriot army and died a prisoner of war inside the British lines on Long Island. On the death of her husband, the management of his large estate devolved upon her, and she proved herself a capable woman of affairs. She was a woman of overflowing kindness of heart, but of strong and

assertive character and unyielding when her convictions of right were at stake. The new Declaration of Independence she applied unerringly to her individual rights, and she was perhaps the original woman's rights agitator in America. She held that taxation without representation was tyranny, and rather than pay taxes which she regarded as unjustly assessed she spent a winter in jail.

For the first three years of his residence here, according to Grout's report, he and his family were the only inhabitants of the town, and if this be true then 1755 must be accepted as the date of his arrival, for in 1758 John Davidson from Londonderry had come, and day after day, through the stillness of the woods Grout must have heard to the northeast the crash of falling trees.

Soon after, Matthew Wright from the same place made a clearing where the farm of Charles W. Fasset now is, within a mile of Grout's door. Francis Wright, his son, settled near by on the farm that Dana S. Jaquith now owns. Alexander McNeal settled near the centre of the town, and almost before a road was built we find him keeping an inn. According to the early records he was prominent in public affairs but his reputation is clouded by a vote of the town in 1779, "that Alexander McNeal should not keep tavern." His name does not again appear and it is probable that this reflection upon the character of his establishment so offended him that he left town.



East Jaffrey, from the Baptist Church.

William Mitchell, another Scot, settled on the farm now of William McCormack. James Nichols, John Swan and Thomas Walker, George Wallace and Robert Weir were among the first to arrive. William Turner settled on the Baldwin place, still owned by his descendants. Northeast of the centre of the township, three more Turners, Solomon, Joseph, and Thomas, were among the first to fell the trees in those parts.



Four Caldwells came to town. It is supposed that they also were from Londonderry but they had lived for a time in Peterborough, where one of them taught school. John Borland, first a farmer and afterward a miller, made a clearing near the place that W. E. Nutting now owns. William Smiley became a neighbor of Grout on the shore of Gilmore pond. Hugh Dunlap's land joined Grout's on the west. Near by was Joseph Hodge who gave to Hodge pond its name.



Main Street, Showing Library and Bank.

He it was who killed a catamount when he came on a prospecting trip to the township. Where Eleazer W. Heath now lives, John Gilmore made a cabin. This was the most thickly settled part of the town. In the extreme southeast, near Grout's former settlement, Ephraim Hunt from old Concord built a mill, and Daniel Davis cleared a farm. In the southwest, on the farm last occupied by Seth D. Ballou, John Harper, who afterward won fame as a soldier, built himself a home. At the centre of the town, on the Lucius A. Cutter farm, lived Roger Gilmore, a typical good townsman. From morning till night the sound of the ax was heard and the smoke from the burning "choppings" darkened the sun.

Matthew Wright, one of those who came from Londonderry to Jaffrey, is said to have been a man of unusual ability, but a preacher of infidel doctrines and a corrupter of youth. It is related that on his death-bed he called his son Francis to his side and told him "to tak the big jug and gang down to New Ipswich and get it filled with rum, and when I am buried give the poor divils all the rum they want." It is fair to say that the "History of Jaffrey" tells a story of another sort, to the effect that a neighbor once stopped at Wright's house to escape a shower, and was detained for the night. While there the family knelt as was their custom for the evening prayer, and when on rising the old man noticed that his neighbor had not knelt with the rest, he was filled with righteous indignation. "Ye're



A Shady Road.

no better than a Papist," said he, "an' did it not rain so hard I 'd turn ye out of my house this very night." The first story is, however, circumstantially told, and collateral evidence of its truth is given which makes it seem likely that the story from the Jaffrey history has strayed from its relation to some more worthy man. We shall, perhaps, not be far wrong in giving it a general application to the character of the first settlers of the town.

In 1769, John Grout and Roger



Gilmore made a report to the proprietors upon the condition of the settlement. There appears to have been at this time not far from thirty settlers, nearly all of them the Scotch-Irish pioneers. They had borne the brunt of the battle with the wilderness, but they seem to have been not so well suited to the amenities of organized society, and, as the population increased, many of them sold their rights to new-comers from Massachusetts and followed the receding frontier. Those that remained, the Gilmores, Turners, Davidsons, Hodges, Harpers, Smileys, and Wrights, became prominent in the affairs of the town. But with the growth of population, the inhabitants began to feel the need of some established form of government. Capt. Jonathan Stanley, who had borne a prominent part in the settlement of the town of Rindge, had lately brought to the sister township his help as an organizing force. For a year or two his son-in-law, Col. Enoch Hale, afterward of Revolutionary fame, had also been a resident of this town.

With the assistance of these men a petition was prepared to the governor and council, asking for such corporate privileges as had been accorded to other towns in the province. They employed Enoch Hale as their agent, and their petition, which was dated 1773, recites, "That the Said Township is now setled with more than forty Families, And many more that have begun Settlements that they will shortly remove on, That they are destitute of the legal Privileges & Franchises of Corporate Towns, whereby they suffer many Inconveniences for Want of Town Officers, and especially at this Time, when they are taxed for the Support of the Government, but cannot legally assess or collect the same, and are also unable to warn out any Poor, idle Vagrants, That too frequently force themselves into New Towns, to the manifest Injury of such Towns in particular, & the province in General."



East Jaffrey, from Mower's Hill. Peterborough and Temple Mountains in the Distance.

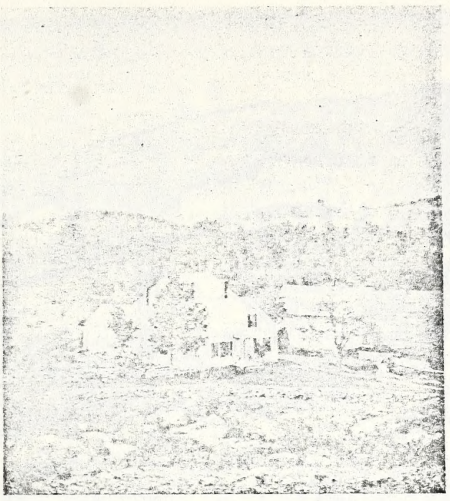
The petition of the inhabitants was favorably received and on the 17th day of August, 1773, a charter was duly granted by John Wentworth, captain-general, governor, and commander-in-chief in and over His Majesty's province of New Hampshire, and as it happened that George Jaffrey, one of the Masonian proprietors, was a member of the governor's council at that time, the name of the township was changed in his honor from Monadnock No. 2, or Middletown, to Jaffrey.

The first town-meeting after the incorporation was held for the election of town officers at the house of Francis Wright, innholder, on the farm at present owned by Dana S. Jaquith. At this meeting, Capt. Jonathan Stanley, William Smiley, and Phineas Spaulding were chosen selectmen, and Roger Gilmore, tything man. A second meeting was held during the same month "and Eighty Pounds was voted to be expended on the roads and Six Pounds Lawful Money" to support the gospel in said town.

If the amounts seem disproportionate, it must be remembered that roads were at least a means *to* grace and must of necessity receive first consideration. The close relation



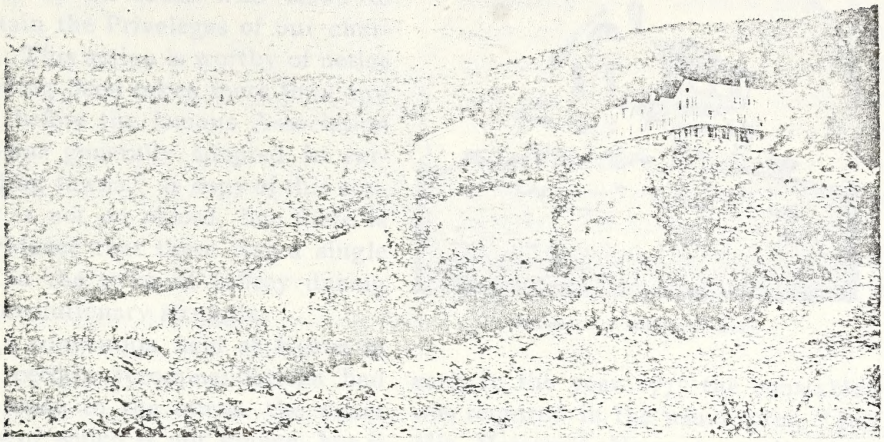
A Glimpse of Thorndike.



Residence of Will J. Mower.

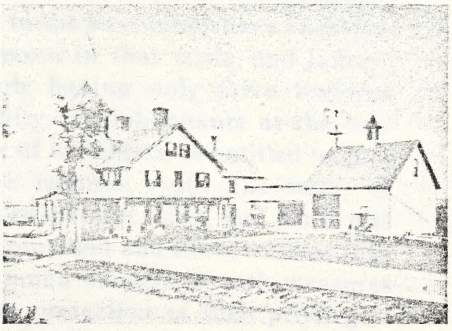
existing between the two appropriations is shown by a vote of the town in 1779, providing a new road "for Abram Bailey to get to meetting." It is not to be supposed in this case that Abram Bailey's spiritual condition was such as to be a matter of town concern, for he was an active man in the service of the church, but, rather, that in asking for this means of communication, this truly good man had placed above all material considerations the advantage of attendance on public worship.

The town system of government seems to have been spontaneously evolved from the needs and character of the people of New England. It was a system that allowed every man his say; any other would have been intolerable to them. The old Scotch-Irish pioneers delighted in town-meeting, with its opportunities for eloquence and wrangling, as they did in a religious disputation or a free fight. They were men of good reasoning powers and no subject was so weighty that they feared to tackle



Mountain House.

it. Both the state and federal constitutions they critically dissected in town-meeting, and finding provisions that they feared might become oppressive in each of these instruments, they were at first rejected by vote of the town. In those days the people ruled and a common practice in town-meeting was to choose a committee to instruct the representative to the general court, the instructions being first submitted to the town for approval. In 1781, when a convention was called to organize a system of government for the state, William Smiley was chosen to represent the opinions of the town of Jaffrey, and, apparently reposing unlimited confidence in his powers, they "Voted to instruct the Man chosen not to have a governor." The name had unpleasant associations and was offensive to their ears. The man chosen seems to have been equal to the demands imposed upon him, and, as will be remembered, the title of the chief magistrate of New Hampshire was for many years, not governor, but president. In the years immediately following the incorporation of the town came the Revolutionary struggle. Those were stirring times and not less than five town-meetings were sometimes held in a single year. The machinery of government that in times of peace had run with friction and clatter settled down smoothly to work under the added load of these troubled years. On the essential questions of the day there was no difference of opinion. They took turns in the exercise of authority as well as in service in the field.



Residence of A. A. Spofford.



In the year 1774, they chose a committee "to draw a covenant to be signed by all those who stand to maintain the Priveleges of our charter." This action is worthy of notice as having been taken more than two years before the famous Association Test was generally adopted in surrounding towns. A copy of this covenant is not on record, but there is no evidence that there was a single Tory in the town of Jaffrey during the Revolutionary struggle.

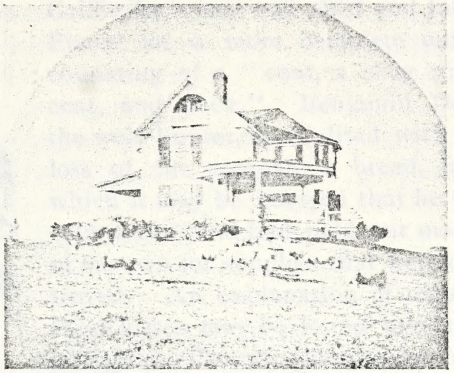
At a convention held at Keene in 1774, certain recommendations had been made to the towns, the exact nature of which is not known, but it



Residence of Hon. Peter Upton.

is supposed to have been in harmony with the advice of this convention that the town in 1775 voted unanimously "to visit Mr. Williams of Keene," which action Hon. Joel Parker in his centennial address at Jaffrey styled "an extraordinary civility." Mr. Williams was a Tory and it can hardly be supposed that the townspeople would have gone so far afield in their missionary zeal if they had found similar duties nearer home.

The forms used in warning town-meetings are significant of the feeling of the times. For a meeting held

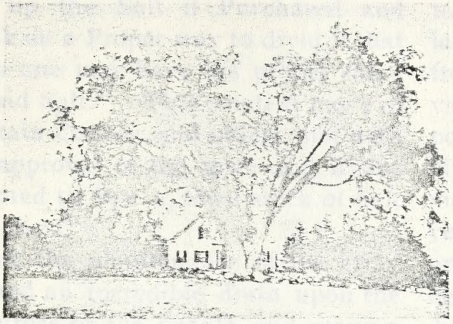


Residence of William K. Dean.

early in the year 1775 the constable was required in the usual form, "In His Majesty's Name to notify and Warn all the Freeholders and Inhabitants." In August of the same year, following Bunker Hill and Lexington, but nearly a year before the Declaration of Independence, "His Majesty's Name" was conspicuous by its absence. In 1777 the form appropriately became, "In the Name of the Freemen of this State." In 1778 this thrilling summons was sent forth, "In the Name of the Freemen of the United States of America, Greeting." In 1779 the highest reach of their aspirations was expressed in their warrant, "In the Name of the Government and people of the United States of America."

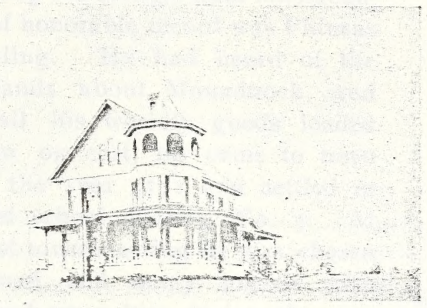
All the New England towns founded prior to the Revolution have an inspiring record in that strife, and Jaffrey, though having only three hundred and fifty-one inhabitants at the outbreak of hostilities, is entitled to honorable mention with the rest. A stock of powder, lead, and flints was early provided and the town-meetings were much concerned with measures for the protection of their privileges. The alarm from Lexington reached





Residence of Leonard F. Sawyer.

the town too late to call out the willing volunteers, but Jaffrey with its small population, is credited in the state records with eleven men in the battle of Bunker Hill. Most of these were members of the company of Capt. Philip Thomas of Rindge, of which John Harper of Jaffrey was first lieutenant. Harper lived far back among the hills (the Ballou farm, near residence of George A. Underwood) but when the alarm of Lexington aroused the people to arms, no conscript officer was required to look him up. He seems like Job's war horse to have snuffed the battle afar off. He started at once for the scene of the conflict and on the twenty-third of April we find him with the company named and honored with the second position in command. He was with his company at the battle of Bunker Hill, and history records that he lost his hat on that fateful day. It was a mishap that might suggest undue haste in quitting the place, but we are not permitted to entertain any unfavorable suspicions, for a military board of appraisal adjudged it an honorable loss and fixed his remuneration at twelve shillings which would indicate that the hat was his best. Other Jaffrey soldiers who were awarded compensation for loss were Dudley Griffin for a coat and shirt and Jacob Pierce for a more complete outfit, consisting of a "coat, a shag great coat, and pack." Benjamin Dole, the wolf hunter, is credited with the loss of the company's bread, from which it may be inferred that he was commissary and had paid out money of his own for supplies that were destroyed. An explanation of most of these losses may be found in a letter of Captain Thomas which shows that



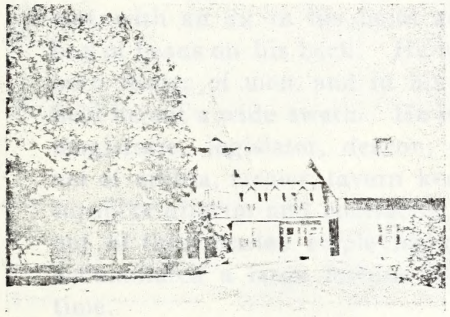
Residence of Lewis W. Davis.

his company before the battle was quartered in some of the houses of Charlestown, and it is probable that these supplies were lost in the burning of the town. Seventy-three soldiers from the town of Jaffrey served in the Continental army, and though the term of actual service was in many instances short, yet the number indicates something of the sacrifice and patriotic spirit of the inhabitants.

A curious incident of the times is found in the action of a town-meeting called in 1775, "To see if the Town will Purchiss a stock of Salt for the prisint year. Whereas Capt. Coffeen has sent down his security to Purchis the Salt and the town may have it if they think Proper." For the further consideration of the meeting it was proposed, "To see how they will defray the Charges of bring-

ing up the Salt if Purchased and think on a Proper way to divid it that each one may have his proper share of said Salt." This prudent move of Captain Coffeen, and others, met with the approval of the town and it was "Voted to Bye a town stock of Salt this year."

But the maintenance of the army created an incredible drain upon the resources of the people, and many a poor family saw their dearest possessions sacrificed to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer. In 1781, "700 hard Dollars or 700 bushels of Rye" was voted "to Purchis the town's quota of Beaf for the army." A large contribution of New England rum was also levied on the town and in answer to an inquiry from the selectmen as to how it should be provided,



Residence of Dr. O. H. Bradley.

the freemen in town-meeting assembled vouchsafed the laconic reply, "that the selectmen should purchis the rum the Best way they can or Git a man to Do it."

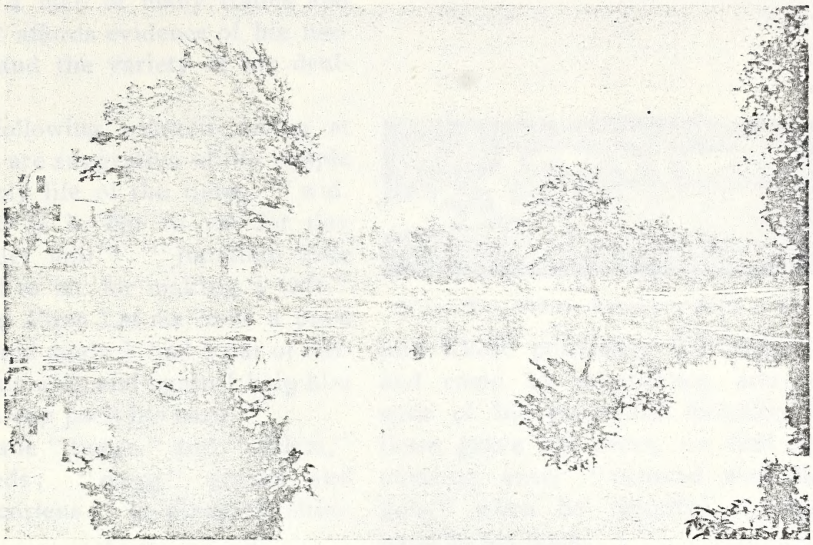
If there is anything suggestive of modern methods in this action of the town, it may be said that the old vote has never been repealed and may still be construed by some as a general regulation upon the subject.

Following the incorporation of the town the number of inhabitants was largely increased by immigration from Massachusetts. The new arrivals were men of enterprise and possessed in an eminent degree the New England genius for government. There were among them lawyers and men of education in other professions. The records of the town became more regular and formal, and during many years they might serve as models of neatness and accuracy.

Among the settlers from Massachusetts of honorable record was Phineas Spaulding. He had heard of the rich lands about Monadnock, and with all his worldly goods loaded into an ox cart, he came to town about the year 1772 and settled in the old school district, No. 5. At the first town-meeting he was chosen selectman and many honors were conferred upon him during the succeeding years. His son, Levi Spaulding, became a celebrated missionary to India and lived a life of rare devotion and usefulness. A descendant of Phineas Spaulding in the third generation, Hon. Oliver L. Spaulding, born in Jaffrey near the old homestead, at present holds the important position of first assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States.



Residence of Julius E. Prescott.



Up the River, East Jaffrey.

At about the same date to the old school district, No. 1 (M. A. & B. G. Wilson farm), came Benjamin Prescott, with an ax in his hand and a bag of beans on his back. He was a born leader of men, and in his new field he cut a wide swath. He was a magistrate, legislator, deacon, colonel of militia, farmer, tavern keeper, turnpike director and contractor, and out of these varied employments he accumulated a large fortune for his time.

During the first years of his residence in town he lived in a log house, and when, in 1775, he raised his two-story frame house, a company of soldiers from Rindge on their way to Boston stopped and helped with the work, and George Carlton, one of their number, was, a few days later, killed in the battle of Bunker Hill.

In the year 1774, to the same part of the town, came John Eaton, a man fit to rank with the minister in solid worth to the community. He succeeded Ephraim Hunt in the ownership of the first mill at Squantum, and, without doubt, he immediately became the handy man of the town. An old account book or journal kept by him during his previous residence in Bedford, Mass., has been preserved, and it gives many glimpses of the life of those times. It is a home-made book with covers of shaven oak held together with leathern thongs, and in it he set down not only business transactions, but riddles and matters of local interest. His spelling, if not to be taken as evidence of his accuracy as a workman, may, at least, be regarded as a proof of his marvelous versatility.



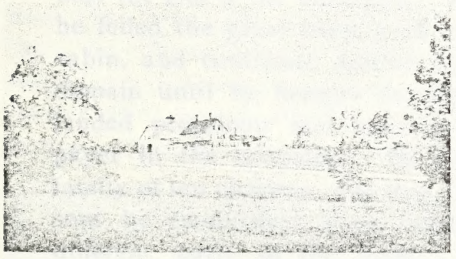
Residence of Charles L. Rich.



He was a man of many trades and his book affords evidence of his usefulness and the variety of his dealings.

The following extracts, taken at random, are suggestive of the simple neighborly life of the times: "wid. richerson is in dat to me for day work sider mill." "Jonathan Este is in dat to me for making a cart." "Samuel Flint Let me have a pach of mell and again I had a par of mittons of his wife, and again I help him part of a day pach his barn."

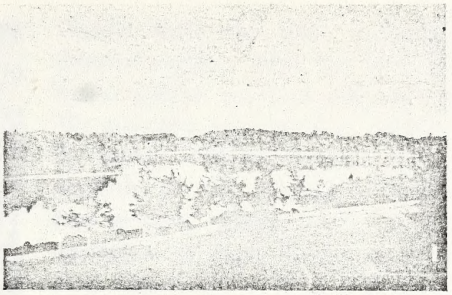
He made "tuggs," and "collers," and sleds; "dugg" graves and made "corfens;" he plastered chim-



Summer Residence of Joseph E. Gay

neys; made "casement," "leach" tubs, "ches prese," and "exaltrees;" mended "saddels," and made plows and "siesnaths," besides other articles too numerous to mention. He often changed work with his neighbors, and occasionally lent his "mear" to go a journey. But when we come to his purchase of a "yeard and a half of read cloth to make me a chaket," we seem to have a picture of the man in full feather, gay as a blackbird with a dash of red on its wing.

During a part of his residence in Bedford, he managed, on shares, a saw- and grist-mill for two sisters, evidently maiden ladies of means,



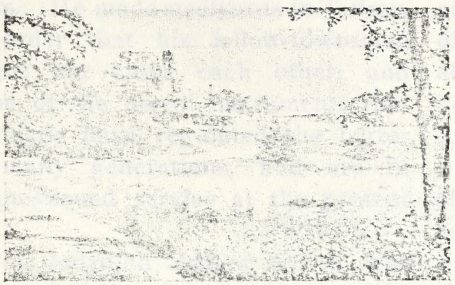
Gilmore Pond, from the Residence of Joseph E. Gay.

into whose possession the property had come by inheritance, and, in spite of the proverbial formality of those grave old times, we find the amazing entry "reconed with the gals," when he recorded a settlement in his book.

"November the 5 day, 1774, I brought my fammely into Jaffrey," says the book, and from other sources we learn that on his arrival, he sawed boards, ground grain, made flax wheels, repaired big wheels, and in all the lines of his multifarious talent, made himself a useful member of society.

Peter Davis, who married John Eaton's daughter, was a man of kindred genius with his father-in-law. He took up his residence near Long pond, where he made clocks to regulate the affairs of the community. Tradition says that he put eighteen barrels of cider in his cellar one fall, and, with the help of his son, drank it all before spring. But it must be remembered that those were neighborly days, and, besides, the purchase of a clock being a transaction of importance, would be naturally attended with much deliberation.

About the year 1772, Joseph Cutter came, the first of a name that was destined to fill much space in the history of the town. He was a man



"The Ark."

of great undertakings, who minded his own affairs and prospered thereby. After clearing the farm at present owned by Solomon Garfield, he moved yet further into the woods and took up a large tract of land near the foot of the mountain. Here he felled the giant trees, built a log cabin, and continued adding to his domain until he became the largest landed proprietor and heaviest taxpayer in the township. He had a family of ten children, and five of his sons he established upon farms in different parts of the town. His mountain farm he divided between two of his sons, and afterwards he became a taverner at the center of the town. His tavern was kept in the house at the north side of the common, at present owned by Robert R. Endicott, Esq. This is all that remains of the former hostelry, "a large pile of buildings," that furnished ample accommodations for his many guests.

Joseph Cutter, Jr., like his father, was a man of patriarchal type. He had a large family of children and a wide estate. With singular prescience of future times, he built the commodious dwelling at present owned by Joel H. Poole. "Who built the ark?" ran the question in the catechism of the day. "Joe. Cutter built the ark," was the approved reply. And the ark it has been called to the present time. He was one who builded better than he knew, and the place, under the shadow of the Grand Monadnock, has become famous under the management of Joel H. Poole and his son, descendants of the first settler, as a resort for health and rest for summer visitors to the town.



Road to "The Ark."

To the centre of the town came another Cutter, John the tanner, who at once became one of the foremost men of the town. Over to the north, near the Dublin line, lived Abel Parker, a patriot of Bunker Hill, and a commanding figure in county and town affairs. His sons were men of distinguished ability in business and the profession of law. Dr. Adonijah Howe lived on the present Shattuck farm, and his fame as a physician extended to all the towns around. In the southwest again, Jereme Underwood, a soldier of the Revolution, town officer and carpenter, hewed long timbers for the substantial farm buildings in which his grandson, George A. Underwood, lives to-day.

Ebenezer Hathorn came to town as early as 1775, and settled where Will J. Mower now lives. He was a soldier and could tell of hair-breadth escapes in the old French and Indian

wars. He made steelyards in Jaffrey, in order that his fellow-townsmen might not cheat each other, and some of the useful instruments that he made have regulated the barter of many generations, and are in unquestioned service at the present day.

Col. Jedediah Sanger settled near the mountain, and a road was laid out to his "chopping." He was a great man during his brief stay in town, but he went early with the march of empire westward, and fixed his name forever in the land by founding the town of Sangerfield in the state of New York.

Of the rugged men who rough-hewed the town from the wilderness, there were many more deserving of lasting remembrance and honor, but space forbids even a mention of their names. They were the wall builders

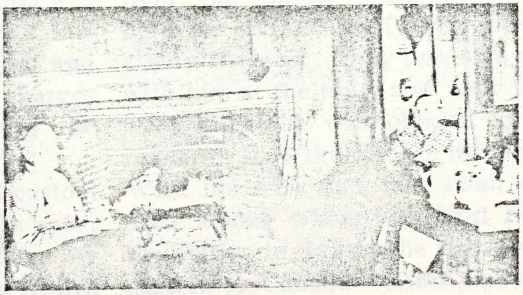


Sugar Lot of J. H. Poole & Son.

and have left their sign-manual upon the hills that they cleared so that all who pass may read of the manner of men they were.

But better than volumes of history to tell of the life of the early inhabitants is the sight of one of the unchanged houses in which they lived. Passing the Underwood farm, and going toward the steep slopes of Gap mountain you come at the end of a grass grown road to the house of Thomas Dunshee, one of the pioneers. Here is a place where time has been asleep through all the changes of a hundred years. It is as if some kindly spirit had held it under a spell, to give to the later times a glimpse of the lives of the fathers, so rugged, simple, and sincere. The old house that has never known clapboards or paint has been turned by wind and sun to a softened shade that art could not improve. Behind the house a rustic well-sweep swings the cool bucket from the well. In the kitchen is the fireplace and the crane; no stove was ever brought inside its doors. On the great beams overhead hangs the old musket that served in the training days, and has laid low many a marauder of the barn and field.

Before this great fireplace the past seventy-five years, with all its progress, vanishes like a dream. The place was for many years the home of Ezra Baker, who, with his wife, is shown by the fireside in the illustration with this sketch. They kept the old house through a long and useful lifetime, as it came to them, and left it in possession of their son, Milton Baker, who with true appre-



Interior of the Residence of Ezra Baker.



Monadnock—Half Way Up.

ciation of its character, carefully guard it from change.

The character of the rapidly increasing population was a matter of great importance, and very early we find the town taking measures for the restriction of immigration. They did not care for numbers, but were very particular about the brand, and all who were unlikely to become self-supporting citizens were served with summary warning by the constable to depart forthwith. This action was taken under the provision of a law designed to prevent the indigent and the vicious from becoming charges upon the slender resources of the town.

In connection with this old custom one instance is of interest. In 1781, John Fitch, an old man broken by the storms, had come to town to live with his son who had settled on the farm now owned by Benjamin Pierce, Esq. But his son's means did not assure his support, and so the old man was warned to depart, and was carried by the constable, as we suppose, to his former place of residence in Ashby, Mass. He had been a man of action, and had borne the brunt of battle in the Indian wars. His house had been an outpost on the frontier, and had been garrisoned by the province and partly sustained from the public treasury. While here he was attacked by a force of eighty Indians. Only two men were with him at the time, and after these were killed he was obliged to surrender to save the lives of his family. With his wife and five small children, among whom was Paul Fitch, the settler in Jaffrey, he was carried captive to Canada. After many sufferings he was ransomed, and with



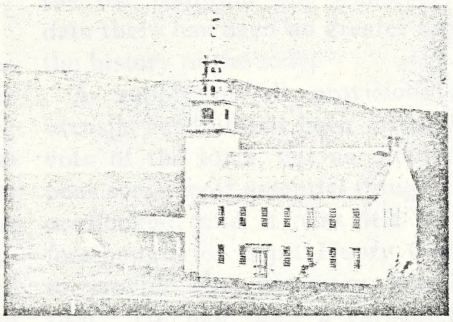
his family, except his wife who died on the way home, he returned to the scene of his former labors. He became a man of wealth and distinction in his times. He was a large landholder, and his name was often found in the registry of deeds. He gave his name to the town of Fitchburg, and many honors have been rendered to his memory by the thriving city that has grown from the town. He was impoverished by the depreciation of the currency in the Revolutionary period, and during his last years was assisted by the town where he had his home. Among the ironies of time it would be hard to find one more keen than this, that, after so many years, in the town that had no room for him, railroad trains, blazoned with his name (Fitchburg Railroad), the symbol of a prosperity of which they never dreamed, daily pass in sight of the place from which, in his old age and poverty, the constable warned him to depart.

But the warning out seems after a few years to have become a perfunctory affair, and many men who had been honored on their arrival in town with that first punctilious call from the constable, remained, notwithstanding, to become prosperous and influential citizens.

Very early in the history of the town a train band was established, and in 1786, authority was granted for a company of Light Horse to be made up in this and adjoining towns, and according to the petition, with the consent of all interested, the chief command was the portion of "our trusty friend and well-disposed Citizen, Namely Peter Jones." This organization so "highly Necessary for the better regulation of the Militia in the towns and the defence of the State," was one of the sights of training day for many years.

In 1814 the famous Jaffrey Rifle Company was organized and it continued in existence until 1851. For many years it was the best drilled company in the Twelfth regiment of militia, and the first on the muster field.

A company of nineteen soldiers from Jaffrey served at Portsmouth in the War of 1812; two enlisted for the War with Mexico, and one hundred and fifty-one for the War of the

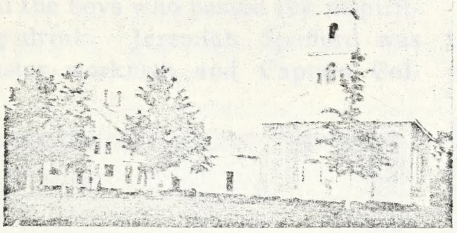


The Old Meeting-house.

Rebellion, a record of which the town may be justly proud.

But the choicest history of the old New England towns is woven about the meeting-house and the minister. "What a debt," says Emerson, "is ours to that old religion, which in the childhood of most of us still dwelt like a Sabbath morning in the country of New England, teaching privation, self-denial, and sorrow." The chief fact about a people has been said to be their religion, and it remains incontestably true that to the old country churches much of the influence of New England upon the character and progress of the nation has been due.

It was one of the provisions of the charter of the town that "a good and convenient meeting-house should be built." The meeting-house was to the early inhabitants of New England like the Temple to the Israelites of old. On the year following the incorporation of the town in considering the subject of a meeting-house, it was voted "to build one near the senter this and the ensueing year." The length of the house was fixed at fifty-five feet, the width at forty-five, and the height to the roof at twenty-seven feet. These were goodly dimensions when the size of the town was considered, but at a later meeting this vote was reconsidered, the length was increased to sixty feet, and it was voted to have a porch at each end of the house.



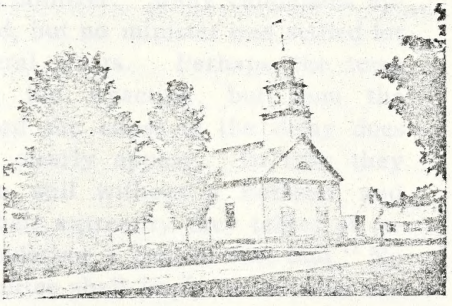
First Congregational Church and Parsonage, Jaffrey Centre.

It was provided that the great timber of the house should be hewed before winter, and that the house should be raised by the middle of June in the following year. It was to be well "under Pined with good stone and lime . . . the lower floor lead Duble and Pulpit like that in Rindge meeting house," and all to be completed within one year from the raising of the frame.

There is a tradition that the meeting-house was raised on the 17th of June, the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, but Hon. Joel Parker in his centennial address has furnished evidence that the raising was nearer to the time fixed by vote of the town.

Jeremiah Spofford was the master carpenter in the framing of the house, and it is said that on his return to his home in Massachusetts on the day following the completion of his work, he heard the firing at Bunker Hill as he rode through Townsend, and that evening from the Westford hills he saw the light of Charlestown burning. We are loath to part with the old tradition but whatever the date there has been no greater day in the history of the town.

A supply of all provisions and utensils needful had been ordered by vote of the town, but as often happens some most essential things were overlooked, and it was left to the forethought of Capt. Henry Coffeen to provide the necessary barrel of rum. He had been a carpenter at the raising of the meeting-house in Rindge and knew the indispensable requirements of such an occasion.

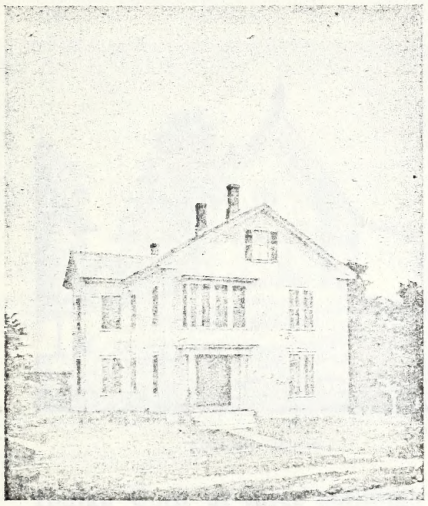


Baptist Church.

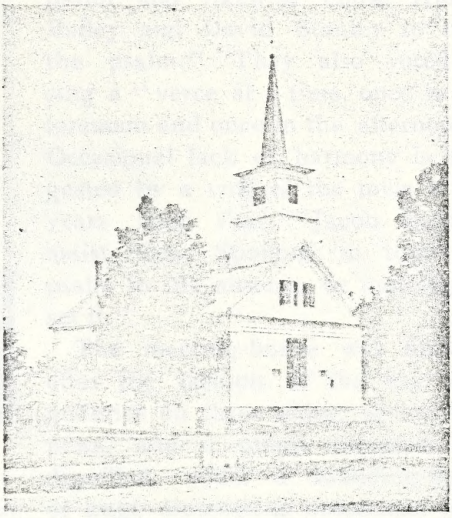
But for the sake of being authentic and precise, it must be said to our humiliation and sorrow that the barrel of rum lingered long in the category of benefits forgot, and it was more

than five years before the public-spirited captain was paid for "the Barral of Rum and two Dollars Silver money he Lent the town."

It may be assumed that every able-bodied man in town was present and ready to work besides the elder ones, who came to see and to give counsel, and the boys who passed the inspiriting drink. Jeremiah Spofford was master workman and Captain Cof-



Congregational Parsonage.



Congregational Church.

feen, Captain Adams, and many more were his competent assistants. John Eaton was there to help with his unfailing skill, and we may believe that on such a gala occasion he was conspicuous in his red cloth "chaket."

To raise the great timbers was a work that required strength and skill, and was not unattended with danger, but before night it was safely done, and as a crowning ceremony before the eyes of the workmen and the populace John Eaton stood on his head upon the high ridgepole of the skeleton frame. It was a marvelous sight, and had it happened in other times, among a people more imaginative, or fallen in the way of a historian with less regard for truth, it might, perhaps, have been said that a spirit in flaming vestments came down when the day was done to bless the work.

As might have been supposed from the character of the congregation, they were not readily agreed in the choice of a minister. Many candidates applied, but no minister was settled for several years. Perhaps the town was too exacting, but from the record the cause of the delay does not clearly appear. In 1780 they were still without a minister, and in their extremity they talked of reconsidering a former vote that "No Comittee shall imply no minister except those that Preach upon Probation." Such a vote would certainly seem to demand revision, but let it not enter the thought of any one that any dangerous latter day doctrine is implied in this. The minister alone

was a subject for probation in those orthodox days.

Mr. Caleb Jewett was at this time, after probation, accepted by both church and town. A call was extended to him and for his "Incouragement" it was voted to give as salary seventy pounds, lawful money, "to be paid to him after the rate of Rye at four shillings per bushel,



Catholic Church.

Indian Corn at three shillings four pence per bushel, Beef, Poark, Butter and Cheese as they were in the years 1774–'75." But with all this encouragement Mr. Jewett did not see fit to accept the call, and the flock was still without a shepherd.

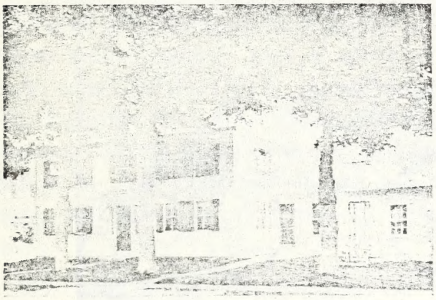
But their disappointment was consecrated to their good, for in the following year the committee on "Supplies of Preaching" found at the commencement exercises at Dartmouth college a young divinity student by the name of Laban Ainsworth, who possessed a combination of wisdom and grace that fitted him for ministry and leadership among such a people. They engaged him to preach. He passed successfully the period of probation, and was accepted by both church and town.

The management of the church service in those days even to the smallest details was a matter for debate in town-meeting. In 1778, in the midst of war's alarm, the freeholders and inhabitants in town-meeting assembled, took up the matter of services on the Lord's day, and made choice of "William Smiley to read the psalm and likewise chose Abram Bailey and David Stanley to tune the psalm." They also voted to sing a "verce at a time, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon." Occasional lack of harmony is suggested by a vote of the town a few years later that "Jacob Balding assist Dea. Spofford to tune the psalm in his absence or inability to set it."

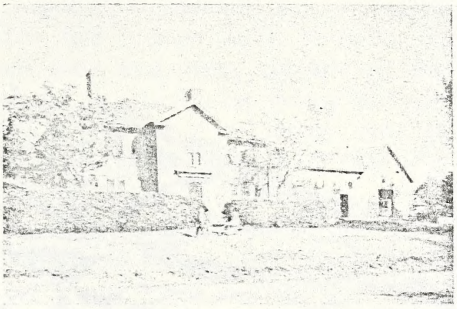
The meeting-house was finished after the fashion of the day with galleries on three sides, square box pews, and a pulpit elevated and dignified, under a sounding-board of huge dimensions suspended from the timbers above. The walls of the pews, or "sheep pens," as irreverent tradition has called them, were surmounted by a banister or balustrade, and the only means of getting a view of their surroundings for the boys and girls was by peeping between the spindles over the top of the pews. On each side of the enclosure were hinged seats that were raised when the congregation rose during singing or prayer, and in the middle a chair was often placed in which the head of the family or perhaps gran'sir or grandma sat. It was an arrangement admirably calculated to preserve the decorum due to the occasion, as from this centre the arm of authority

could carry swift discipline to both points of the compass.

The early records speak of the "men's side and women's side," but it seems that such a division was not long maintained. It probably refers to the first seats erected in the meeting-house before the pews as family compartments had been built. Three of these old seats on each side of the broad aisle were retained as free seats, after the pews were built and were occupied by the poor and aged of the parish.



Baptist Parsonage.



The Ainsworth Parsonage, now the Summer Residence of Rev. Frederick W. Greene.

The singers occupied the centre of the gallery, and to the right and left were more free seats that were filled by the boys from the overflowing pews, under the watchful eye of the tything man. Under the high pulpit was a slip for the deacons and elders, and perhaps as a mark of distinguished consideration, a pew for negroes was set apart. The individuals thus honored were doubtless Amos Fortune, the tanner, and his wife, Violate, whose epitaphs in the old churchyard eloquently tell the story of their lives.

"Sacred to the memory of Amos Fortune, Who was born free in Africa, a slave in America. He purchased his liberty, Professed Christianity, Lived reputably, died hopefully, Nov. 17, 1801, a. 91."

"Sacred to the memory of Violate, by sale the slave of Amos Fortune, by Marriage his wife, by her fidelity, his friend and solace. She died his widow, Sept. 13, 1802, a. 72."

If tradition may be trusted, the church service of the old time was far fess forbidding than many have supposed. In the high gallery, as the years passed, a bass viol was heard. "Dagon" it was called in opprobrious epithet after the old god of the Phillistines, but nevertheless it held its place and sometimes a consecrated fiddle helped also to tune the sacred psalm. When the singing began the congregation rose and faced the choir, and when the last note of old Dundee had floated upward into rest, an instant of pandemonium ensued, as, with clatter and clang, the old hinged seats dropped into place. When silence once more reigned, the minister arose. He was a man of strong frame and venerable aspect. And sitting near the preacher, behind the sacred desk, with his great ear horn raised, that no word of promise might be lost, was Jacob Pierce, the old hero of Bunker Hill.

The sermons, though often doctrinal, were never long, and they met with the approval of the people through a pastorate that for duration

could carry swift discipline to both points of the compass.

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has perhaps never been equaled in the church in America. For seventy-six and one half years Laban Ainsworth was minister of the church in Jaffrey, and he died at the great age of one hundred years, leaving a memory that is a priceless possession to the town that he served.

The Third New Hampshire Turnpike Road, by a charter granted by the legislature in 1799, obtained a right of way through this town. The road was in many ways greatly beneficial; it diverted through traffic from Vermont from the neighboring towns, and made tavern-keeping a lucrative occupation. It also made accessible to the farmers the markets of Boston for the products of their farms.



Summit of Monadnock, Showing Glacial Action.

Processions of varied and wonderful composition were daily halted at the gates. On a bill-board so that all might read were posted the rates for animals of the various sorts, and for carts according to the number of wheels,—sulky chair or chaise, stage, wagon, phaëton, chariot, or coach, all must stop and pay their toll before the creaking gate would swing to let them pass. There were teamsters from Vermont, often ten or fifteen together; farmers with their loads of truck, and a little keg of cider stowed under the seat for their solace and cheer. Their horses, it must be said, were often sorry jades, and their harness marvelously constructed from straps and bits of string.

There were droves of cattle and razor-back hogs, flocks of turkeys and sheep, all moving with dull unconsciousness along the fatal road to its end in the shambles of Brighton. But grandest of all were the mail coaches of the "Old Mail and Despatch Line," that passed daily, often with six horses on a gallop, between Boston and Keene. George and Bob Nicholas, the latter familiarly and admiringly called "Old Nick," were drivers of great renown along the turnpike in those days; and it was an ambition exalted enough for



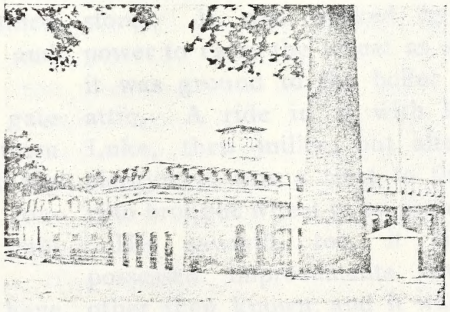
Residence of K. N. Davis, formerly the old Prescott Tavern.

any healthy boy that he might some day fill their honored place. In the busy season of travel the old road presented a panorama of constant interest and change, and a truthful man who remembered those days has declared that Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth was never a circumstance to the caravans that passed along the turnpike in those stirring times.

There were famous taverns in Jaffrey in the turnpike days; those most frequently mentioned in the stage registers were Prescott's and Milliken's, both commodious brick houses, one in the east part of the town, and the other in the west. (Residence of K. N. Davis and summer residence of Mrs. Pratt.) It was a custom of many of the teamsters to carry their provisions for the journey, and it was not uncommon to see them sitting by the bar-room fire eating the Johnny cake and doughnuts that they had taken from home; but he was a small-souled man who did not patronize the bar of the hostelry liberally for liquid refreshments during his stay. One frugal man from Jaffrey, it is said, took his little keg of cider with him to the fireside to save the expense of "flip," and some of the teamsters about the place slyly burned out the bung with the loggerhead that was heating in the coals, and his precious liquor flooded the bar-room floor.

The question of allowing to corporations privileges upon the public streets, which at present is disturbing so many municipalities, was summarily disposed of in Jaffrey. For a large part of the distance through the town the turnpike had been laid over pre-existing roads; and it was an intolerable grievance to the people that they should be compelled to halt and pay toll where they had a prior right to pass. A toll gate had been erected on the bridge by which now stands the cotton factory in East Jaffrey, and in spite of the advantages of this new line of travel, a vote was passed directing the selectmen to move the gate off the bridge near Deacon Spofford's mill. But nothing was done, and the inaction of the selectmen was by some ascribed to the undue influence of certain prominent men, who were stockholders and directors in the turnpike corporation.

At a second town-meeting a resolution was adopted censuring the selectmen for their neglect of the duty assigned them. A new board of selectmen was elected and "solemnly enjoined to remove the gate



White Brothers' Mill.

aforesaid, with everything apertaining to the same which said inhabitants view to be a public nuisance, within twenty-four hours from this time; and again in case said proprietors shall have the temerity to erect another gate on or across any part of the public road through this town which was used as such before sd proprietors were incorporated, then, and in that case, the said selectmen are hereby enjoined to remove the same as often as there shall be any gate erected." Such emphatic commands were not to be evaded, and that night, or soon after, by some persons unknown, the toll gate and all that "apertained to the same" was torn down and thrown into the river.

Lawsuits followed but the gate was never again erected in the town of Jaffrey. It was carried across the border into Sharon, where it continued to hold up the traveling public for many years.

The mills at East Jaffrey have been a mainstay of the town. The first mill on this privilege was built about the year 1770, by John Borland, one of the Scotch-Irish pioneers. On May 1, 1778, Borland sold his mill property to Dea. Eleazer Spofford of Danvers, Mass., and soon after removed from town. Deacon Spofford made many improvements, and at once became a prominent citizen of the town. Hon. Joel Parker said of him "that he was a tall gentleman of grave demeanor, pleasant smile and kind heart. His mills were complete for their day. In the grist-mill was a jack, which, if it was not the progenitor, was the prototype of the modern elevator in hotels and stores. It was worked by water power to carry the wheat as soon as it was ground to the bolter in the attic. A ride in it with his son Luke, then miller, but afterwards clergyman, was a treat to the boys who brought wheat to be ground."

His sawmill, too, it is said, possessed improvements over any other then known, and it was while watching, one day, some marvelous

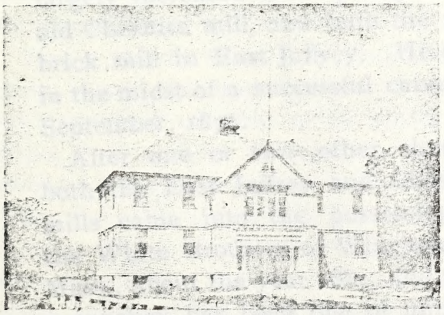


One of Many Pretty Roads.

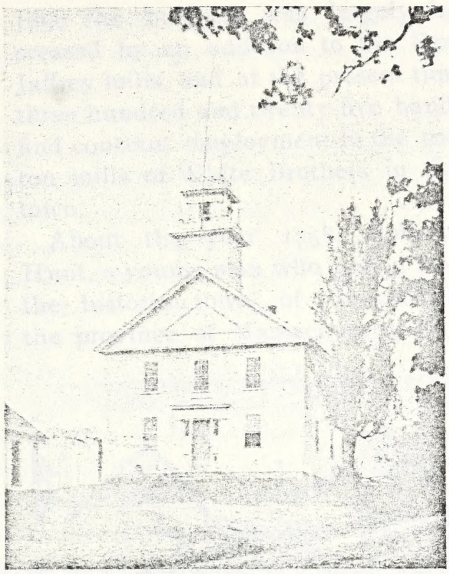
contrivance about the mill that a negro, who was probably Amos Fortune, the tanner, asked with mingled astonishment and appeal, "Why, Massa Spofford, could n't you get up a machine to hoe corn?"

Ainsworth R. Spofford, a son of Luke Spofford, the young miller, became the efficient librarian of congress in after years. Deacon Spofford lived in the house at present owned by Aaron Perkins, and his house and mill, with the house of William Hodge, now the residence of E. B. Crowe, appear to have made up the west section of the village of his day. Joseph Lincoln had a clothier's shop near the site of Webster's tack manufactory, and Abner Spofford was a blacksmith in this section of the town.

About the beginning of the present century the spinning of cotton by machinery began to receive attention in this country. In 1808, the first cotton mill in New Hampshire was built at New Ipswich, and soon after a like enterprise was launched in Peterborough. Jaffrey was not to be outdone by her neighbors. She possessed citizens of enterprise and intelligence, and while here as in many other places, the mills were bitterly opposed on the ground that



School-house, East Jaffrey.

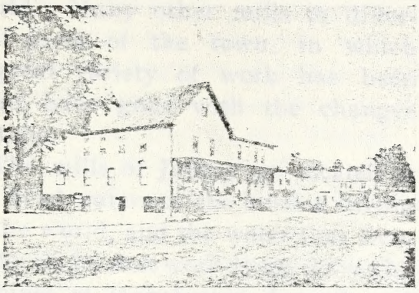


School-house, Jaffrey Centre—Old Melville Academy.

the labor-saving machinery would deprive the poor people of a means of support, yet these fallacious arguments did not deter these more progressive men from their purpose, and in the year 1813, a company, consisting of Dr. Adonijah Howe, Samuel Dakin, Artemas Lawrence, Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., of Peterborough, Caleb Searle, William Hodge, John Stevens, and Samuel Foster, was incorporated under the name of "The First Cotton and Woolen Factory in Jaffrey."

In December of the same year the company purchased of Deacon Spofford his mill property, together with some adjoining tracts of land, and on the premises they erected the old wooden mill which is still remembered by many citizens of the town. This mill, according to an old gazetteer, had a capacity of one thousand spindles.

The machinery is said to have been made by Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., of Peterborough, and Artemas Law-



N. W. Mower's Block.

rence of Jaffrey, who was a blacksmith. Holmes had learned the trade by working in the lately-established mills in Peterborough.

The incorporated company carried on the business for twenty-one years, and in 1834 deeded the property to William Ainsworth, a son of Rev. Laban Ainsworth, who, soon after, deeded the saw- and grist-mill to Samuel Patrick, and three years later the cotton mill became the property of Solomon Richardson, Perkins Bigelow, and Edwin Walton.

In 1844, the cotton factory came into the possession of Alonzo Bascom and others. Alonzo Bascom was born in Hinsdale, but came to this town from Palmer, Mass. He was a man of marked ability and enterprise. He found business in the new-bought mills at a standstill, but by his energy he gave it new life. He largely increased the capacity of the old Cheshire mill, and built the new brick mill in East Jaffrey. He died in the midst of a successful career in September, 1872.

After one or two other changes both the East Jaffrey and Cheshire mills came into the possession of the White Brothers of Winchendon, Mass., about the year 1884, and their occupancy has been one of uninterrupted activity and progress. In 1898 the business was largely increased by an addition to the East Jaffrey mills, and at the present time three hundred and twenty-five hands find constant employment in the cotton mills of White Brothers in this town.

About the year 1758, Ephraim Hunt, a young man who hailed from the historic town of Concord in the province of Massachusetts Bay,

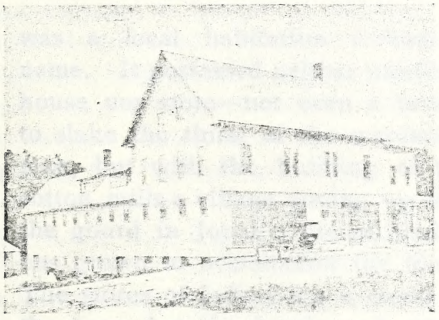


Residence of S. H. Mower.

built a mill at Squantum, where he sawed lumber and ground grain. This is said to have been the first mill in town, and tradition tells of settlers with pack horses coming for fifteen miles by marked trees to bring their grist to his mill. Other mills have replaced the old mill of Ephraim Hunt, and have continued in operation to the present time. On the Contoocook river, near the Peterborough line, M. L. Hadley has succeeded to the ownership of one of the old-time mills. Here he manufactures turned-chair stock, and by superior workmanship has gained a patronage that keeps him constantly employed. On the site of the old Lincoln and Foster fulling mill is the manufactory of the Granite State Tack company, where, with improved machinery and the best skill, tacks and shoe nails are made that for quality challenge the best in the

world. Many other mills in different parts of the town, in which a great variety of work has been done, have gone with the changes of time.

The mills of Jaffrey are located at the head waters of the busiest stream in the world, and the water that here performs its first work helps drive the turbines of Manchester, Lowell, and Lawrence on its passage to the sea. The Contoocook is a most exemplary stream, and its praises have been too long unsung. Association with good men, from the days of Deacon Spofford till now, has made it, like a sacred river of Judea, famed in the writings of Josephus, a Sabbath-keeping stream, as any one may see who drives along its banks by the Peterborough road and contrasts its



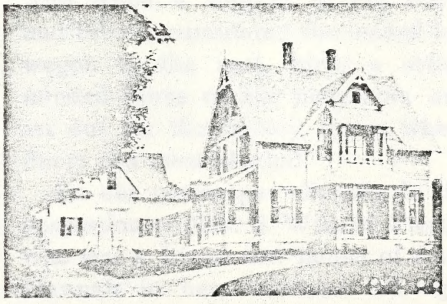
Store of Goodnow Brothers & Co.

Sunday quietness with its week-day hurry and foam.

But a sketch of a New England town would be essentially lacking without some mention of its stores. From the earliest times the storekeepers have been men of influence. They have been generally the ready men of the community, with both tongue and pen, and in Jaffrey as in other towns of old New England, it has been in the country store that public opinion has been formed and questions of town and national policy discussed.

There is a tradition that the first storekeeper in Jaffrey was a man by the name of Breed, but the location of his emporium is not known. The storekeepers named in the first recorded tax-list in 1793, are Joseph Thorndike and David Sherwin. Thorndike was a merchant at the centre of the town in the house now owned by Dr. Phelps, and Sherwin's store was at Squantum, where the house of Thomas Annett now stands. Thomas Sherwin, a son of David Sherwin, was master of the famous English High School in Boston. He aided in the establishment of the Institute of Technology, and was intimately connected with many associations for the advancement of learning. His name has been greatly honored in the city that he so faithfully served.

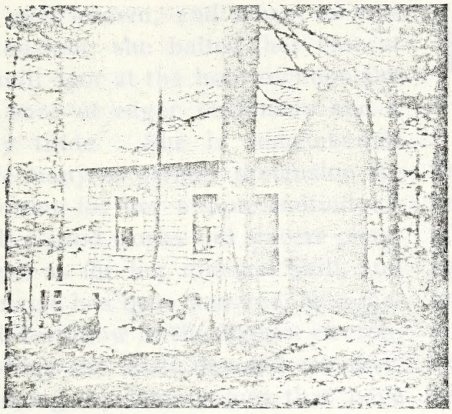
Squantum with its sawmill, gristmill, fulling mill, blacksmith shop, tavern, and store was an early centre of trade, and the business established by David Sherwin was continued for more than half a century. But the centre of the town held many advantages as a centre of trade, and for many years the largest stores were



Residence of Walter L. Goodnow.

there. Among the other names long and honorably connected with the mercantile business of Jaffrey, in the past are Payson, Lacy, Duncan, Upton, Foster, Bascom, and Powers.

In the early part of the present century the village of East Jaffrey



A Summer Camp.

was a local habitation without a name. It possessed neither meeting-house nor store—not even a tavern to slake the thirst of the wayfaring man, but with the building of the cotton mills a village sprang up like the gourd in Jonah's dream, and it has grown to overshadow the town. The stores of Jaffrey are a credit to the town, but the bustle and enterprise of these later days have been the death of philosophy and the old settle and whittled-bottomed chair have gone to the limbo of outworn things.

During the greater part of the first half of the present century, in the little house at present owned by John F. Wheeler, lived Aunt Hannah Davis, one of those unique characters for which New England is famed. In her the stars conspired to produce a genius. She was a granddaughter of John Eaton, the master of many trades, and a daughter of Peter Davis, aforesaid, maker of wooden clocks. She never troubled her mind about what occupations were open to women, but, obedient to her genius, she invented and manufactured the nailed bandbox, and became, thereby, a benefactor of her sex. Who does not see in her work a lingering trace of the red jacket, as well as the product of three generations of inventive genius and manual skill? The bandbox, besides being the sacred repository of the treasures of womankind, was the trunk and satchel of those days.

Aunt Hannah's bandboxes were substantially made, the bottoms from boards of light, dry pine, and the rims from spruce, shaved from the log or bolt with a heavy knife. This work required the strength of a man, and the help of her neighbors was employed in getting out the scab-bards or scab-boards, as they were called. From this point, with contrivances of her own invention, aided by a marvelous manual dexterity, she formed the box and finally finished it with a covering of paper of varied and ornamental design. She owned as a part of her equipment a wagon of the prairie schooner type, covered with a canopy of white cloth. And when a shopful of her wares had been accumulated she loaded her wagon to the roof, hired a sober-minded horse of her neighbors and set out for the factory towns where finery did most abound.

An old newspaper clipping in the possession of Mrs. S. Willard Pierce, who was a friend and helper of Aunt Hannah in her enfeebled old age, describes the factory girls of those

days and their bandboxes, which, it is said, were made by Hannah Davis of Jaffrey, and within the memory of many now living the tops of the stage coaches that run to the factory towns were often covered with the product of her shop. In the large towns of Manchester and Lowell she was well known, and when, as was her custom, she halted her van at the mill door at the hour of noon she was sure of eager customers and a lively trade. She is remembered, while many of greater pretension are forgotten, for her unique individuality, her good works and sincere piety, as well as for her unusual skill, and her name has been honored by a memorial window in the Baptist church, of which she was a devoted member.

Among the later names that have brought honor to the town is that of John Conant, a farmer of Jaffrey, whose benefactions to public and religious institutions aggregrated more than one hundred thousand dollars, seventy thousand of which was a gift to the Agricultural college of New Hampshire. Conant Hall at Dartmouth, and the Conant High school of Jaffrey were founded upon his bequests and named in his honor.



"Where shy Contoocook gleams."



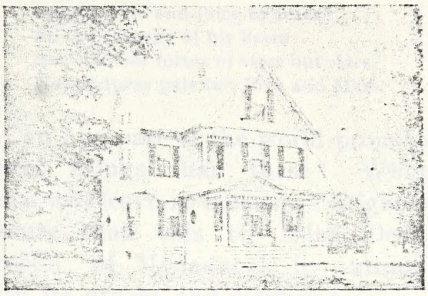
Shattuck Farm.

As for the men of the present time, their record is best read in the well-kept farms, the mills and stores, and all those manifestations of enterprise and thrift that have given Jaffrey a good name among the towns of the state. A summary of progress after nearly one hundred and fifty years of history, shows a population of approximately eighteen hundred souls, with all the varied elements that make up a complete and progressive town. There are prosperous farms, banks, railroad, telegraph and telephone, mills, where upwards of four hundred hands find constant employment, stores that are hardly excelled in the smaller cities, a public library, good schools, five churches, all well supported, hotels and boarding houses that furnish accommodations for the transient guest as well as for the hundreds of summer visitors who come to enjoy the unexcelled attractions of the place as a summer resort.

Nature has so grouped her beauties here that very few towns in New England possess greater advantages and attractions as a summer resort. Here is a land of pictures of infinite variety and charm. Jaffrey abounds in shady drives. Her roads, if not of the latest build, are attractive as Na-

ture's ways, and many of them yet follow with alluring curves the "trod way" of the bridle path or the blazed trees of the settlers' trail.

The territorial limits of the town that have remained unchanged since the days of Joseph Blanchard, were in 1787 threatened by certain designing men of Sliptown (afterward Sharon), who petitioned the General Court for the annexation of a strip of land one mile in width from the east side of Jaffrey. In a vigorous remonstrance the inhabitants of Jaffrey represented to the law makers of the state that they had no territory to spare, and in the course of their weighty argument they said: "Moreover their is a Verry great mountain in this town and a great Number of Large ponds which renders about the fourth part thereof not habitable, besides a great deal of other wast Land which makes the habitable part of this town but barely sufficient to maintain our minister and support our publick priveledges."



Residence of Charles R. Kittredge.

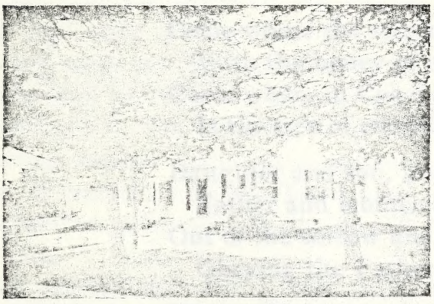
But times have changed, and the waste land, the large ponds, and the very great mountain that troubled the thrifty hearts of the pioneers, have come to be the choicest possessions of the town. As some great genius lends of his fame to the place that gave him birth, so it will be always the chiefest fame of Jaffrey that Monadnock mountain is there.

The glory of Monadnock is its isolation. It stands apart from its brothers of the north and west as if in some far time it had been separated from them by some grim, relentless feud. Many of the famous



"Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue, a mighty minster builded to the Lord."

peaks of the world stand shoulder to shoulder with dead altitudes, or brood in eternal hopelessness over some desert plain. But Monadnock, with its rugged, rock-rent sides, is planted in a world of green hills and rich valleys gemmed with a profusion of woodland lakes. From the rocky summit, on every side, thrifty farm buildings are seen clustering here and there into villages, with steeples and towers. And sometimes on a windless day the sound of a mowing machine, like a cricket in the grass, floats faintly to the summit with its suggestions of remoteness and the mystery of life. Again the littleness of the far-off world comes over one as he watches a trailing line of smoke that marks the creeping progress of a tiny railroad train along the "town sprinkled" valley. It is a dream of New England realized.



Residence of Russell H. Kittredge.

The hill would not go to Mahomet, and so Mahomet went to the hill. With each return of summer the prophet's miracle is repeated here. From far and near the people come to receive the largess of Monadnock, promised through Emerson, its priest and bard:

"I will give my son to eat
Best of Pan's immortal meat,
Bread to eat and juice to drain;
So the coinage of his brain
Shall be not forms of stars but stars,
Not pictures pale but Jove and Mars."

Can any part of the world promise better things than these? What place will leave in memory a brighter picture than this by Edna Dean Proctor, of Monadnock in autumn with its groves and streams?

"Up rose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest and steep and wood and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord;
Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
Along its slope where russet ferns were strewn,
And purple heaths the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shown,—
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the wind alone,
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams,—
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be,—
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord."



Beyond Monadnock.

peaks of the world stand shoulder to shoulder with dead altitudes, or tread in eternal hopelessness over some desert plain. But Monadnock, with its rugged, rock-rent sides, is planted in a world of green hills and rich valleys crowned with a profusion of woodland lakes. From the rocky summit, on every side, thrifty farm buildings are seen clustering here and there into villages, with steeples and towers. And sometimes on a windless day the sound of a mowing machine, like a cricket in the grass, floats faintly to the ear.

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COME TO THE "OLD HOME WEEK."

By Alfred E. Baker.

Come to the "Old Home Week,"
Come to your native mountains,
Come where your heart may seek
The waters from living fountains.

Come where the memory 's green
With the love that knows no parting,
Come where the joy is seen,
In the tears that know no smarting.

Come where the streams are flowing,
With the honey of love and the milk of truth,
Come where in Concord growing,
Is the tree of eternal youth.

Daughter and son, husband and wife,
Father and mother and all,
Out of the sorrow and care and strife,
Obeying the Father's call.

Then will the home-coming glorious be,
And the "Old Home Week" the new year make,
As we drink of the font of Love's liberty,
And of our Father's welcome home partake.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

By Bert P. Doe.

IT happened one night in the chill month of February. The sun had long ago cast its final ray on the cold, cheerless earth. A pearly moon from a cloudless sky, together with the flickering stars, which dotted the dark arch above, lighted up the winter scene without a speck of warmth. All was hushed without.

I was weary with the cares and troubles of the day, and soon after the clock proclaimed the waning hours of the evening I left friends and gay scenes, and after a short walk in this ideal winter evening air, I was in my own room ready to drown life's fluctuating scenes in a few hours of sleep, then so welcome to my hot and restless brain. Only a few quiet hours, I realized, and another day of strife would dawn.

I hastily took a last glance at the pearly moon and the quivering shadows stirred by a lazy breeze from the south, and pulled the curtain aside. I had not been in my downy couch long before I was lost—lost in slumber, so dear to tired brain and throbbing nerves. Then I was borne away, as if by some unseen magic power, to scenes new to me. I stood on a high cliff at the entrance of a large, elegant, white mansion; before the door stood an old man, with gray locks hanging low on his forehead. His frame was thin and wasted, and the bones in his hands and legs were plainly visible. At his feet stood an hour-glass, such as I have seen pictured on the pages of old almanacs, and hanging over the doorway behind him was a scythe, long of handle, and the blade long and narrow, glistening in the rays of the sun.

He greeted me with a wan smile and extended his bony hand. Remembering the pictures I had seen, it flashed across my mind that he was Father Time, and the house was his mansion.

"My lad," he said, "come in, now is the only time as long as the earth continues to revolve that you will find me at my home. Now all is quiet in your land—all have ceased to grow old—the progress of all things is stagnant. Only this once; never before has this happened, nor never shall it again. Come in and I will show you through my mansion, large and fine."

I stood still, half in wonderment, half in fear. "No, I cannot stop," I said, "I am weary, my head is throbbing from hard labor and my nerves are tired. I am looking for a place to rest—to rest for an hour or two only, so I can gird myself for harder tasks."

"Ah! my boy, there is no rest in this land," he replied, and I noticed that a shade of sadness flickered across his wasted face. "But come with me," he continued, "and I will show you how the inhabitants of these regions obey my commands."

I hesitated no longer and walked to meet him where he stood at the doorway. I felt a strange sensation creep over me as I neared his weird form, for he seemed to me an unearthly being. As I came within his reach he extended his pallid and wasted hand to me, which I clasped. It was cold as ice.

Pointing to the scythe above the door, he continued, "That scythe, my boy, has reaped a harvest that any reaper might well be proud of. It has cut away generals, statesmen, lawyers, and merchants, who have aspired fame through me—through Time, the greatest of all agents in the universe. My boy, I have lived for centuries," he went on, "I am older than those blue summits which rise above those dusky clouds," he said, pointing his skeleton-like finger to the west.

"I have crumbled away princely halls and stately mansions; I have instigated the people of all nations to bloody war, and I have soothed their fevered passions in sweet peace. It was I who built your own nation where you dwell; I saw it when it was in its infancy and kept a vigilant eye on its progress. Ah! I cannot begin to tell you all I have done. It is a long, long story."

As he finished I thought his eyes were moist. His words seemed to

have a sad effect on me for I, too, felt like crying.

We both stood in silence for some time, and then he led the way into his mansion. "Well, come," he said, "and we will be soon cheered up." I followed him through a long spacious hall, the brilliancy of which was unprecedented to me. At the opposite end he pulled the latch of a door which swung open, and before me was a scene replete with wonderment and awe.

In a wide and fertile valley was a large herd of beautiful horses of two colors—black and white. They were contentedly grazing; there was no guard or keeper. Their shiny coats glistened in the rays of the sun, which beat perpendicularly down on the herd. It formed a beautiful picture. The slopes of the green mountains also glistened in the sun's rays; soft, fleecy clouds floated high in the blue arch above, flecking the green landscape with lazily moving shadows. I stood and gazed on the scene in wonderment. The old man, too, was silent. Thus we stood for a short time. At last Old Time, raising his right arm to a shelf above his head, clutched a long thin bugle, tarnished by age, and dusty from its long rest on the shelf. Slowly he raised it to his thin lips, and I stood eagerly waiting to hear its notes reverberate over the level valley and up the distant green mountains. But before its notes broke the stillness he, turning to me, said,

"Those horses represent the good and bad souls which formerly inhabited your land. There are men of all nationalities among them, some had become famous, and others, taken in their youth before they had become known to the world,—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, statesmen, merchants, and manufacturers, are all mingled together in the herd below. As they enter my palace they are transformed into animals and then left to graze in my pasture lands until my trumpet sounds, which is the signal for them to pass on to another world,—the good to the celestial region, and the bad to the shades below."

As he finished speaking he again raised the trumpet and blew a long, clear blast. It was a weird sound, such as I have never heard before, and caused a strange sensation to creep over my frame.

I turned my eye to the horses below; for an instant they raised their heads and looked in the direction from which the sound came. Then what a thundering of hoofs followed. It was a wild stampede. As if by magic they became separate, the black in one herd and the white in the other; away to the east sped the black, and to the west the white, all the time gaining speed as they neared the mountains. The old man and I stood and watched the flight in silence. Dimmer they grew as the distance increased, and soon a gap in the mountains put an end to our view. We turned our eyes from the direction of the fleeing horses down into the fertile valley. The horses had gone. It seemed still and lonely. Old Time at last broke the silence.

"Another host of souls gone into eternity," he said, and he turned and replaced his trumpet into its long resting-place. "To-morrow," he continued, "I shall traverse your regions and seek more souls for my valley. I shall get them from happy

homes, from stately mansions, from hospitals, prison cells, and the highways. Perhaps you yourself, at the next blast of my bugle will be flying with the horses over yonder mountains."

I gazed steadfastly into his gray eyes as he was talking, and, as he concluded, I thought he appeared nervous and uneasy. "Well, my boy, I must bid you adieu," he began again, and I again clasped his icy hand as I had done when I first met him. As soon as he released my hand he was gone. I knew not where he went or how he vanished. I delayed no longer in his mansion but proceeded straight to the door by which I had entered, and a feeling of fear crept over me for I feared that I might be entrapped in his halls, but no, as I neared the door it swung open for me to pass out into the open air and warm sunshine. As I strolled again down the pathway I turned and looked back on the mountains to the westward. They were as green and beautiful as when the herd of horses passed from view behind them, but over their summits was gathering a dark and dingy cloud of huge proportions. It was rapidly moving towards the zenith, and the sun, which was close to it, would soon be obscured. I hastened my steps to reach my home—which seemed near-by—before the darkness could overtake me. I had traveled but a short distance when the dingy, black cloud put the earth about me in shadow, and all was inky blackness. It was a wonderful transformation—from day into night—black, silent night.

A feeling of fear such as I had never felt before was creeping over me. I stood still; I dared not proceed for fear of coming in contact with some strange, frightful object. Neither did I dare to look behind for I knew not what I should see. I glanced to the west, and as I turned my head a vivid flash of lightning lighted up the landscape, followed almost instantly by an appalling peal of thunder. My knees trembled, and large, cold drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. I was growing weak, and it seemed as if I should surely sink to the earth before long. The lightning flashed almost incessantly, and a continual roll of thunder echoed over the mountain peaks.

Above the din of the thunder's roar I could distinctly hear the shrill, weird notes of Old Time's bugle, but by the flashes of the lightning I could see no herds of horses fleeing from the level valley to the sloping green mountains.

At last I proceeded; the hailstones beating in my face caused a sharp pain, and I groped about wildly to see if I could clutch something for support. I walked on in this manner for some distance, but there was no lull in the raging of the storm. I could only see before me by the flashes of lightning. As the light of one flash, brighter than the others, lighted up the gloom before me I thought I saw an object standing to the left. I quickly turned towards it, but I had gone but a few steps when the ground under me was snapped asunder and I was hurled headlong down a steep chasm. It seemed as if I fell for yards and yards. It was a horrible sensation. At last I reached the end of the

terrible fall,—all my senses were gone. For awhile I knew nothing.

At last when my shattered senses crept back to me I opened my eyes. Before me was standing Old Time, with the same wasted form and wan countenance. Clutched in his bony hand was the hour-glass and over his shoulder was the long glistening scythe. The storm had lulled. The sun was shining among the black, jagged clouds which were floating away to the eastward. The raindrops were glistening on the green foliage in the rays of the warm sun like costly jewels. "Come, my boy," said Old Time, extending to me his bony hand, "your days in your land are over. Come to my mansion and green valley." But I shrank back. "No! No!" I cried. This aroused the old man to ire. His kindly eyes now glistened with anger, and his feeble limbs grew knotted with muscles.

He grasped his scythe and raised it high above the gray locks of his head. I knew that, with a mighty swing, he was about to cut me down. I knew not what to do. My weakly condition would not permit me to grapple with him and try to stay the blow. I tried to cry for mercy, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and not a sound could I utter. Finally I gave up and fell back. Is was a horrible sensation, lying there and awaiting the stroke of the scythe. Just then I was nearly blinded by the sun flashing into my eyes from the hour-glass. His uplifted scythe never fell, for the glare of the sun from the hour-glass aroused me from my slumber. It was a winter sun which had just wheeled its broad disk over the eastern hills and sent its full glare into my eyes.

My night's adventure only lingered in memory.

A BLUE AND WHITE BOWL.

By Laura Garland Carr.

'T is small and thin with scarce a trace
Of beauty tint or line of grace.
Two ugly cracks, from some mishap,
Like rivers pictured on a map,—
That no device of art can hide,—
Run aimlessly adown the side.
One little push, one careless pass,
And it might lie a shattered mass,
So frail and shell-like it appears,
Yet it has served a hundred years.

When great-grandmother, young and gay,
Went housekeeping in the old way,
No doubt this bowl, with other delf,
Was placed in line upon a shelf
Of that "red dresser" which we know

Figured in kitchens long ago.
And we are sure there was no lack
Of shining pewter at the back.
From its high place it could o'erlook
The big, wide kitchen's every nook.
And much that happened there below
We great-grandchildren wish to know.
Ah, if this bit of pictured clay—
By art unknown—could now portray
The quaint, old scenes that passed in view
While it was yet unstained and new!
Could show great-grandma as she worked—
For well we know she never shirked
A household duty, great or small—
But kept a watchful eye on all.
And was it true—as has been told—
Was she a bit inclined to scold?

One old-time quilting we would see,
A candy pull, an apple bee,
An evening when the neighboring folk
Came in to sing, gossip, and joke,
Eat apples, popped corn and—why frown?
Let good, hard cider wash it down.
And all the while the firelight's glow
Their queer, old homespun garbs would show.
And, dancing o'er the dingy walls
In many fitful flares and falls—
Dim in the darkness would reveal
The clumsy forms of loom and wheel,
With hanks of yarn and woolly rolls
Hanging from wooden pegs and poles.
From winter, summer, autumn, spring,
How much this ancient bowl could bring
From great-grandmother down to me
If it could speak, could hear and see!

What folly this! Pray is not all
That constitutes this earthly ball
Old, older far than tribe or race,
Older than date of man can trace?
Some things withstand dissolving test
A little longer than the rest.
But in good time all, all will fill
A place in Nature's grinding mill
To be reshaped in other mold,
And then again be "young" and "old."

RICKETTY ANN'S CONTRIBUTION.

By Doris L. Burke.

MISS Susan Ann Tuttle was hastening home from church through the soft February slush. She was a little old lady. Her thin, sweet face was shaded by a scoop bonnet, with a skimpy black veil tied in a pitiful knot. Long afflicted with St. Vitus' dance she had come to be known as Ricketty Ann.

The condition of the roads made cautious walking expedient, and Ann's overshoes leaked. Yet she hurried on unmindful of the fact that she had already gone over them twice in the melting snow.

The minister had said that hundreds, possibly thousands, of people were dying of starvation in Cuba, and that a collection would be taken for them on the next Sunday evening. A dollar was sufficient to support one adult or three children for one month.

"The poor little children," Ann thought tearfully. "A dollar would keep three of them a month."

If she might only give a dollar! When she had reached home she sat down to count the contents of her rusty pocketbook before kindling a fire in the tiny cracked stove. There was even less money than she had feared. She could spare but a few pennies. She sighed faintly. "It would be so beautiful to give a dollar. Maybe I could if it had n't been for the rheumatics in my hip. It does cost so to be sick."

She resolved to do without butter and tea for a while that she might save a few extra cents.

Ann sighed again as she looked out of the window and saw the people going home from church. Most of them were able to give so easily. For instance, there was John Hart who enjoyed the distinction of being the rich man of Dunsettbury. A dollar, even twenty dollars, would be nothing to him she thought.

But Mr. Hart's mind was distracted to-day by financial anxieties. As he sat in his heavily furnished library that afternoon, he accused himself of having done a criminally foolish thing during the past week. His severe New England ethics had always frowned upon speculations of any sort, but in a moment of foolhardiness he had yielded to the temptation to swiftly enlarge his mighty bank account.

His conscience had feebly disapproved all along, and now it upbraided him vehemently, for last night's paper had quoted his stock below par. It meant a loss of thousands of dollars if he were obliged to sell at that figure, and he trembled to think how much lower the shares might fall.

Three generations of well-fed, penurious ancestors are not calculated to give one much sympathy for the hungry, and Mr. Hart was duly surprised that he must needs recall Dr. Seelyes's solicitation for the

starving Cubans at that particular season. Nevertheless the heart-rending pictures and descriptions which he had seen from time to time, recurred to him with redoubled force, and resolutely persisted in commingling themselves with his business apprehensions.

The anthracite was beginning to glow redly in the dusk, the twilight shadows had lengthened until they enveloped the stout man in the comfortable Morris chair, and the pale, young moon looked timidly through the windows. It was a propitious hour for fine resolves, and the good angel being abroad at that time, suggested to Mr. Hart a possible way out of his troubles.

He would make an offering to the fates. Too skeptical to believe in the efficacy of such an arrangement, and yet superstitious enough to get comfort from it, he solemnly covenanted with himself that he would send one hundred dollars to the Relief fund should he be able to secure a certain margin on his stock. Extremely nervous about the success, and thoroughly troubled about the righteousness of his hazardous investment, he had been led into making this munificent and unparalleled promise.

The succeeding Wednesday night Mr. Hart sat again in his library. He did not look like a man who had cleared $3,000 on Y. P. K. stock in less than a week. For although at four o'clock his broker had telegraphed that the shares were sold and the returns safely placed, there yet mingled with his joy a disturbing memory.

In vain he endeavored to persuade himself that a promise made under such peculiar circumstances could never be considered binding. Conscience whispered that a promise was a promise, and John Hart was a very honorable man.

But to give away one hundred dollars at once! One hundred dollars was more than he had given away in all his life. Moreover he had been put to extra expense lately. There was that lost pocketbook, which had contained valuable papers and the futile advertising for its recovery, the new carriage house, and some repairs on his business block.

And those Cubans were nothing more nor less than Spaniards anyway. Doubtless, many of them richly deserved what they were getting. It was not at all certain that the persons who needed and deserved help would get it. Furthermore, he was chary of beginning benevolences on such a large scale. There was no saying what great expectations it might arouse. They would be asking him to found a hospital or build a church next. Having thus lost himself in a glow of indignation at the grasping ways of philanthropists in general, and Cuban sympathizers in particular, Mr. Hart settled himself to the evening journal.

But he could not forget that as a man of honor he should do as he had stipulated. Again and again that evening he went over his array of arguments, and from them he deduced many others.

He told himself that he was not under obligation to any person or power in this matter. The broker had received a very liberal percentage, and he had looked very closely after the buying and selling himself. Some men would have held the stock for still further advances and

then lost every dollar. It was surely most inexpedient for him to exhaust his nervous force on such an inconsiderate question as this.

"I shall use my own judgment about what I can afford to give," he said, doggedly, to himself. "I'll settle the matter by sending Dr. Seelyes a check this very hour. It seems to me that about five dollars—yes, I think five dollars—would be a very liberal contribution."

Mr. Hart pulled out his check book. His pen paused for a moment after writing the "5."

"It would be easy to make it 50," the good angel whispered. "Five dollars is an exceedingly small sum from a man who has made three thousand in six days."

But Mr. Hart signed his name and sealed his envelope with decision.

"They may think themselves lucky. Ordinarily I should not have felt called to give more than a nickel. If everybody is as liberal as I have been I'm thinking Dr. Seelyes would open his eyes pretty wide. But they won't be."

Mr. Hart began to feel better while making this cheerful reflection.

"They won't be," he repeated, with conviction. "I estimate there won't be three persons out of the whole congregation who'll give as much as that. If they all did as well as I've done the collection would amount to—Let me see how much the collection *would* amount to. There must be about sixty members. Now if each one would do his duty as well as I've done mine there would be three hundred dollars from this one church."

Mr. Hart found this mental arithmetic highly agreeable, and immediately plunged into broader calculations which involved the county and state.

The next morning, however, Mr. Hart endeavored in vain to convince himself that even five dollars was more than could be reasonably expected of him.

"You promised, you promised," the inward monitor whispered unceasingly, and Mr. Hart remembered uncomfortably that he had often said a promise made to one's self was as obligatory as any other. He was in this mood of mingled satisfaction and uneasiness when the trim maid announced a visitor.

"There's an old lady to see you, sir," she said. "I told her you was always busy in the forenoon, but she says, if you please, it's important."

"Let her come in," said Mr. Hart.

A little, bent, old figure followed the servant across the wide hall.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked Mr. Hart. "I have the impression that I've seen you before."

"Yes, sir," assented Ricketty Ann eagerly, "I see you go by real often. I come to bring you this."

From her limp, old-fashioned valise Ann drew a very battered mud-stained and water-soaked affair. But notwithstanding its sad condition Mr. Hart recognized it joyously.

"My wallet!" he exclaimed. "Well, well, how did you happen to find that?"

"It was yesterday when I was coming across the avenue. I saw it sticking up through the snow by the walk. My eyes aint what they was once, but I says to myself that aint a stick, nor yet a leaf. I was surprised enough when I see what 't was.

There was a sight of them docyments, and some of 'em was pretty well soaked. But I spread 'em out, and they got nice'n dry by mornin'. Soon as I see it was your pocketbook I says to myself, I'll take it over first thing in the mornin'. Mr. Hart must be real worried about all them papers bein' lost."

Mr. Hart finished the inspection of his papers, and then his revolving chair wheeled toward Ricketty Ann.

"You have done me an invaluable service, madam. The most of these papers were extremely important. I am very greatly obliged to you, Mrs. —. Did you tell me your name?"

"Miss Susan Ann Tuttle, sir," Ann answered with quavering dignity.

Her heart was beating high with tremulous hope. Once she had received twenty-five cents for finding a plated brooch. And Mr. Hart had said the papers were valuable. If he would only give her a dollar! Then she could send something worth while to the Relief Fund. She began to pull on her darned mittens slowly.

Mr. Hart's hand was in his pocket, and his fingers had closed over a quarter irresolutely.

"I do not like to be beholden," he was thinking. "Yet she seems to be a very worthy person, and I am not sure how she would take the offer of money. Besides that advertising is going to cost me heavy."

Ricketty Ann's quick ear caught the clink of the silver as he dropped the quarter back to its place. He had changed his mind; he was not going to give her anything after all. Nevertheless she waited longingly. Mr. Hart fingered his pocketbook with painful indecision. At last he opened it hesitatingly. A vision of greenbacks glimmered before Ann's eyes. She felt that her dream of a dollar bill had become a reality. Impetuous words of thanks rose to her lips.

"Oh, sir," she began gratefully.

The next moment she stopped, covered with crimson confusion. Mr. Hart had closed his pocketbook, and was regarding her with grave interrogation.

"I beg pardon," he said questioningly.

Ricketty Ann's poor, slow wits scattered right and left.

"I was jest a goin' to say—" She paused again growing pinker every moment. Her eyes were on the floor in distracted perturbation, and Mr. Hart followed her glance. He could hardly help seeing that her overshoes must leak and that her shawl was only an illusion. He thought he understood her unspoken wants.

"I do not like to be beholden," he reflected again, "and those papers were worth big money to me."

With extreme reluctance he drew forth a two dollar bill. It had been a crisp new one and he looked at it tenderly, half deciding to return it to its fellows. But Ann's hand was already outstretched, and her pinched face was radiant.

"Get some real heavy ones," advised Mr. Hart as he pushed back the portiéres, "and I would have a shawl, too. That one seems hardly suitable for winter wear."

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean *that*," gasped Ricketty Ann, amazed at the magnitude of his misconception.

But Mr. Hart had bowed her down

the imposing steps and the heavy door was closed behind her.

She tripped through the iron gateway with swift, glad steps. The snow seemed to glide from under her feet.

"It 's come. It 's come," she whispered exultingly. "Nobody but the dear Lord knowed *how* I 'd wanted to put a dollar into the box come next Sunday night. And here 's two dollars—two dollars—two dollars."

She clutched the bill more tightly. At thought of the overshoes and shawl she laughed joyously.

"'T would n't be right for me to be buying rubbers when folks are starving, and spring only six weeks off."

Ann was naturally of a hopeful disposition and she as summarily dismissed Mr. Hart's suggestion of a shawl.

"Maybe we aint going to have much more cold weather, and my shawl aint so *very* thin. It was a good shawl in its day. Mr. Hart won't care. I 'll tell him how 't was. It 's likely he 'll do something handsome himself."

Mr. Hart, however, was thinking moodily of his two dollar bill and hundred dollar promise.

There were subtle distinctions in Dr. Seelyes's Sunday night prayer-meetings. Long custom had determined which particular portion of the congregation should occupy the beginning, middle, and end of the service. On the evening of the Cuban collection the various strata were especially prompt, and the choir sang lustily during the brief intervals. But after a time there came the deplorable prayer-meeting lull.

The good little girl who sat primly beside her mother examined with interest the penny which had been prudently tied in the corner of her handkerchief. The nervous man looked at his watch, and the nervous woman stole a glance at the clock—under pretence of looking for a hymn book—and wondered if the baby would wake. Mr. Hart, unaccustomed to prayer-meetings, sat sleepily in his dusky corner and wondered for the eleventh time why he had come.

"There are a few moments left, friends," observed Dr. Seelyes. "I wish we might hear from all."

This customary remark was the signal for certain elements of the assemblage to fasten wraps and pull on overshoes.

Suddenly there was a little stir of interest down by the door. Ricketty Ann had risen and was talking in an animated treble. Two dollars was a small fortune to her—poor soul—and she tried to tell how glad she was at being able to give so much. In her simple way she said, "The Lord meant for the Cubyans to have it but he let me send it to 'em because he knew I wanted to so."

A little hush of reverence and shame stole over the congregation as she sat down. Some of the people had the grace to realize how much of the spirit "for value received" was accustomed to permeate their prayers and praises. John Hart watched with feelings that defied description while Ricketty Ann poured the contents of her pocketbook into the box. He was thoroughly, wondrously ashamed of himself. He hastily pulled out his long pocketbook. There was a hundred dollar bill inside, and he put it into the box as the collector passed up the aisle.

NECROLOGY.

H. D. SOULE.

Henry Dexter Soule died suddenly at his home in Manchester, July 16. Mr. Soule was born in Manchester, June 1, 1857, attended the public schools and was graduated from the High school in 1875. He was connected with the advertising department of the *Mirror* for many years. With the business men he made friends from the start, and he had the faculty of holding their friendships. His genial manner and warm-heartedness made him popular in all circles. He was one of the most affable men in the city, and his judgment and discretion made him a leader at all times.

As a Mason Mr. Soule's career was the most noteworthy. In May 6, 1885, he took his entered apprentice degree in Lafayette lodge, No. 41, of that city, June 3, the fellow craft, and September 25, of the same year, was made a Master Mason. The chapter degrees were taken in Mt. Horeb Royal Arch chapter, Mark, May 25, 1886, Past, June 9, M. E., October 13, and R. A., November 8 of the same year. The council degrees were taken in Adoniram council, Royal, January 23, 1887; Select, January 28 and Sup. Ex., February 25 of the same year. The orders of Knighthood were conferred in Trinity commandery, March 8, 1887, March 23, and June 14 of the same year. The Scottish Rite degrees, Lodge of Perfection, March 9, 1893, Council, April 6, Chapter, April 6, he receiving the 32d degree May 25 of the same year. Mr. Soule was twice elected eminent commander of Trinity commandery, his reëlection being on June 28. He was also Past T. I. M. of Adoniram council, being in the chair in 1895.

Mr. Soule made one of the most successful eminent commanders Trinity ever had. Particularly able was his management of the pilgrimage to the triennial conclave to Pittsburg. Had a less active man been at the head of the commandery at the time the affair would have failed. He was also an active member of the Ancient Essenic order, being the first excellent senator of Manchester senate.

In politics he was a Republican, and was serving the city for the second term on the school board. He was chairman of the important committee on fuel and heating, of the sub-committee on evening schools, and a member of the committees on the Lincoln and Lowell-street schools. He took a deep interest in all school matters, and was one of the most agreeable and pleasant members of the board. He, at one time, was a letter carrier connected with the Manchester post-office. He was also a member of the Cadet Veteran association, and of the Sons of Veterans camp. He leaves a widow and one brother.

DR. JOHN H. GILBERT.

Dr. John H. Gilbert, one of the best known physicians and one of the oldest medical examiners in Massachusetts, died at his home in Quincy, August 3, after

a long illness. Dr. Gilbert was born in Atkinson 66 years ago, and was a graduate from Dartmouth and Tremont medical colleges. He began practice in Weymouth, where he remained ten years, when he removed to Quincy. He was prominently connected with organizing the Quincy City hospital and the board of health. In 1882 he was appointed medical examiner for the Quincy district, a position he held up to his death. He leaves a widow and one son.

DR. M. W. PRAY.

The recent death of Dr. M. W. Pray removes a familiar face from the ranks of Boston's dentists. Dr. Pray was born in Lebanon some 70 years ago and removed to Boston when a young man. He is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters, a sister and two brothers, one of the latter being Dr. J. E. S. Pray of Exeter.

GEO. W. MOORE.

George W. Moore, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, pioneers of Lenawee county, Michigan, a man of sterling worth and integrity, a staunch and life-long Democrat, and a man universally loved and respected, passed away at his home in Medina, Mich., July 21, at the age of 85 years. He was born in Peterborough, April 13, 1814. His old home never lost its attractions for him, for he came alone at 84 years of age to see it once more.

HON. NEWTON S. HUNTINGTON.

N. S. Huntington died at his home in Hanover, August 2, at the age of 77 years. He was cashier of the Dartmouth National bank, which he founded, and at the same time was treasurer of the Dartmouth Savings bank. During many years, and until his death, he had been president of both institutions, represented the town in the legislature in 1858–'59 in the house, and was in the legistature continuously from 1885–'97, being always prominent on committees, and during many years chairman of the banking committee.

He was a quiet, persistent, forceful man, who, by diligent and conscientious effort, made a large place for himself not only in the community where he made his home, but in the wider field of public life. As a legislator he was valued for the safety and prudence of his judgment, and his long service in both branches of the general court made many friends who will learn of his death with regret.

SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Samuel A. Wiggin, a native of Portsmouth, died at the Georgetown University hospital, District of Columbia, recently, aged 67 years, from injuries received in falling down a flight of stairs at "Fernwood," his home in the suburbs of Washington. The unfortunate man did not recover consciousness after his injury. Mr. Wiggin was for many years a clerk in the departments at Washington, and last served as a clerk in the pension office. During the time Andrew Johnson occupied the White House Mr. Wiggin was his private secretary. He had considerable literary talent, contributed articles for various magazines and newspapers, and was the author of a number of poems, some of which may be found in "The Poets of Portsmouth," and in the files of the *Chronicle*, for which paper he was a frequent contributor in the sixties.

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A FACT THAT IS INDISPUTABLE.

THE position that New Hampshire has attained as a summer resort is, that it is the foremost in the country, and every foot within the boarders of the state is a part and parcel of the vast wonderland, the beauty and like of which does not exist. That part of the state known as the White Mountain region is, perhaps, as much as any in favor as an abiding place, and to reach it by any of the numerous routes one passes through a succession of scenic surroundings that are ever charming and diversified; and once in the mountains, one realizes then the grandeur and impressiveness of the peaks and their many attributaries.

Though not widely known, Dixville Notch presents a variety of attractions that are not found in any other section of the Granite State. The mountains hereabouts are rough and ragged formations, and with the beautiful lakes, cascades, and waterfalls which abound in the region, there is a series of charming pictures in every direction, of which you will never tire and which delights and pleases the most critical, while the elevation, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, secures for it a temperature that is ever exhilarating. The heart of the mountains might well be said to be at Fabyan and Mt. Pleasant; from here one gets the best view of the Presidential Range, and from these points one may make short tours to Jefferson, Bethlehem, Maplewood, Profile House, Crawford, Jackson, Sugar Hill or to the summit of Mt. Washington, and to reach each of these places the tourist finds that he is surrounded with famed natural attractions and curiosities like "The Flume," "The Basin," "The Old Man of the Mountains," "Elephant's Head," "Echo Lake," "Silver Cascade," "The Notch," and a thousand other fully as interesting oddities of nature.

The accommodations for the summer sojourner in the mountain region fairly rival those of the great hotels of the big cities, so complete are the details, the larger mountain hotels being in themselves small cities, with every convenience, including thoroughly-equipped gas, electrical, water, and sewer systems. The methods through which the guest finds enjoyment besides the popular game of golf include base-ball, tennis, croquet, mountain climbing, and coaching, while each hotel has its own orchestra, and concerts and dances are daily occurrences. If you are going to the mountains, you want to know about them, and a very complete guide is Book No. 4 of the Picturesque New England series published by the Gen. Pass. Dept., B. & M. R. R., Boston, and which is sent to any address, together with a tour book, replete in traveling information, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp, while for six cents additional a portfolio of thirty-two mountain views is included.

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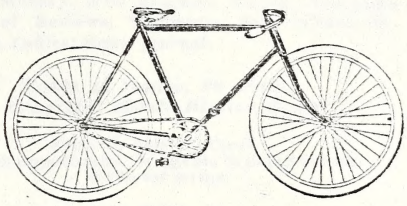
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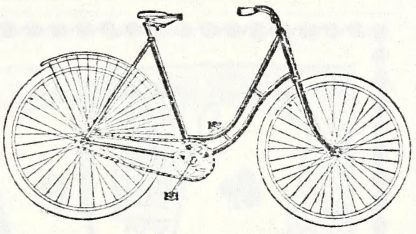
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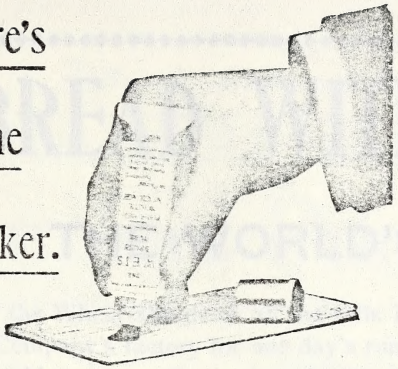
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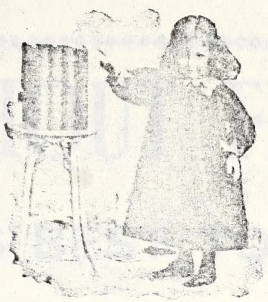
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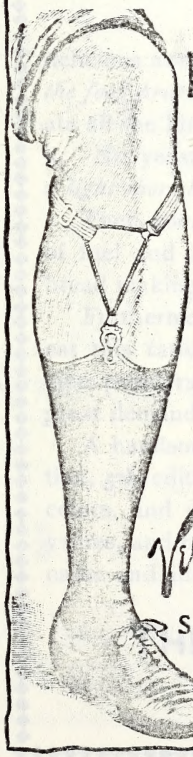
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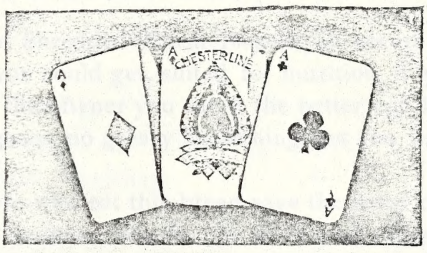
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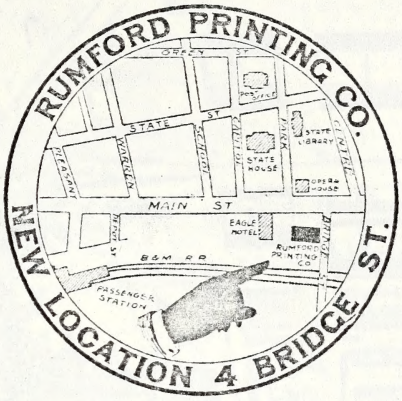
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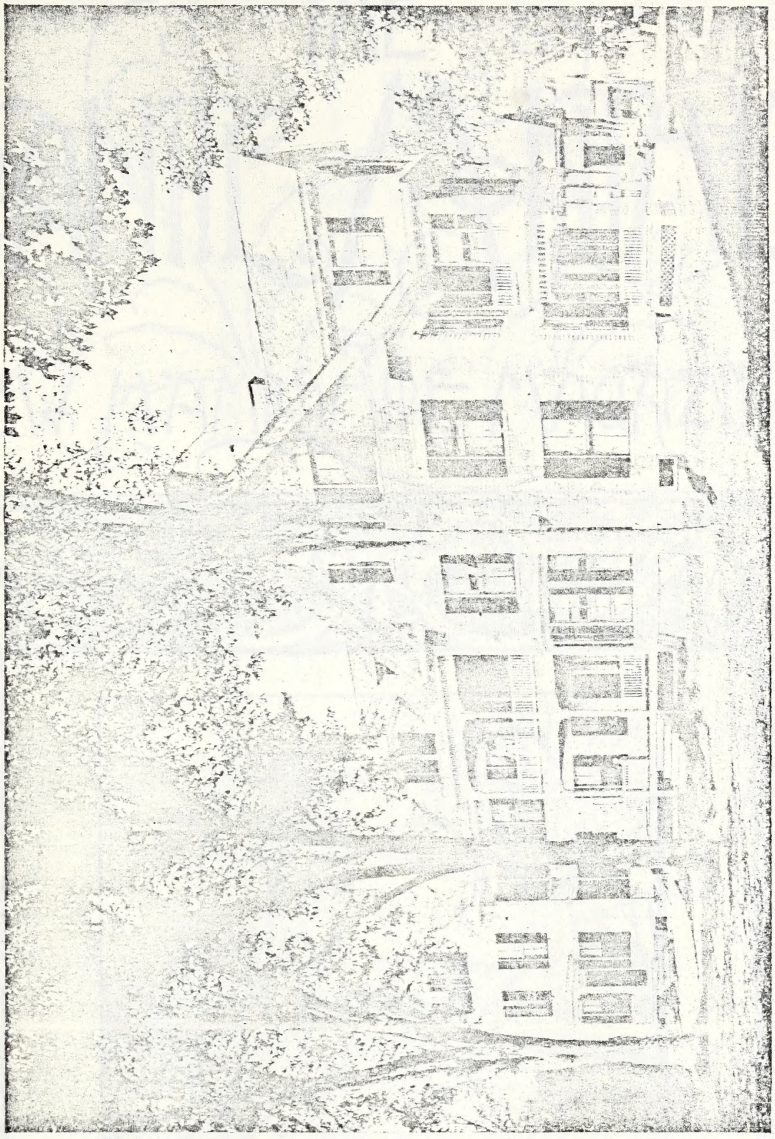
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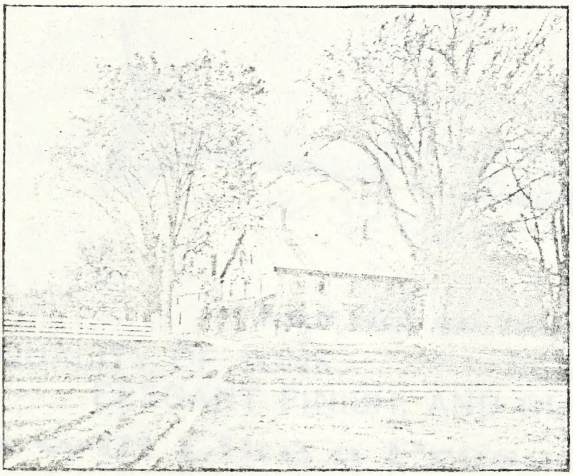
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ume XXVII SEPTEMBER Number 3

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



THE OLD HOME.

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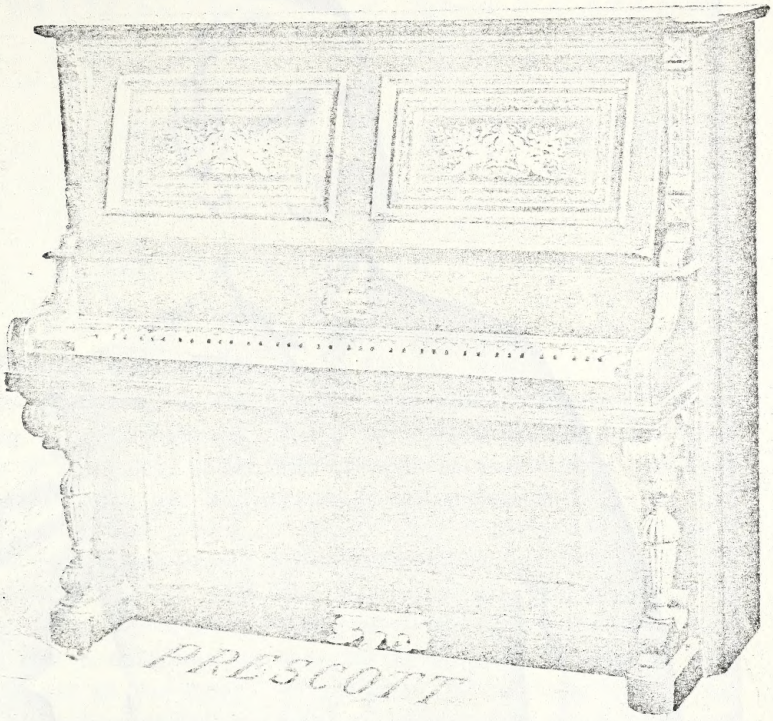


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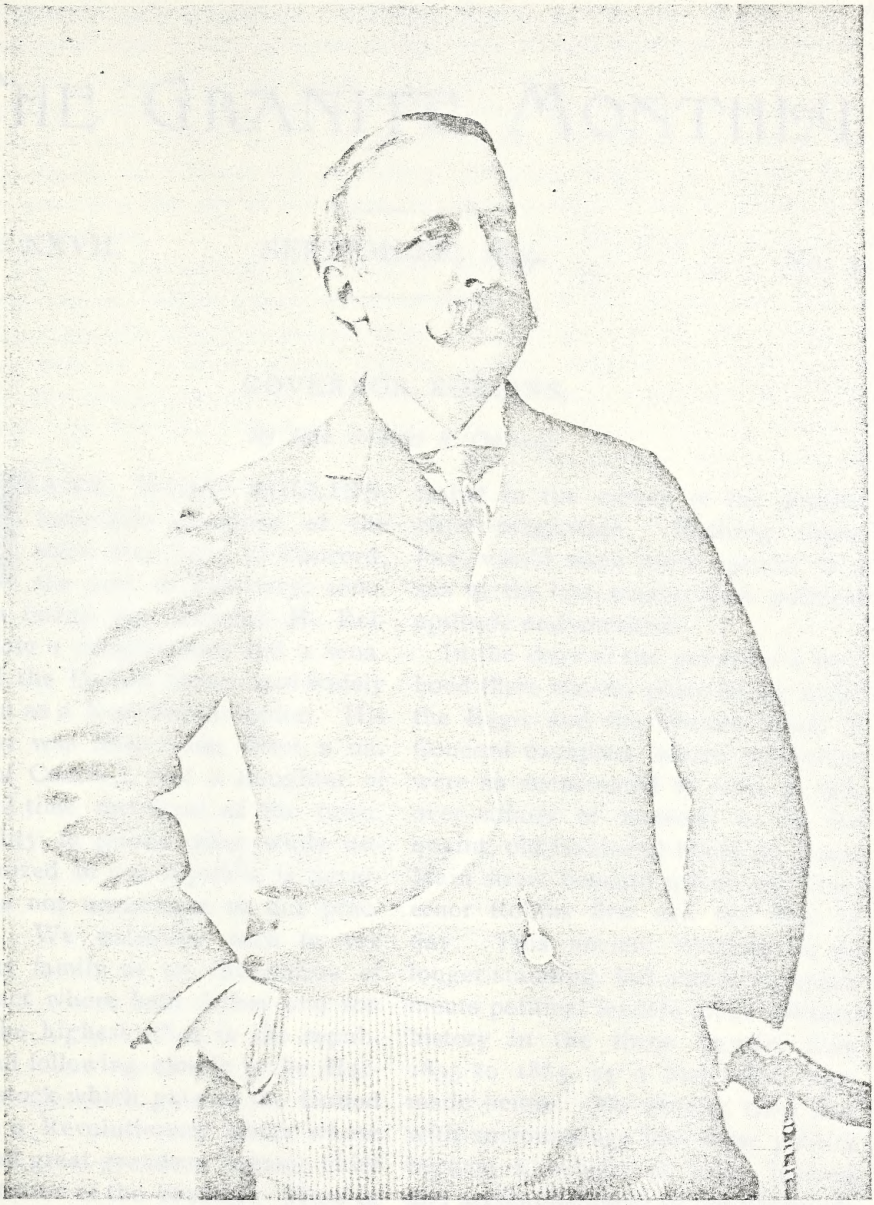
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GOVERNOR ROLLINS

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VOL. XXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 3.

GOVERNOR ROLLINS.

By Hon. Charles R. Corning.

FRANK WEST ROLLINS, forty-fifth governor of the state, was born in Concord, the 24th of February, 1860. His father was Edward H. Rollins, late a congressman and a senator of the United States, and widely known as a Republican leader. His mother was Miss Ellen West, a native of Concord, and a daughter of an old-time merchant of the town. Heredity to public office while unrecognized in our republic is nevertheless not uncommon to our practices. We naturally turn to the Adams family as an illustration of this fact where both father and son held the highest office in the republic, and following closely is the Harrison stock which gave to the United States a Revolutionary leader whose son and great-grandson became chief magistrates of the country. Here in our own state we have had the Bell family furnishing three governors and as many United States senators to add dignity and lustre to public councils. We see this fittingly illustrated in the career of the present chief magistrate. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural to a son of the late senator than political aptitude and ambition.

In the days of the governor's boyhood there was no place in the state, the Eagle and the Phenix hotels in Concord excepted, where politicians were so accustomed to meet to talk over affairs of moment as in the quaint, old-fashioned house on North Main street beneath whose roof Governor Rollins first saw the light of day. This ancient dwelling is no longer standing, but within its apartments political leaders made political history in the three decades from 1855 to 1885, as it had never been made before. No wonder then that with surroundings like these politics became a subject of early interest and accomplishment to the young observer.

Those that knew Senator Rollins recognize more than one of his characteristics in his son. Among the senator's strongest traits was his

deep and abiding love of his native state, his constant attention to its interests, and his persistent and life-long striving in its behalf. His last senatorial duties were directed to the erection of a public building in Concord, and a lasting memorial to his industry and fidelity may be seen in the stately court-house and post-office ornamenting the city of his residence and sepulchre.

In the public schools of his native town young Rollins began his education, supplementing it by private tutoring with Mr. Moses Woolson, who in his day ranked among the most thorough and masterful teachers in New England.

Under the stimulating discipline of this teacher Mr. Rollins was fitted for the Institute of Technology at Boston, and entered the class of '81. After leaving that institution he entered the Harvard Law school, finishing his studies in the office of the late John Y. Mugridge in Concord. In August, 1882, he was admitted to the bar at the general law term. Law, in the concrete as well as in the abstract, did not prove wholly to his tastes, and the young attorney was not long in finding out his disinclination for the serious pursuit of his profession. In those days of professional probation I saw a good deal of him, for we began law at the same time, and it was easy to predict that jurisprudence was not to be his life's work. Even then his mind was inclined to business affairs, while his tastes went out strongly toward literature. In a year or two the unequal struggle ceased; the freshly-lettered sign of attorney-at-law came down, his literary predilections were made secondary, and with firm resolution he devoted himself to that most sensitive and insistent of callings—banking. The well-known house of E. H. Rollins & Son had already been established with its principal office in Concord, but increasing business demanded extensions, and as vice-president of the company, Frank W. Rollins became the manager of the branch in Boston.

To-day this banking house is one of the widest known in the United States, with offices east and west employing scores of clerks and agents, enjoying the best of reputasions, and reflecting the highest credit on its managers. Those that know the secrets of banking know how much of this prosperity and standing is directly due to the constancy and skill of the banker-governor. Again, those that are knowing to the conditions of successful banking understand the demands it makes on its managers, the inexorable attention and devotion to incessant detail, the watchful eye and responsive courage, in short, the incompatibility of that calling with another wholly dissimilar.

Yet in the face of these common obstacles, Mr. Rollins, true to those early tastes in literature, has not been dumb to the promptings of the siren of fiction. His activity in writing stories and novels and in well-turned translation from the French, has been one of the notable incidents of his career. We recognize the expression of literary talent in his writings, and with it we detect the ingenuity of plot and situation and the smooth current of his style. Among his published writings are "Ring in the Cliff," "Break o' Day Tales," "The Twin Hussars," and



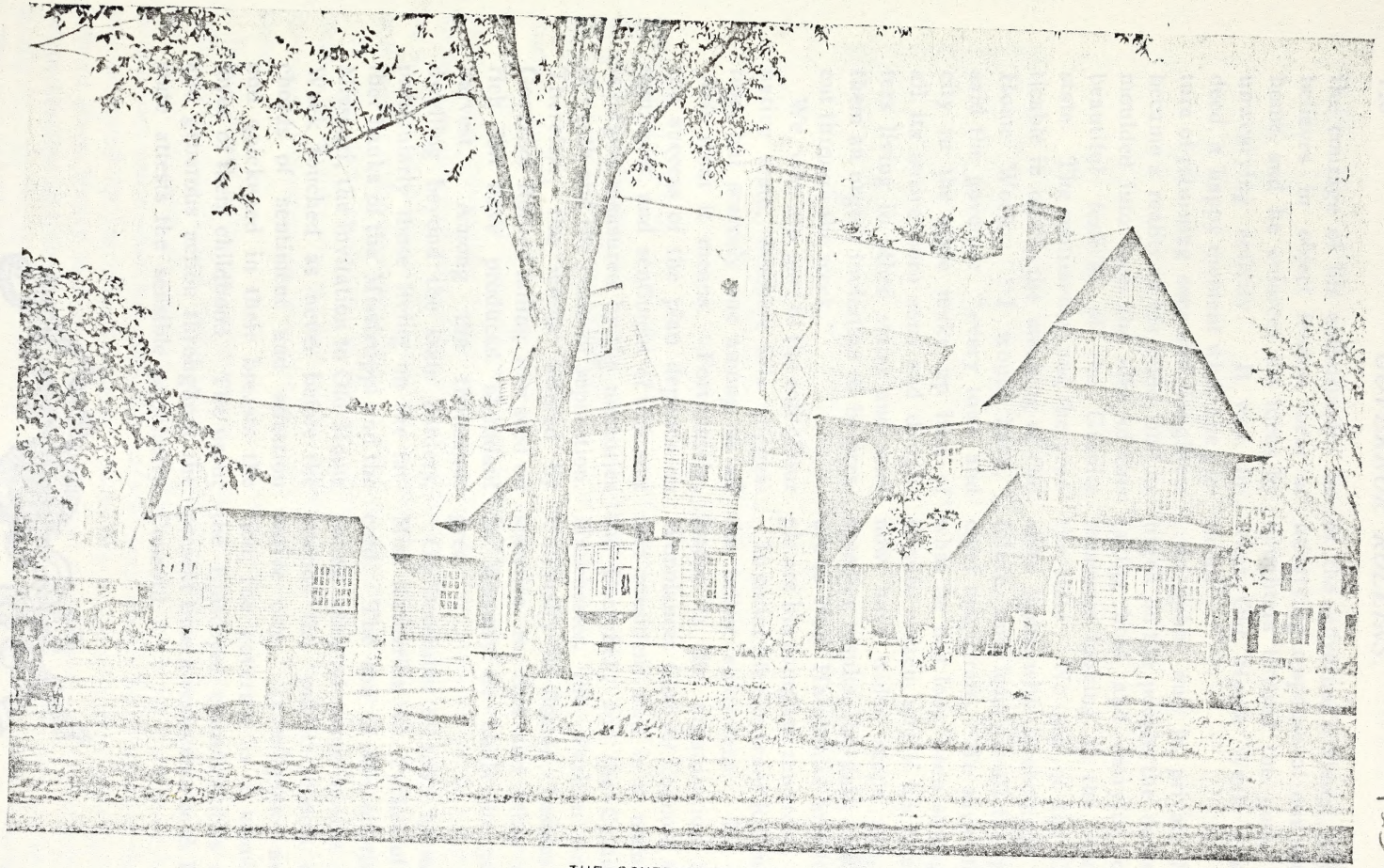
MRS. ROLLINS

"The Lady of the Violets," the last named coming out in 1897, and meeting with an appreciative reception. Besides banking and story writing the governor's catholicity of occupation is curiously shown in his fondness for military life and the practical experience it affords. In the days of his studentship, at the Institute of Technology, he took an active part in the military exercises of the school, serving for some time as first lieutenant of cadets. As early as 1880 he enlisted in Company C, of the Third regiment, N. H. N. G., and continued as a member of the organization for several years. In 1890 he was appointed on the staff of General Patterson commanding the brigade, and served successively as judge advocate and as assistant adjutant-general with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His affection and interest toward the State National Guard is no wise lessened by his present station, and that this is fully understood by the guardsmen was abundantly proved by their warm welcome as the governor and staff rode upon the camp ground at the last encampment. Governor Rollins is the first one among our recent chief magistrates who knows the strength and defects of our citizen soldiery by actual service and expert observation, and it is no secret that had circumstances been favorable, he would have urged on the last legislature some radical changes respecting our state militia and have done his utmost to carry them to a successful conclusion.

In the game of politics his career has been distinctively unusual. I believe it is unparalleled in the annals of our state. Unlike his predecessors he served no apprenticeship, he underwent no novitiate, for his first public office secured to him a position second only in title and rank to the one he now occupies. In November, 1894, Mr. Rollins was chosen a state senator from the Concord district, and on the assembling of the senate in January, he became its president. Four years later, as is well remembered, the Republican state convention nominated him for governor, and in November, 1898, he was duly elected by the people. His inauguration to office took place in January of this year.

As governor of New Hampshire his views on public affairs have been expressed without hesitation, and the more original they are, the wider they have spread, until his name is known from shore to shore.

As his Fast Day proclamation made of the state a battle-ground of varying opinions so his "Old Home Week" will make of the old state a delightful festival of fraternity and love. This conception on the part of the governor is the white mark of his administration. To call attention to the charms of the state is no new thought of Governor Rollins. He long ago recognized the probabilities of New Hampshire's future, as we all do, but he went further and called attention to certain accessories calculated to increase and to hasten the coming of pleasure seekers. Good roads are as essential as good order if we mean to make the most of Nature's dowry, so good roads has long been his favorite theme. Ahead of the time he surely is, yet he points the certain way. He possesses in full measure



THE GOVERNOR S HOME.



the courage of his enthusiasm; he believes in object lessons near at home, and he enforces his ideas by unwearying activity. It was, indeed, a happy moment when the picture of returning sons and daughters became a reality in his mind, and he moulded into form the idea of this beautiful festival of the Granite state. The sentimental and the practicable in one is the meaning of Old Home Week. "I would have," said the governor, "every town and city in the state make up lists of all its native born sons and daughters living in other states and send them an urgent invitation to be present through the week."

We, who are part of the soil of our native state, welcome this suggestion, but scarcely one among us all *feels* what it means. Fortunately, the success of the plan depends on sentiment, and sentiment of this sort is largely measured by the memories of youth and the years of separation. Therefore, the words uttered by Governor Rollins falling like seed on rich soil have produced abundant harvest. Among the thousands dwelling beyond the state borders, particularly those living on the farther banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the invitation to Old Home Week touched as never before the chords of sentiment and affection and quickened in their breasts the loves of their childhood. The profit and generous action throughout the state attests the sensible popularity of the governor's views, while the unvarying response of our sons and daughters beyond the gates proves what Old Home Week means to them.

In public and in private he has urged on the people the necessity of taking hold and carrying out all measures looking to the benefit of the state. No son of the Granite state looks with forebodings on its future, and least of all the present chief magistrate. He says officially what he has long been saying as a private citizen, and if his utterances now have wider scope and bring speedier results, the gain and pleasure to New Hampshire and its people are his complete rewards.

In social life Governor Rollins finds the fullest enjoyment. He was a leader in the organization of the Wonolancet Club of Concord and its first president, and is a member of the Derryfield and the Calumet in Manchester, the Puritan and the University in Boston, besides other societies in this and other states. In Masonry he holds the 32d degree.

On December 6, 1882, he married Miss Katherine W. Pecker of Concord. The son of this marriage, a young man of some twelve years, attends the public schools of his native city. In religious association, the governor is a member of the Episcopal church, and is at the present time a vestryman in S. Paul's, Concord.



BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR ROLLINS.

By Hon. Henry Robinson.

BENEATH the spreading branches of grand old guardian elms, opposite the New Hampshire Historical Society building, on North Main street, in the city of Concord, and an appropriate companion to that interesting depositary of curiosities, stood an ancient house, around whose history cluster many fond memories.

It was the birthplace of Hon. Frank W. Rollins, the present popular chief executive of the Granite state.

It was a part of the property of the estate of the late United States senator, Hon. Edward H. Rollins, and for fourteen years after her marriage was occupied by his only daughter, wife of Hon. Henry Robinson, present postmaster of Concord, and their family.

The sacred old home subsequently was deemed unsuitable for further occupancy, and, a few years ago, was reluctantly abandoned and left to be torn down and removed from its splendid site, where it had stood a landmark for almost a century.

No record remains of its origin; nobody can furnish any definite information of its erection. It belonged to prehistoric Concord. It was one of the very oldest and most reminiscent structures in this community, the pennant at the masthead of a submerged generation.

In 1817, it was remodeled from a public building to a private residence. To trace its history, even since then, would fill a volume, but there are many still alive who have pleasant recollections of the lovely, late Mrs. Nancy West, the mother of Mrs. Edward H. Rollins, one of the most estimable women that ever



lived. For many years she was the cultured and noble-hearted hostess of that old-fashioned mansion, and was the accomplished leader of town society and generous charities.

There her daughter, the late Mrs. Edward H. Rollins, formerly Miss Ellen West, was born, with her twin brother, the late Capt. John M. West, during many years of his life connected with the management of the Old Dominion Steamship company, of Petersburg, Va. Their sister, the late Clarissa Anne, who was afterward Mrs. William P. Hill, of Concord, was born there, as were their brothers, George Montgomery West, Francis Sparhawk West, Charles Haynes West, and Montgomery West. Isaac William Hill, son of the late Mrs. William P. Hill, who has been for many years clerk at the Concord Gas & Electric Light company, was born there, as were the five children (one deceased) of Mrs. Rollins. Her four surviving children are Edward W. Rollins, of Denver, Col., Frank W. Rollins, of Concord, the present governor, Montgomery Rollins, of Boston, Mass., and Miss Helen M. Rollins (Mrs. Henry Robinson), three of whose children, Ethel Rollins Robinson, Marjorie Sawyer Robinson, and Rupert West Robinson, were born there. A complete genealogical narration of the numerous births, marriages, and deaths in the old place would make a considerable record.

It was to this memorable residence that Senator Rollins came, a poor boy, from the town of Rollinsford, to engage in business. It was here that he was married, and here was his beloved home throughout all the events of his honorable and successful public career. From the old front steps, the stones of which still remain in place, he made his famous speech to his friends and fellow-townsmen, when serenaded and complimented upon his election to the national senate, the highest tribute of honor, respect, and confidence that the enthusiastic people of his native state could give him.

As is well known, Mr. Rollins was one of the very first and most zealous organizers of the Republican party of New Hampshire, and the early meetings of the local leaders in the important movement were many of them held in the library of the ancient house, and there, too, through later years were held some of the most significant and consequential conferences within the history of the state.

President Franklin Pierce made his home for a time there. He was then a law partner of the late Judge Asa Fowler, and they had their office in the bank building, now that of the New Hampshire Historical Society, across the way. Three hundred feet down the street stood the old courthouse in which Ezekiel Webster fell dead. This was then the business square of the place, and the Rollins house was used for an office by Samuel Sparhawk, secretary of state, and by other state officials, at some time prior to the erection of the statehouse, which was begun in 1816.

The original John West, who remodeled the house, was town-clerk for years, and held his office in it. The post-office was also held in a store in it for a time, under Gen. Joseph Low, as postmaster. He was the first mayor of Concord. Indeed, the old house was the central busi-

ness block of the picturesque village, and therein various public gatherings were held, and all the important town and county affairs conducted.

After the death of Mr. West, his estimable widow entertained a few disitnguished boarders, generally lawyers, attendant upon court or legislature. It was the headquarters of the venerable Judge Nesmith, of Franklin, Judge Greene, of Hopkinton, grandfather of Hon. Herman W. Greene, and Chief Justice Richardson, Hon. George Y. Sawyer, of Nashua, and others of eminence. The first time that Att.-Gen. Mason W. Tappan came to Concord, his father, grand old Ware Tappan, led him, a little boy, to that house, to leave him in tender care while he attended to law business. Mr. Tappan was a frequent visitor there afterward, especially after Mr. Rollins became prominent in politics, and during the anti-slavery agitation, but he never forgot or tired of telling of his first visit. Nearly all the court judges in those days stayed there at some time or another. The great fires of hospitality roared up those big chimneys, and they burned on as brightly throughout the long proprietorship of Senator Rollins, and how well they were subsequently kept alive by those near and dear to him, others may tell. Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, Judge Joel Parker, late of Cambridge, and Benjamin French, of Washington, formerly boarded there, and Bishop Alexander Griswold was entertained there. Speaker Colfax and United States Senator John P. Hale were guests there, and Gov. Nat. Baker was a frequent visitor.

There was the original constitution and signatures in the Know-Nothing movement. There many a political caucus and convention was anticipated, and many a candidacy conceived. During the congressional and senatorial experiences of Mr. Rollins, it was the resort of the prominent men of all parties. He was the chairman of the Republican State committee, and afterward a member of congress during the most important epoch of our national existence, and the old house became historic, reminiscent, and sacred, from the old Gass's tavern clock at the head of the front stairs, way through to the circular mill-stone cover to the well in the back yard. It contained the finest and most valuable political library in New England.

General Lafayette was entertained in that very house. There was the chair in which he sat. Speaker Colfax once sat in it, and so did Henry Ward Beecher, and Theodore Tilton, and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and General Sheridan, and other prominent characters whose names are familiar.

The big brass knocker on the front door, now at the residence of Postmaster Robinson on South Spring street, many times announced such prominent men as Gen. Gilman Marston, Col. John H. George, Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Col. Daniel Hall, Hon. George G. Fogg, Hon. N. G. Ordway, Gen. Walter Harriman, ex-Gov. Person C. Cheney, and many others whose names figure conspicuously in public history and affairs.

The grand old house in which the present governor first saw the light was a big feature in the narration of public events during the last half

century. Its story fully told would be a romance worthy of general reading. Scattered almost everywhere are good men and women who can date there some experience in their lives. United States Senator William E. Chandler came hither an awkward youth, and his son, William D. Chandler, boarded there. Hon. James O. Lyford, present naval officer at Boston, courted his wife and got political inspiration there. Mr. Rollins had a thousand-and-one friends and acquaintances and callers, and Mrs. Rollins, who inherited from her mother a fascinating faculty of graceful and generous hospitality, was always the centre of an admiring circle of lady friends.

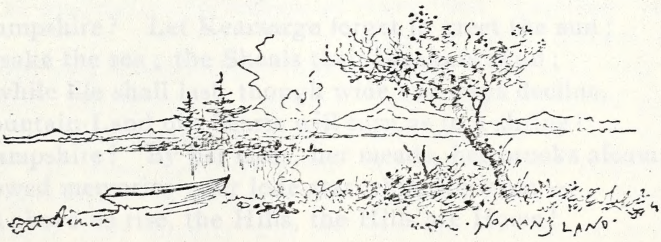
" 'T was a home of welcome no one could doubt,
Whose latch-string hung invitingly out,
And many a stranger supped at its board
While blazing logs in the chimney roared."

HOME.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Camillus, whom Rome exiled, often sighed
For the loved haunts that fate to him denied;
Demosthenes, on lone cliff by the sea,
With eyes turned homeward, wished that he was free;
And great Confucius looked back on Loo
With breaking heart, and penned his sad adieu.
Immortal Dante pictured in his dreams
When old and homeless his dear native streams.
All men, in ev'ry age, have loved their home,
Whate'er their lot, where'er they chanced to roam;
Have wept to see, though many years have flown,
The roofs and towers they fondly called their own.

Ah! while the brain with varied thoughts can deal,
The throbbing heart has warmth or power to feel,
The love of home is by all lips confest,
And burns, a sacred flame, in every breast!



THE HILLS ARE HOME.

[Written for New Hampshire's "Old Home Week," August, 1899.]

By Edna Dean Proctor.

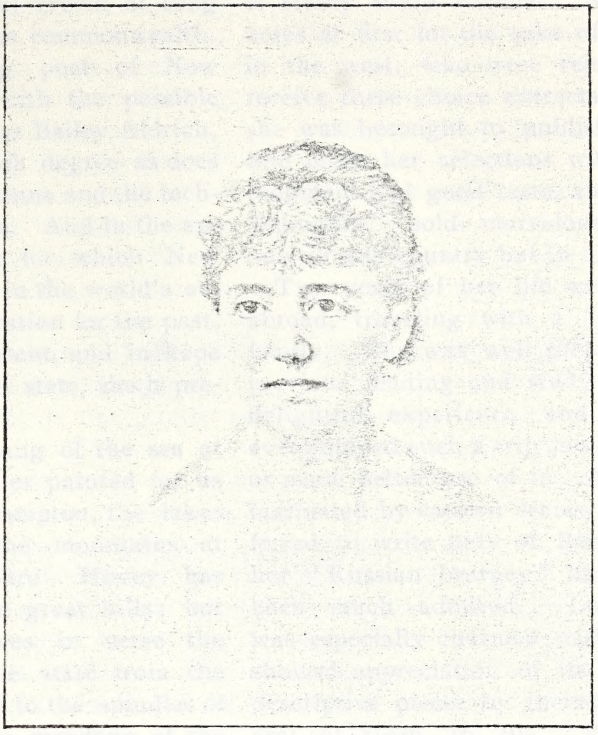
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
With love and pride where 'er we bide, the Hills, the Hills are Home!
On Mississippi or by Nile, Ohio, Volga, Rhine,
We see our cloud-born Merrimack adown its valley shine;
And Contoocook—Singing Water—Monadnock's drifts have fed,
With lilt and rhyme and fall and chime flash o'er its pebbly bed;
And by Como's wave, yet fairer still, our Winnipesaukee spread.

Alp nor Sierra, nor the chains of India or Peru,
Can dwarf for us the white-robed heights our wondering childhood knew—
The awful Notch, and the Great Stone Face, and the Lake where the echoes fly,
And the sovereign dome of Washington throned in the eastern sky;—
For from Colorado's Snowy Range to the crest of the Pyrenees
New Hampshire's mountains grandest lift their peaks in the airy seas,
And the winds of half the world are theirs across the main and the leas.

Yet far beyond her hills and streams New Hampshire dear we hold:
A thousand tender memories our glowing hearts enfold;
For in dreams we see the early home by the elms or the maples tall,
The orchard-trees where the robins built, and the well by the garden wall;
The lilacs and the apple-blooms make paradise of May,
And up from the clover-meadows floats the breath of the new-mown hay;
And the Sabbath bells, as the light breeze swells, ring clear and die away.

And Oh, the Lost Ones live again in love's immortal year!
We are children still by the hearth-fire's blaze while night steals cold and drear;
Our mother's fond caress we win, our father's smile of pride,
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep," say, reverent, at their side.
Alas! alas! their graves are green or white with a pall of snow,
But we see them yet by the evening hearth as in the long ago,
And the quiet churchyard where they rest is the holiest spot we know.

Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the sun;
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
By all her hallowed memories—our lode-star while we roam—
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are Home!



EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

By Harlan C. Pearson.

THE successful poem of occasion is one of the most difficult of literary products. England's laureates have less often added to, than detracted from, their fame by the manufacture of verse required from them by their position. From the hundreds of such poems written every year in our English language those that survive can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

But to this rule of inadequacy there are brilliant exceptions. Lowell's wonderful "Commemoration Ode" is one that will come instantly to the mind of the reader. It seems to me beyond doubt that another will be found in the poem written for New Hampshire's first "Old Home Week" by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, and published, by permission, in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Governor Rollins is to be congratulated on his wisdom in choosing Miss Proctor, from the many who might claim the honor, as the informal poet laureate of the state on this significant and inspiring occasion. To Miss Proctor herself are due the thanks of all sons and daughters of New Hampshire, all past and present residents of the Granite State, for her cheerful compliance with the wishes of the chief executive and for the beautiful poem in which she has

placed a new laurel crown of song upon the brow of the commonwealth.

No other living poet of New Hampshire birth, with the possible exception of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, possesses in any such degree as does Miss Proctor the genius and the technique for vital verse. And in the appreciation of that for which New Hampshire stands in the world's accounting; in admiration for the past, in love for the present, and in hope for the future of the state, she is preeminent.

Celia Thaxter sang of the sea at the Shoals; Whittier painted for us the marshes at Hampton, the lakes at Squam, and the mountains at Franconia; Richard Hovey has paid tribute to the great hills; but Miss Proctor voices in verse the spirit of the whole state from the forests of the north to the spindles of the south, from the meadows of the east to the shore cliffs of the west.

This loyal and talented daughter of New Hampshire was born at Henniker. The Proctor family removed to that town from Manchester, Mass., near the close of the last century, and settled upon a high hill overlooking "Contoocook's bright and brimming river." Her mother, Lucinda Gould, was a descendant of the Hiltons and Prescotts of Portsmouth and Hampton.

Edna Dean Proctor was educated at South Hadley, Mass., where she distinguished herself as a brilliant scholar. She taught drawing and music at Woodstock, Ct., for several years, and was afterwards governess in the family of Henry C. Bowen in Brooklyn. In 1856 she published a collection of the most striking and valuable thoughts from the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. She took notes at first for the sake of friends in the west, who were rejoiced to receive these choice extracts. Soon she was besought to publish them. She made her selections with great judgment and good taste, and "Life Thoughts" sold marvelously, not only in this country but in England.

Two years of her life were spent abroad, traveling with a Brooklyn family. She was well prepared by previous reading and study for this delightful experience, and no one ever enjoyed such a trip more keenly or made better use of it. Although fascinated by eastern scenes she preferred to write only of Russia, and her "Russian Journey" has always been much admired. Longfellow was especially charmed with it, and showed appreciation of its author's descriptive pieces by including several of them in his "Poems of Places."

When the Civil War came, arousing her patriotism to a white heat, her national poems, such as "The Stars and Stripes," "Compromise," "Who's Ready," and others, stirred the hearts of the boys who wore the blue to deeds of valor in the great struggle for country and freedom. Her "Mississippi" brought her letters of congratulation from Lincoln, Chase, and others.

Two of her later poems, "Columbia's Banner" and "Columbia's Emblem," are exceedingly popular. The latter is a ringing, spirited appeal for maize as our national floral emblem, and has received the endorsement of multitudes throughout the country. Her "Song of the Ancient People" is universally conceded to be the grandest poem ever

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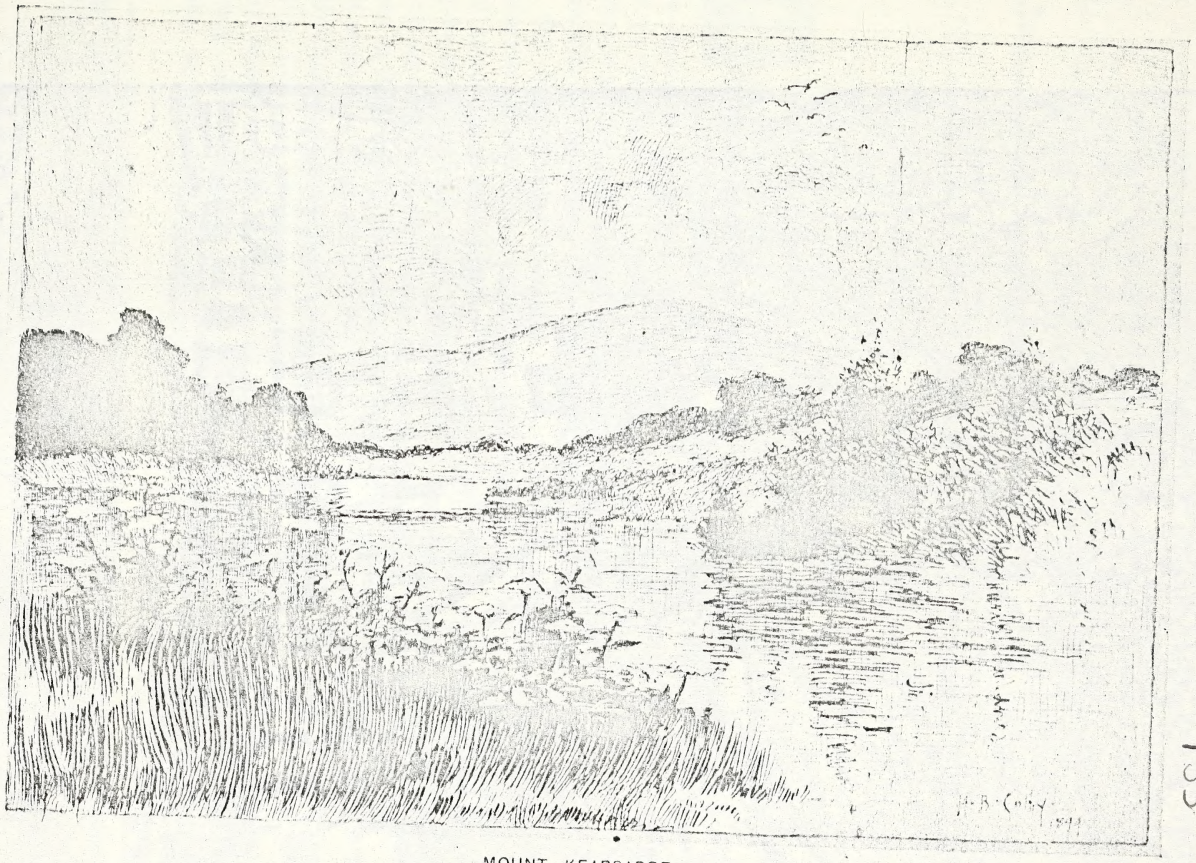
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written of the aboriginal Americans. The late Mary Hemenway was so inspired with its depth, pathos, and historical significance, that she gave $2,500 to have it illustrated.

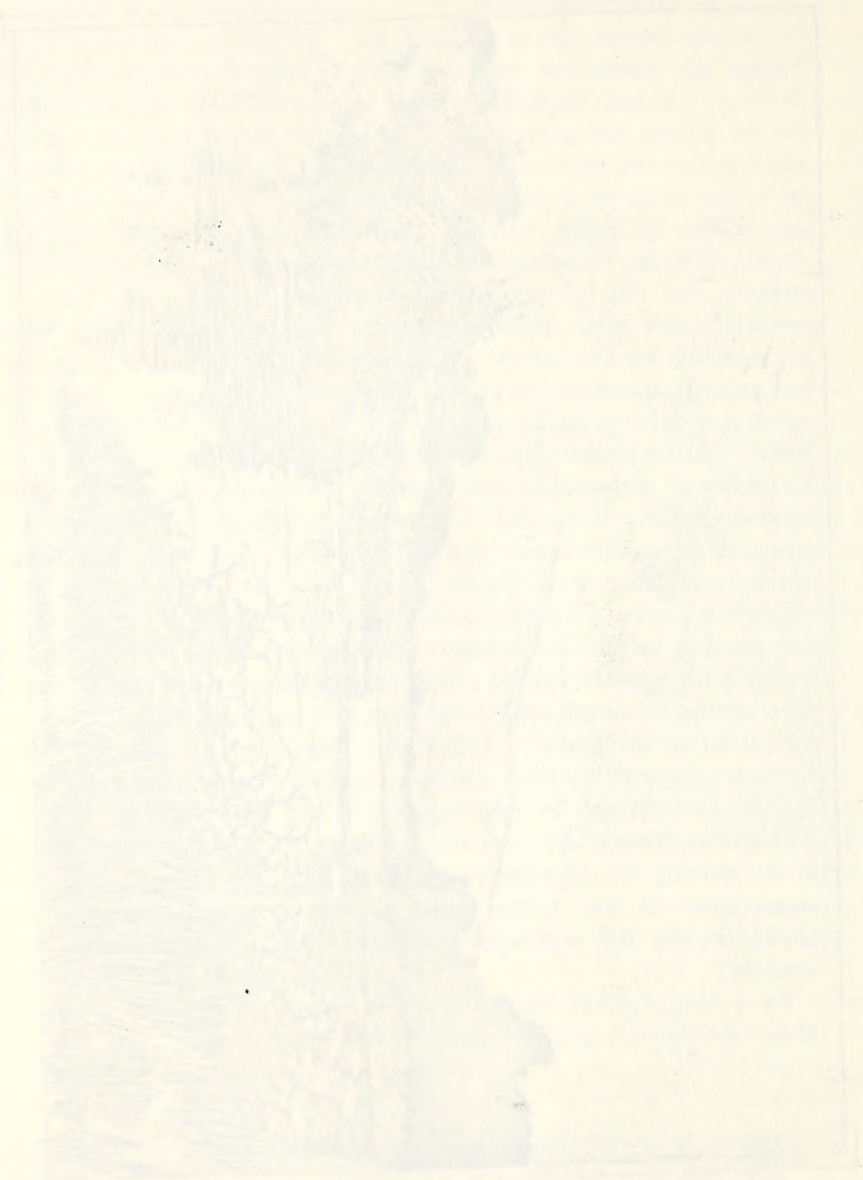
Twenty years ago the late Hon. James W. Patterson said of Miss Proctor, "It was my good fortune to be her friend and schoolmate in our academic years, and to be associated with her later as a teacher in Connecticut. I think I know Edna Dean Proctor thoroughly, and I believe her one of the purest and noblest of her sex. Hers was a foremost family of our native town, and her mother a woman of great refinement and rare qualities of mind and heart. Edna resembled her mother in personal appearance and mental characteristics. She had the same grace of form, the same classic features, and the same large, dark, thoughtful eyes. In the galaxy of school-girls in which she moved she shone with special lustre. She was one of the sweetest, most stainless, and brilliant of them all. The intellectual products of the woman are legitimate fruits of the genius of the girl. The beauty of her character is as worthy of admiration as the music-spirit of her poems, and that should satisfy the aspirations of any woman."

In a biographical sketch by Miss Kate Sanborn, written about the same time, and published in No. 1, Vol. 3, of the GRANITE MONTHLY, from which other liberal extracts have here been taken, one brilliant daughter of New Hampshire pays this tribute to another: "As a poet she [Miss Proctor] is remarkable for her earnestness and enthusiasm, and the elaborate finish of each verse. She is a careful writer, often changing a line many ways, until the perfect rhythm and most desirable word is attained. It would be impossible for her to feign anything. What she writes comes straight from her heart and must be expressed. For her intimate friends she will recite her own poems at times, and it is a great pleasure to listen to her deep, rich voice, and watch the changing expressions of her beautiful face, lit up with such rare dark eyes as are seldom seen out of Italy. She has a wonderful memory, never seeming to forget dates, or names of persons and places, or what she has read. She is self-sacrificing, sympathetic, responsive, and loyal to the core. She is a woman of whom New Hampshire may well be proud."

Miss Proctor now resides in Framingham, Mass., but spends much time in Boston and Washington in winter. She has traveled widely and never fails to visit her native town and state when opportunity offers.

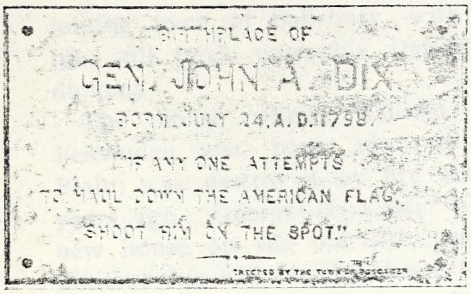


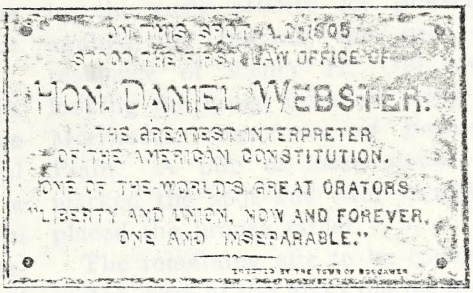
MOUNT KEARSARGE.
The Contoocook river in the foreground.





THE DIX HOMESTEAD, BOSCAWEN





THE MARKING OF BOSCAWEN'S HISTORIC SITES.

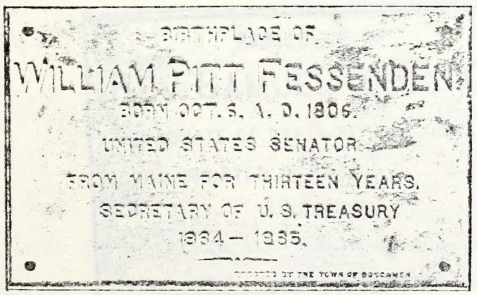
By John C. Pearson.

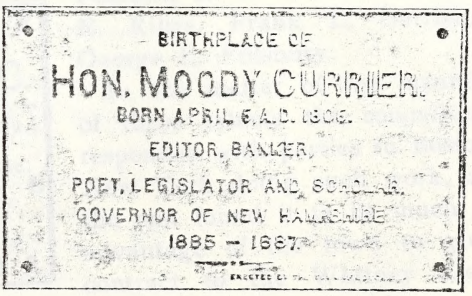
AT its annual meeting in March, 1899, the town of Boscawen appropriated a sum of money to mark historic sites within the limits of the town. The idea, so far as this town is concerned, originated with the late Judge George W. Nesmith of Franklin. He suggested to the late Charles Carleton Coffin, historian of the town, the propriety and educational usefulness of preserving in some outward form the rich associations that cluster about so many spots in Boscawen's comparatively limited area.

Neither Judge Nesmith nor Mr. Coffin had the happiness of seeing their hopes in this direction realized during their lifetimes, but if they could, in spirit, revisit Boscawen on its Old Home Day, Friday, September 1, they would find handsome bronze tablets telling the significance of eight different localities in the town.

One marks the birthplace of General John A. Dix, senator, governor, cabinet member, minister to France, who contributed to American patriotism that famous sentence, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." The house on Boscawen Plain in which he was born is now the summer residence of Rev. A. A. Berle, D. D., of Boston, Mass.

Just north of this residence is the site of the first office in which Daniel Webster, greatest of the sons of New Hampshire, practised law, coming down from his native place, the ad-





joining town of Salisbury, with the ink still fresh upon his Dartmouth diploma.

The house where William Pitt Fessenden was born, also on the Plain, was destroyed by fire several years ago. George H. Carter has a new house on the old site, and in front of this will be placed the memorial to the distinguished member of congress, senator, and secretary of the treasury.

The birthplace of Moody Currier, governor of New Hampshire, was the house on the Plain now owned and occupied by Mrs. Benjamin Dow. In the old stage-coach days it was the famous West tavern.

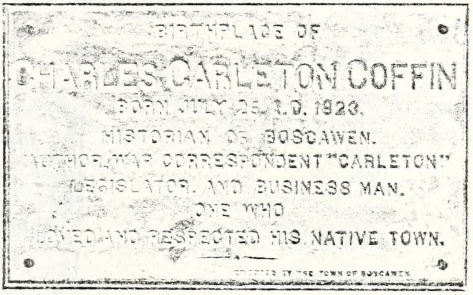
About a mile and a half north of Boscawen Plain was the home of Rev. Dr. Wood, the town's first minister and a notable figure in its early history. The place is now owned by Royal Choate.

Charles Carleton Coffin, journalist and traveler, novelist and historian, was born on Water street, on the road leading to Corser Hill, Webster. The buildings are gone, the house by fire and the barn by a tornado the present summer. The memorial will be placed in front of the site of the house. The property is now owned by Mr. Marden of Waltham, Mass.

The site of the old fort, built by the early settlers for protection against the Indians, was near the residence of Henry H. Gill, overlooking the broad intervals along the Merrimack river, east of Boscawen Plain. A pile of loose stones has marked the spot and near it will be placed the bronze tablet.

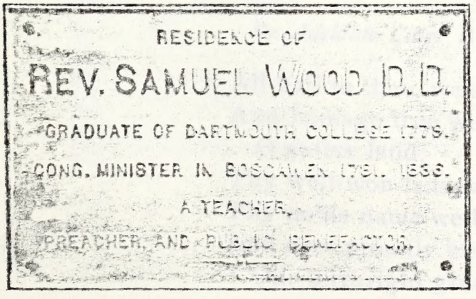
The remaining site to be commemorated, that of the first Congregational meeting-house in the *town* of Boscawen, is just west of the cemetery on the road from Boscawen Plain to Water street.

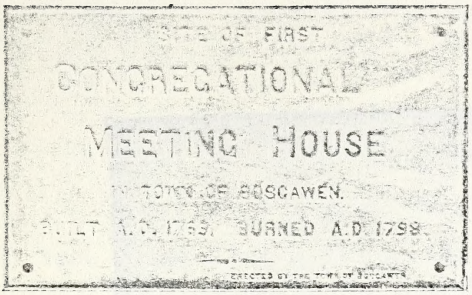
The formal placing in position and dedicating of these markers is expected, at this writing, to take place



on Boscawen's Old Home Day, Friday, September 1. At that time the work of the committee, appointed by the voters of the town to take the matter in charge will be ready for the public approval or censure. The committee is composed of John C. Pearson, E. E. Graves, M. D., John E. Rines, Frank L. Gerrish, and George L. Pillsbury.

In the matter of the manufacture of these tablets the committee corresponded with parties in Boston and New York doing such work, and in the end found it to be much to the advantage of the town to give the contract to the Whitney Electrical

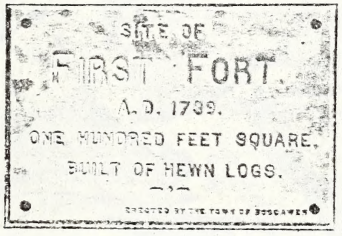




Instrument company of Penacook, by whom they were made and at whose works the photographs for this article were taken. It is a matter for pride that New Hampshire has within her borders a manufacturing plant that can turn out such work, so excellently done, at very reasonable prices. In this, as in all the company's different lines of work, their motto is, "The best."

The tablets will be set on stone, either boulders or split granite, and so placed as to be easily read from the highway.

While Boscawen claims no particular merit for its action in this regard, or novelty for the idea, it is, nevertheless, the first town in New Hampshire to preserve the memory of so many of its historic sites in such enduring form. If its example should be widely followed by the cities and towns of the state the result would inure greatly to the enhancement of patriotism, the education of youth, and the pleasurable profit of tourist and visitor.

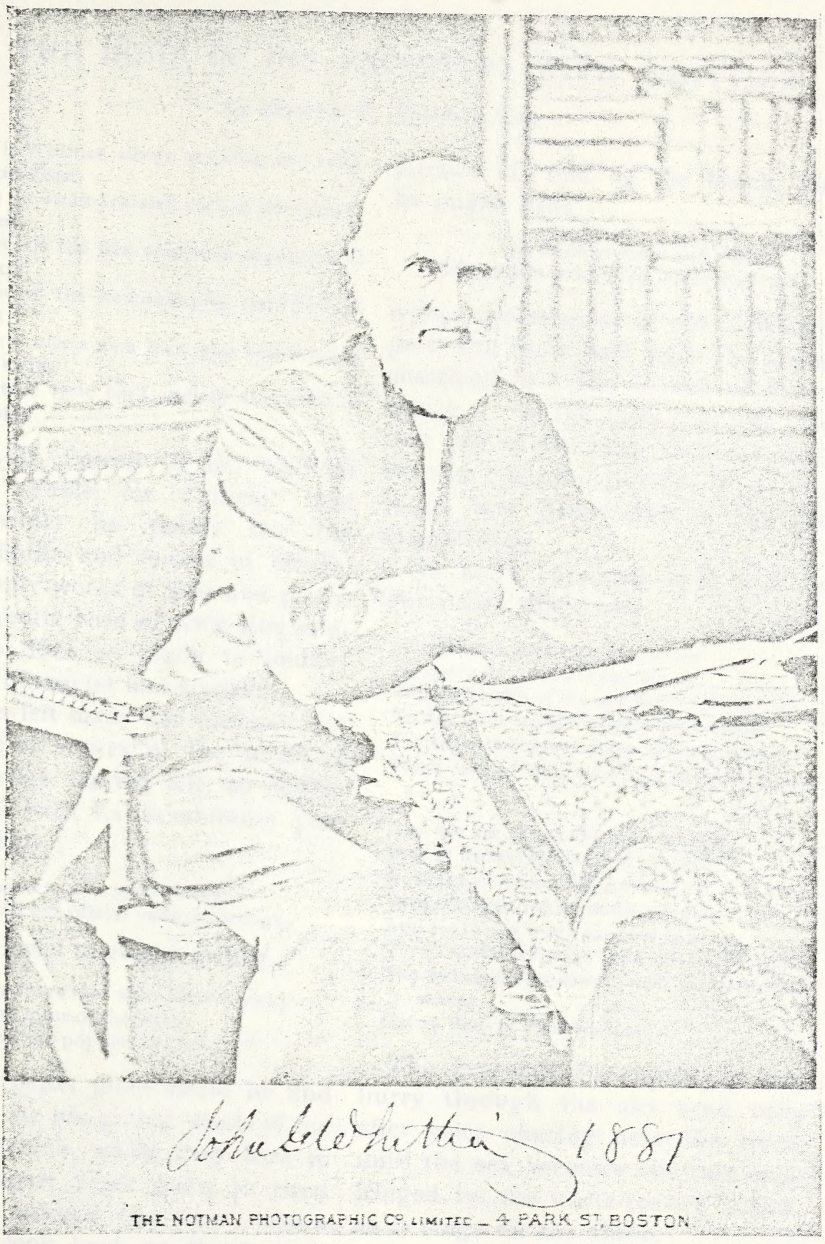


A VERSE

TO SING TO "AMERICA" IN OLD HOME WEEK.

By Adelaide Cilley Waldron.

All hail to thee, we sing,
And homage true we bring,
  O native land.
Thy well-won fame we share,
Thy noble name we bear,
And ever proudly wear
  Our birthright grand.



John Greenleaf Whittier 1887

THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC Co, LIMITED — 4 PARK ST, BOSTON

IN THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS WITH WHITTIER.

By Caroline C. Lamprey Shea.

There is Whittier whose swelling and vehement heart,
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;
There was nice a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing."

SAID Lowell in his brilliant "Fable for Critics," and while he points out the faults and foibles of others, he has only words of love and praise for the gentle bard of New England, who has done so much to immortalize its character and scenery.

He has left many pen pictures and told several stories of the home of his ancestors, having felt, no doubt, a kinship with its inhabitants past and present.

"When heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys through."

The poet loved to escape awhile

"From the cares that wear the life away
To eat the lotus of the Nile,
And drink the poppies of Cathay."

And no better place could he find than with the life-giving winds of the Atlantic, which, while they lure to repose, impart vigor anew to tired man. So beyond the river, where he might look back on the beautiful and many-shaded marshes, with numberless ponds, and across the sand hills to Great Boar's Head he pitched his tent on the beach, that he might hear

". . . the bells of morn and night
Swing miles away their silver speech,"

within the steeples of old Newburyport, and there look upon the scenes described in "The Wreck of Rivermouth." In the same tent was read that tale of the early Colonial days, with its beautiful pictures of sea and shore, and description of the old superstitions.

No more charming spot may be found than that where

"Rivermouth rocks are fair to see
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss,
For there the river comes winding down
From salt-sea-meadows and uplands brown.

* * * * * * * * *

"And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er,
And southerly when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea waves and sand hills brown,
The beach birds dance, and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel."

The ever-shifting clouds as they hurry through the sky send color after color chasing over the wave, until the sea becomes one vast opal, fringed by the white-crested billow, as it sings on the shore.

Many a story is told of Hampton river. Many a young man has gone forth in health and vigor, to be caught by the deceitful winds, and

wrecked on the treacherous ledge, and the south wind which follows the storm, bears on its wings the moan of the buoy, on Newburyport bar, a requiem for the dead.

A wreck of the olden time was the poet's theme, with its picture of beauty—its tale of storm, death, and witchcraft

". . . in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailing out on the summer sea
Veering to catch the land breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rock to right,"

bore a goodly company on its way to Boston, in the fall of 1657. The persons were Robert Reed, sergeant; William Swaine, Emanuel Hilliard, John Philbrick, his wife Ann, and daughter Sarah; Alice Cox, and John, her son. And the records speak of what happened in the following quaint language:

"The sad hand of God upon eight psons going in a vessell by sea from Hampton to boston, who were all swallowed up in the ocean soon after they were out of the Harbour."

Tradition on which Whittier founded his verse has it, that one Goody Cole, witch-wife, caused the wreck.

She, poor old woman sitting in her little cot alone by the marsh, looked across to the "landing" and saw the sailing of the vessel, and the black cloud in the sky portending the storm.

Turning to her fire, she stirred up the embers, and in the kettle of water hanging on the crane she placed a wooden piggin. As the fire blazed bright, and the water boiled, she said, "the water is the angry sea, the piggin is the boat, if it sinks they are lost;" and with one eye on the fire, and the other on the squall as it struck the white sail, she saw her own madly-tossing vessel sink out of sight in the seething cauldron, and muttered, "the rogues are gone."

"The skipper hauled at the heavy sail;
'God be our help,' he only cried,
As the roaring gale like the stroke of a flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.

* * * * * * * * *

"Goody Cole looked out from her door;
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
'They are lost,' she muttered, 'boat and crew;
Lord forgive me! my words were true!'"

Goody Cole was hated and feared. It was said that she was in league with the devil, and the young people, peering through the latch-string hole, after dark, declared that she held converse with him, in the shape of a little black imp who wore a red cap.

It was testified in court several years before the Rivermouth wreck that she "bewitched good-wife Marston's child," and that a person "was changed from a man to an ape, as Goody Marston's child was." She was charged with saying of calves that ate her grass, that "she wished it might poysen them or choke them," and of the calves, "not one was ever seen afterwards."

Abraham Drake deposed in court to the loss of "two cattell," and the "latter end of somer I lost one cowe more." For all of which and other deeds she was sentenced to be whipped and imprisoned during her natural life.

Her trial began in 1656, and following the third trial, she was imprisoned in Boston until 1671. After her release the inhabitants of the town were ordered to support her,

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Tradition on which Whittier founded his verse has it, that one Goody Cole, witch-wife, caused the wreck.

She, poor old woman sitting in her little cot alone by the marsh, looked across to the "landing" and saw the sailing of the vessel, and the black cloud in the sky portending the storm.

Turning to her fire, she stirred up the embers, and in the kettle of water hanging on the crane she placed a wooden piggin. As the fire blazed bright, and the water boiled, she said, "the water is the angry sea, the piggin is the boat; if it sinks they are lost;" and with one eye on

each taking a week in turn to provide her with food and fuel.

She was again arraigned for appearing as a dog, an eagle, and a cat, and the Salisbury court ordered her to Boston to await trial. After a few months the following decision ended her case:

"In ye case of Unie Cole now prisoner att ye Bar not Legally guilty Acording to Inditement butt just ground of vehement susprisyon of her havering had familly arryty with the devill Jonas Clarke in the name of the rest."

She passed the remainder of her days in Hampton, it is hoped, in peace. When she was buried crossed stakes were driven down over her coffin, and rocks were heaped upon it, that she might be held fast at last.

"O Rivermouth Rock, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and sea-weed where they lay;
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
'Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake,
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!'

"Solemn it was in that old day.
In Hampton town and its log-built church.

* * * * * * * * *

"And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn."

And the old witch standing by

". . . let the staff from her clasped hands fall.
'Lord forgive us! we 're sinners all;'
And the voice of the old man answered her;
'Amen!' said Father Bachiler."

Father Bachiler was one of Whittier's earliest American ancestors. The settlers of Hampton were Puritans of the same spirit with the *Mayflower* pilgrims, and they brought with them their pastor, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who was a man of gentle blood. He went first to Holland, and was preceded in this country by his daughter Theodate, and her husband Christopher Hussey, from whom the poet was descended.

He began his ministry in Lynn. Being a "liberal Puritan," he displeased many of his people; petty quarrels arising, he went to Ipswich, from whence he traveled on foot at the age of seventy-six years, a distance of nearly one hundred miles to Cape Cod, but being unsuccessful here on account of the poverty of the people he returned, and finally settled in Winnecunnet, "which shall be called Hampton," in 1638, with his followers.

The "log-built" church was erected on the green, where successive churches stood for two hundred years, and the people assembled to worship at the call of a bell, which was the gift of their pastor.

"Father" Dalton was summoned to assist the ancient minister, but so different were their temperaments, that they could not agree, and many of the people siding with the newcomer, charge after charge was preferred against Mr. Bachiler.

At length the people of Exeter proposed to gather a church, and invited Mr. Bachiler, then over eighty years old, to take charge of it, but the general court interfered, and the "inhabitants of Excetter" gave up their church.

Mr. Bachiler's buildings being destroyed by fire about this time, he went to Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), where he sued the town of Hampton for "wages," obtaining a verdict in his favor.

In 1655 he returned to England with his grandson, Stephen Sam-

each taking a week in turn to provide her with food and fuel.

She was again arraigned for appearing as a dog, an eagle, and a cat, and the Salisbury court ordered her to Boston to await trial. After a few months the following decision ended her case:

"In y' case of Dame Cole now prisoner att y' Bar not Legally guilty. According to Indictment, but upon ground of vehement suspicyon of her haveing had familyarryty with the devill."

Jonas Clarke

in the name of the rest.

She passed the remainder of her days in Hampton, it is hoped, in peace. When she was buried crosse staves were driven down over her coffin, and locks were looped upon it, that she might be held fast at last.

" O Rivermouth Rock, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of setting day!
Dead faces looking up out of the water,
From sand and sedge-weed where they lay!
The mad old witch with her tangled hair,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
'Crawl back, crawl back, false waves and cruel!
Leave your dead for the beasts that sweep!'

" Solemn it was in that old day
In Hampton town and its log-built church,
When Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn,—

And the old witch standing by

". . . let the mud from her clogged hands out,
'Land forgive us! we're sinners all!'
And the voice of the old man answered her:
'Amen!' said Father Bachiler."

Father Bachiler was one of Whittier's earliest American ancestors. The settlers of Hampton were Puritans of the same spirit with the Rivermouth pilgrims, and they brought with them their pastor, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who was a man of gentle

borne, and he died at Hackney, two miles from London, in his one hundredth year.

It will be seen by the above date of his return to his mother country, that he could not have been present at the funeral of the victims of the Rivermouth wreck.

It is said that "Father" Bachiler had prominent dark eyes which were transmitted to many of his posterity, Daniel Webster's being mentioned among others.

A careful historian summing up the Rev. Stephen Bachiler's character concludes thus, "He was a good and useful man," being of an independent and liberal mind, "he refused to bow to unreasonable mandates," making himself "enemies in high places."

"Father Dalton continued his ministry until his death, at the age of eighty-five years, 'a faithful and painful laborer in God's vineyard.'"

Of the names of those recorded as lost or being wounded in the wreck, only those of Philbrick and Batchelder remain in the town of to-day, though they are common enough elsewhere.

The Hon. Tristram Dalton, United States senator from Massachusetts, was of the third generation, from a brother of "Father" Dalton.

Christopher Hussey's son, Stephen, grandson and namesake of "Father" Bachiler, settled in Nantucket, as did Richard Swayne, father of William, being one of the proprietors of the island. He left Hampton soon after his son's death.

A son of John Philbrick settled in Groton, Mass.

So as I sat on Appledore,
In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking with steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

* * * * * * * * *

"The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star,"

which preludes the stars of heaven as it trembles on the eastern horizon, the first star to come after the setting sun, and "signal twilight's hour."

In the same tent on the beach the poet heard of the "ghosts on Haley's Isle," who begged a "passage to old Spain."

"For," said an ancient dame of the town, who had once been a "Shoaler," as she related the legends of the isles, "the spirits of the dead guard the graves and the treasures buried there. My own father found coin in the rocks. He used to go out and dig for the heft of it, and when his spade struck the chest, there would come a low mumble and roar in the earth, and down out o' sight would go the chest. Though he dug many times he never outwitted the ghosts."

Once more in the "The Changling," we see the superstition of those old days, and again is Goody Cole charged with evil work, though the prayer of Goodman Dalton restores to her right mind his young wife, and she begs that the old woman bear not the burden of her charge:

"Then he said to the great All-Father,
'Thy daughter is weak and blind,
Let her sight come back and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.'

* * * * * * * * *

"'Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul;
Woe 's me if my wicked famine
Be the death of Goody Cole!'"

borne, and he died at Hackney, two miles from London, in his one hundredth year.

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Sometimes the poet came to the home of his ancestors another way than from Salisbury to the sands, for he said,

"On, on, we tread with loose-flung rein our seaward way,
Through dark green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray."

On his road thither he passed the little Quaker meeting-house, one of the oldest, built in 1701, in what is now Seabrook. Prior to this it was recorded of the Quakers that thirteen persons, all of Hampton, "were convicted before this court for ye breach of ye law called Quakers meeting," in 1674.

The sum of sixty-six pounds and four shillings was raised for the meeting-house, and here the Quakers from Hampton, Salisbury, and Amesbury held their meetings, until the Friends meeting-house was built four years later in Amesbury, the quarterly meeting still continuing in Hampton.

Less than forty years before this was executed the cruel order of Capt. Richard Waldron in the town.

"At last a meeting-house came in view,
A blast on his horn the constable blew;
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,
'The Quakers have come!' to the wondering town."

Three helpless women, "Vagabond Quakers," Ann Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, tied fast to the tail of a cart, received there ten lashes each on the bare back.

Let us hope the fear of authority compelled the deed in Hampton, and that pity made the blows light, but

"The tale is one of an evil time
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging, and bonds and death."

The Society of Friends, afterwards established in Hampton, grew and spread out, and we find them, in 1728, contributing five pounds, ten shillings towards repairing a Boston meeting-house.

At a monthly meeting in Hampton in regard to a communication received from a quarterly meeting, the following decision was reached as to the wearing of wigs, "y^t^ ye Wearing of Extravegent Superflues Wigges Is all to Gather Contreary to truth."

As the poet drove on he passed the "Moulton House," not far from where dwelt Witch Cole. Stately and grand, though shorn of its former ornamentation both within and without, it has stood for more than a hundred years, and by its doors Washington halted on his journey to Portsmouth to pay his repects to General Moulton.

In the dim vista between now and its past is many a picture of stately dame and haughty squire, while there walks unseen the troubled spirit which seeks again its earthly abode when night has hushed the world to slumber.

From the numerous legends, the memory of which haunts the old mansion, Whittier has selected the tale of two wives. For many a time, no doubt, he heard the oft-repeated story of the first wife with stately mein and ghostly step, who rustled in stiff brocade over the broad stairway, where but a short time before she held full sway in the flesh.

" Dark the hall and cold the feast,
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest;

* * * * * * * * *

" All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the graveyard trees;
And the great sea waves below,
Pulse of midnight beating slow.

" From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened at his side.

* * * * * * * * *

" Ha! that start of honor! why
That wild stare and wilder cry!

* * * * * * * * *

" Spare me, spare me, let me go!

" But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan,—
'Fear not, give the dead her own!'

" Ah! the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life hath borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.

* * * * * * * * *

" Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From the solemn homes of thought,
Where the cyprus shadows blend
Darkly over foe or friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look."

The poet has taken more license with this story than in any other of his Hampton pictures.

The first wife was the mother of eleven children, and the second, no longer a girl when she married the stern old man, but a woman of thirty-five.

The story of the rings taken from the bride's fingers by the ghostly hands of the first wife, is well known in the old town. And years ago, when some gossip bolder than the rest ventured to ask the second Mrs. Moulton if the rumor which had come to her ears was true, she could win from her lips no denial.

Those less prone to believe in the power of spirit or ghost, declared it was the "general" himself, whose conscience rebuked him for having bestowed on his new spouse the gems which his own fair daughter should have worn after her mother.

However, it is a pretty tale, and lends a charm to the old mansion to this day known as the "haunted house," though it is only one of many a strange story told of the place.

" Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts
away."

He loved to sit by the mighty deep, and dream of the past—of the future—and no doubt he gave many a backward glance to his forefathers, who came to the little town so many years before—charging the very sin with the mighty purpose which brought them thither, and leaving posterity, who should go forth into all parts of this broad land, carrying the grand principles which have made it the best spot on earth for man to dwell.

Not many years before his death Whittier spent a few days in a hotel at the foot of the bluff close by the sea, and with his usual modesty and retirement kept his room except when he chose to wander on the "floor of burnished steel" beyond.

It was probably his last visit to Hampton beach.

" So then beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone or glittering shell,
But long and oft shall memory tell
Of this brief, thoughtful hour of musing by
the sea."

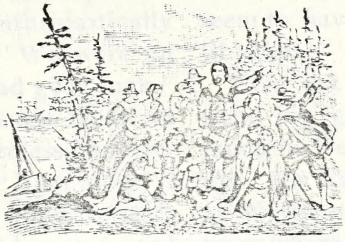
With loving hand he held the pen, when he told the legends of old Hampton, and pictured the beauty

of sea and shore, and with loving heart he turned to the home of his ancestors to die.

Within a stone's throw of the mansion, where Meshech Weare lived, and Washington once lodged, at Hampton Falls Hill, is the Gove mansion, where the poet spent his last days, and may it stand for future generations to say, "here died our own New England bard."

". . . when times's veil shall fall asunder
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink with weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow."

NOTE.—All historic quotations are taken from Dow's "History of Hampton." All quotations from Whittier are from the following poems: "The Tent on the Beach," "The Wreck of Rivermouth," "The Changeling," "How the Women Went From Dover," "Hampton Beach," "The New Wife and the Old."



HOME AGAIN WITH CUPID.

By Laura Harlan.

FERGUSON came into the office two hours late with an unpleasant taste in his mouth and the hint of a headache lurking about his eyes. It was all very fine winning a great case, with the handsome fee that accompanied it, but the after celebration had proved more of a bore than otherwise, and Ferguson had been unable to extract as much enjoyment as his guests seemed to from the wine and the supper for which he had paid in honor of his good fortune.

This morning, unrefreshed by his sleep, jaded and nervous, he began to wonder what there was in the world worth living for, and just what was his excuse for existence anyway. Involuntarily he looked in the glass to see if he were growing old, and felt of his arm to find if his muscles had become soft.

The senior partner looked up with an unwonted smile as Ferguson entered the private office. It was the first time in the history of the firm of Furnel & Ferguson that the junior partner had not preceded the senior in appearing at the office in the morning. But this senior, like all others, had been a junior once himself and remembered yet the winning of his first great case.

So Furnel would not have been surprised had Ferguson not appeared at all this day, and when Ferguson did come in Furnel noticed with hidden amusement the air of "morning after" repentance worn by his junior.

"Congratulations, my boy," said the older man cordially. "I had no chance last night to tell you how well you managed the case, but you did excellently. It was a brilliant piece of work. I—we were all proud of you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Ferguson, standing a bit straighter in spite of himself. He was still young enough so that a word of praise went a long ways with him, and he had never heard his cool, self-repressed senior speak quite so enthusiastically of anything before. "We were on the right side and we had good luck."

"Law is not as potent a factor in law as in some other professions," remarked Furnel dryly. "I am afraid it would never have won your case if it had not been supported by some good authorities."

"That is true, sir," assented Furnel, with a smile.

There was silence for a minute while the older man regarded the younger keenly. Then he said abruptly, "You must take a good long rest, now, Ferguson. You have well earned it and you need it. You are not at all in good shape this morning."

"Well, you see, sir," explained Ferguson, rather shamefacedly, "some of the boys insisted last night on celebrating our victory, and as I don't usually travel at so fast a pace I suppose I show the effects of it to-day. I'll be all right to-morrow."

"Pshaw! That isn't it," said the senior partner impatiently. "You will never celebrate enough to hurt you any. You have been working too hard and too steady for too long a time. You are getting stale. Why, you haven't had a good vacation since you came into the firm. Now I want you to go somewhere——it makes no especial difference where—and drop all thoughts of law books and law business for at least a month, three months if you will. I insist on you're doing this as a personal favor for me."

"You are very kind, Mr. Furnel," replied Ferguson, promptly, "but I really don't think I need a vacation, and if I did I can't imagine where I would go to enjoy one. I don't seem to have any interests outside of Chicago."

"Go out to the Rockies and kill some big game. Go down to my ranch in Texas and mix in a round-up. Go East and see the real swells at Newport. Go back to the old town where you were born and look up the girls you used to beau home from prayer-meeting. Probably some of them have named their babies after you."

The old gentleman turned to his desk, signifying that the discussion was over, and Ferguson, with a laugh that was half a sigh, picked up a pile of letters awaiting his attention. The top one bore a peculiar red and blue stamp that caught his eye at once. He had never seen one like it before, and he prided himself on being something of a philatelist at that. "What exposition has got to the stamp issuing stage, now, I wonder?" said he to himself, and let the other letters lie unopened while he devoted himself to deciphering the inscription on this one.

"Old Home Week! What the deuce is Old Home Week?" was his final mental query. Opening the envelope and unfolding its contents he read as follows:

The Winniepauket Old Home Week Association cordially invites you to participate in its observance of

OLD HOME DAY

by a basket picnic at Great Pond (if stormy in Grange Hall) Tuesday, August 29, 1899, at 10 o'clock. Public exercises at 1:30, including music and speaking.

Very respectfully,

E. B. WESTON, *President.*

C. L. FLINT, *Secretary.*

"E. B. Weston, president," he mused. "That must be old Deacon Weston, And C. L. Flint, secretary? Why, that is Carroll Flint, who cut me out with Marion Gray. I wonder if she married him finally. I never got cards."

Ferguson shook himself out of his fast-approaching day-dream and asked his senior, "Have you heard anything about this New Hampshire Old Home Week, Mr. Furnel?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "The papers have referred to it frequently. Is that an invitation you have there?"

Ferguson handed over the document and the other read it carefully. "That does sound good," he said, as he handed it back. "A basket picnic on the shores of the pond! I can shut my eyes and see the good things they 'll have to eat. Bless me, I wish I had been born in New Hampshire instead of Pennsylvania. But of course you will go, Ferguson. It's quite providential. Just as you needed some definite place to visit up comes this invitation. Why, man, they 'll ask you to speak in the 'public exercises at 1:30.'"

"The Jackson will case is hardly of such national celebrity as that," said Ferguson, "but I believe I will make a flying trip back for that day, just to see what the old town looks like and to find out how Deacon Weston has managed to keep alive so long."

So the next day but one found Henry H. Ferguson, Esq., ensconced in the smoking compartment of a Wagner car, with his back to the setting sun, and a determination on his mind not to think of the office again until he once more set foot in Chicago.

Through the Indiana prairies as the daylight waned; watching the lights of Ohio cities pierce the black evening; wakened at night in Buffalo, where the engines changed; gazing at the rich lands of central New York from the window of his berth; down the Hudson in the glory of a perfect day, and then—New York.

Two days later Ferguson escaped from the colony of old college chums he had discovered in the Metropolis, and with the comfortable sense of putting temptation behind him was whirled away towards Boston. His friends in New York had laughed at the Old Home Week idea, and his determination to take part in it, and he himself was inclined to believe that a week in New York with such competent guides would be more entertaining than a trip to Winniepauket. Nevertheless, having once made up his mind to go back for Old Home Day he was determined not to be kept away by all the allurements of Gotham.

So he was settling himself contentedly to read "David Harum," when, glancing over the top of the book, the rich brown hair of a girl half way down the car caught and held his eye. The poise of the head, the heavy coils of the hair, the stray curls above the dainty collar, all pleased his æsthetic sense, and fully

as often as once in each chapter he caught himself looking up to see if his presumably fair fellow-passenger was still in her seat.

Jolting across Boston from the south terminal to the north, and just catching the White Mountain express, he had almost a shock of pleased surprise when he looked down the parlor car and saw the same brown hair and regal head. If Ferguson had been like most men he would promptly have sauntered through the car and secured a front as well as rear view of this fellow-passenger who had engaged his attention. He, however, preferred not to run the risk of dispelling the illusions of beauty and grace which he had half unconsciously formed.

Presently, too, as the brakeman began to call out well-remembered New Hampshire names, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, his thoughts centered upon the town that had been his old New Hampshire home, and in the throng of memories, bitter and sweet, the minutes sped swiftly.

Winniepauket next, sir," said the porter, and Ferguson came to himself with a start. As he descended from the stuffy car and stood on the little station platform, unchanged in a dozen years, the cool night air fanned his face with what seemed to him his first welcome home.

The one hack, of which the village boasted, was filled, inside and box seats alike, before he reached it. So, nothing loath, he set out on the well-remembered half-mile walk to the Webster Inn, now so called because there in his salad days the Jove-like Daniel had passed many hours of relaxation from the duties of his budding law practice.

As Ferguson strode along, beneath the great elms that arched the roadway, over the bridge and up the hill, the soft moonlight illumined with appropriate indistinctness long forgotten scenes of his boyhood and early manhood.

There was the brick schoolhouse whither he had been led in fear and trembling at the tender age of five, not to leave it until the classic portals of Dartmouth opened before him. There was the white church with the tall spire, where, on every Sunday he had attended morning service, Sunday-school, and prayer-meeting. There was the little store, with the stone hitching posts in front, over whose counter he had passed many a penny in exchange for peanuts and candy. There was Squire Gray's mansion looming up among its sentinel maples, square and bluff and stern, like the old squire himself.

The Squire never liked Ferguson, and Ferguson, in turn, hated as well as feared the Squire, even before the latter opened his front door one evening quite unexpectedly and found his daughter and Ferguson sitting very close together on the steps. To-night, after a dozen years, Ferguson could feel almost as intensely as at the very moment the impotent rage and resentful shame which filled him when the old Squire said: "Clear out, you boy, and don't come 'round here botherin' me and mine no more."

Carroll Flint was the squire's favorite, Ferguson remembered, and probably he had finally succeeded in winning Marion for himself.

Just as Ferguson reached this point in his mental autobiography and just as he stood across the street from the old Squire's house, the hack stopped

at its entrance, and once again the big front door swung open. This time it was not Squire Gray who was framed in the square of light but Carroll Flint, portly and bearded, but still Carroll Flint.

Ferguson quickened his pace at the sight, and when, ten minutes later, he blew out the kerosene lamp in his room at the inn a vague sense of disappointment overlaid his first impressions of Old Home Week.

Rising bright and early next morning, he faced, with a dismay that turned to delight, the heavily-laden breakfast table. Blackberries and cream, "raised biscuit," fried chicken, and baked potatoes disappeared in a way that would have made urbane Francois, best of waiters at a certain Chicago club, stare in astonishment. Breakfast over he paid tribute to village tradition by leaving his cigarette case in his rooms and buying instead a half dozen of the landlord's cigars. Then he struck out, away from the village main street and up a hilly side road that skirted the base of "The Mountain."

Over a stone wall and through a pasture where Mayflowers used to grow; in among sweet fern bushes and blackberry vines; by the boulders on which chestnut burrs used to be hammered open with rocks; up a short, steep ascent—and Ferguson looked once more upon a scene that had held him rapt more than one hour of even his busy, boyhood days. A drop of a thousand feet and below him pastures and fields stretched away, dotted here and there with grazing cows and horses. The highway, in stagecoach days a turnpike, wound a white ribbon between field and field. In the distance the sandbanks that marked the slow curving course of the river stood out on the blue horizon like blotches of yellow paint thrown on by a careless artist. A mile to the south the blue smoke from the factory chimneys curled lazily up and the white spire of the church pierced a mass of green treetops. Through the clear air came the sound of whistle and bell as the mountain express paused a moment at the station, then dashed away to the north.

Ferguson stood like a statue for minutes, drinking in the peaceful beauty of the wide prospect. For the moment he was a boy again, wondering what lay beyond the sandbanks and the hilltops. Determined to retain the mood of the moment as long as possible he descended a little way to a well-remembered nook, where, years ago, Marion Gray had heard him say good-by, the day after his abrupt dismissal by her father.

As he turned a corner of the ledge he saw that someone had been before him. A marvelous, flower-covered hat had been thrown carelessly on the ground and its owner leaned against a boulder, her back to Ferguson. Once more he saw the brown hair and the regal neck he had admired on his journey. He stepped on a dry twig and the noise made the woman turn so that he could see her face. It was Marion Gray.

She started as she saw who it was, then extended her hand with a smile. "Welcome back to the mountain, Mr. Ferguson," she said.

"Thank you, Mrs. Flint," replied Ferguson, who was far from being as composed as his companion.

She lifted her eyebrows in surprise

as he spoke, and opened her mouth to answer. Evidently changing her mind she bit her lips and was silent.

"Is Winniepauket's Old Home Week a success?" he asked presently.

"Indeed, it is," she said. "The Griffiths have come clear on from San Francisco, and the Dodges from Minneapolis. Minnie Quimby has brought her husband up from New Orleans, and Frank Miller, with all his millions, is on from New York. But the star of the occasion is that red-headed, freckle-faced little Martin boy that was always under foot. Don't you remember?"

Ferguson remembered very well.

"He was appointed to the naval academy the year after you graduated from college, and the little scamp got through there just in time to be ordered on duty with the ships at Santiago. He did something there to make himself more or less famous, and then was sent to Manila. Now he's home for the first time since the war, and Winniepauket's Old Home Week has resolved itself into a Martin glorification. Not even the winner of the great Jackson will case can divide with him the public attention."

"How did you hear about that?" asked Ferguson, quickly.

"Perhaps I keep better track of my old friends than they do of me," she said demurely. "When I was last in Chicago and heard of the rising young barrister, Henry H. Ferguson, Esq., I quite expected the honor of a call from him, but I was disappointed."

"You in Chicago?" exclaimed Ferguson in surprise. "But when? And how should I—"

"Do you go to the theatre often?" interrupted the girl.

"No, not often. Occasionally. Why?"

"Do you remember a play, 'The Sorrows of Susan,' two season ago?"

"Yes, I think so. One of Frohman's companies, was it not? Why, yes, that was the play that new actress, Anita Arnold, was in. I remember how sorry I was to miss it."

"Then you did n't see it?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I was Anita Arnold."

Ferguson stared in blank amazement. "You on the stage? You Anita Arnold? What do you mean?"

The girl laughed a little at his surprise. "It is quite a long story," she said. "When father died his affairs were in such shape that their settlement left little for mother and us girls but the old place. As the oldest I went out to make my own living. I tried teaching school, I tried shorthand, I tried demonstrating a new 'food,' I tried church choir singing, and finally I got a start on the stage. That was in the fall of '95. I was an understudy that season, played a small and not particularly pleasant part the next year, and in '97 I got my chance. That was the year I expected to see you when I came right to your doors."

"You surely would if I had known," returned Ferguson with sincere regret in his voice. "But you have left the stage?"

"Yes, I have got a little start in a new line of late. Did you happen to read 'Captives of Chance' in the Pacific last year?"

"You do n't mean to say you wrote

that!" Ferguson's doubt was too plainly manifested in his tone for real politeness, but his companion did not mind. She was thoroughly enjoying her little triumph over her old mate. "And I'm writing them another for next year under contract," she added.

Ferguson was fairly overcome by this avalanche of surprises. "But your marriage. Where does that come in?" he blurted out.

The girl turned very red. "To whom do you think I am married, Mr. Ferguson?" she said.

"Why, to Carroll Flint. I certainly saw him standing in the doorway of your old home last night."

"You did, and he lives there, but through his marriage to my sister Anna, not to me. He was very kind to us all after father died, and it was a genuine love match between him and Anna."

Ferguson's spirits sailed aloft like hot air balloons. "Is it true?" he cried eagerly. "And your are really still—"

"Marion Gray," said the girl looking down.

Ferguson was at her side in a step. "Marion, do you remember what I asked you here twelve years ago?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"You would do nothing that would cause your father sorrow, you told me."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Marion, I was a poor boy then and you were a rich man's daughter. To-day I am a struggling young lawyer and you are already a famous woman. But, Marion, I want to ask you again the question I asked you here twelve years ago. May I?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Marion, I gave you then the whole of a boy's heart. It has always been yours. It is to-day. And now it is a man's heart, full of love for you. Marion, will you marry me?"

"Yes," said the girl.

And after all Ensign Martin, U. S. N., was far from monopolizing the interest at Winniepauket's Old Home Day basket picnic.



WELCOME HOME.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

I've seen the countless sparkling threads
  Of waters rich with rainbow hues,
And stood where Shoshone's bosom sheds
  Its changing, matchless diamond dews,
But never beauteous arc of light,
  Or glittering, bead-like, tossing foam,
Shone like her tear of pure delight
  When mother hailed her wand'rer home!

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME WEEK GREETINGS.

By Rev. N. F. Carter.

New Hampshire, noble mother of us all,
Whose name is sweet as Love's triumphal psalms,
Arrayed in all her wealth of summer charms,
Is stretching out her open, wide-spread arms
To bless her children gathered at her call!

Her sons and daughters coming from afar,
Forgetting for the time life's fretting cares,
Are back to breathe once more her wholesome airs,
Revive fond memories, and learn how fares
Her household, what the signs of promise are.

Ten thousand voices, ringing cheer on cheer,
Give royal welcome now to every guest,
Come from the north, or south, or east, or west,
Back to the homeland, longest loved and best,
Most glad, yea, more than glad to see all here!

Our cordial greetings leap from honest lips,
Bespeaking fires of love in kindred souls
Glowing to speed the way to worthy goals,
Over which Time its wave of glory rolls,
Like that of suns that never know eclipse!

Here stand, as high and rugged as of yore,
Our mountains first to greet the morning sun,
Last kissed by sunsets when the day is done,
Our grand old mountains, sacred every one,
The guardians of our homes forevermore!

From their bold summits out on every hand
Run landscapes beautiful as eye has seen,
Inlaid with crystal lakes in silver sheen,
And streams like silver ribbons fringed with green,—
A view to rival any fairy land!

A land of royal homes for raising men
To match her mountains, peers of any race,
Like Webster, Greeley, Sullivan, Stark, and Chase;
And fairest daughters fitted well to grace
Such homes in city, or in mountain glen!

No honored place in high or lowly life
They have not filled with credit to the state,
In priceless blessings made her rich and great.
Her growing fame has reached the Golden Gate,—
No heroes braver in the battle's strife!

What teeming land in all the circling earth
New Hampshire has not in her children blest?
What tidal wave of glory, east or west,
Has not her symbols blazoned on her crest,
Recounting to the world her sterling worth?

God bless the dear old state, her children bless,
As hand clasps hand, and eye meets eye to-day,
And hearts with tuneful raptures have their way
With joys of fellowship, whose sovereign sway
Shall fill with courage when new burdens press!

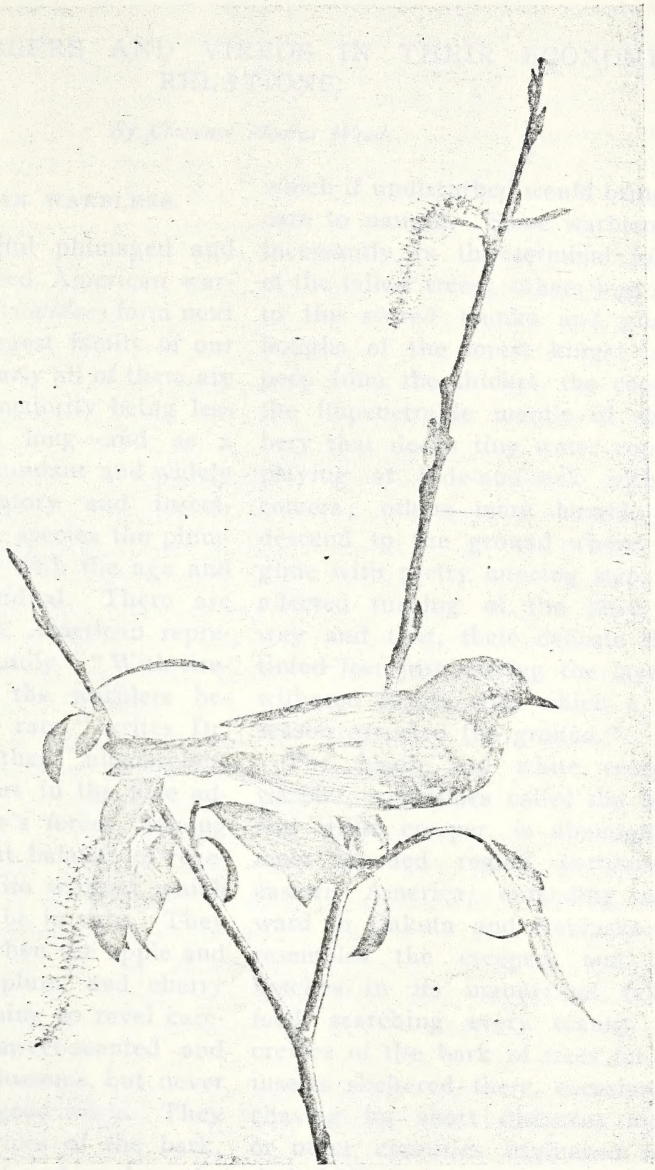
God bless her homes, her schools and churches all,
True sources of her greatness and her fame,
Nursers of hope, like torches all aflame,
To banish darkness, save from sin and shame,
Speed heavenward ere the evening shadows fall!

The need is still of men to smite the wrong,
As one in word and deed, not once nor twice,
But always; with heroic sacrifice
Wage long and holy war to free from vice;—
Strong for the right, for every virtue strong;

Of noble women, who, with patient will
Shall train the young to wisdom's pleasant ways,
Illumine with their graces coming days,
With good deeds win them highest meed of praise
As they with glory every household fill!

For all the blessings of the honored past,
For all our wealth of homes whose silent power
Has wrought the glory of this favored hour,—
Pledge we to-day our meed of holy dower
To bless the world as long as time shall last!

Majestic as her rock-ribbed mountains stand,
Fair as her summer fields and forests are;
So ever may her children, near or far,
In storm and shadow, under sun or star,
Stand forth the pride and joy of every land!



THE BLUE YELLOW-BACKED WARBLER.

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THE WARBLERS AND VIREOS IN THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

THE AMERICAN WARBLERS.

THE beautiful plumaged and sweet-voiced American warblers (*Sylvicolidae*) form next to the largest family of our native birds. Nearly all of them are small—the great majority being less than five inches long—and as a group they are abundant and widely distributed, migratory and insectivorous. In many species the plumage varies greatly with the age and sex of the individual. There are about sixty North American representatives of the family. "With tireless industry do the warblers befriend the human race," writes Dr. Elliot Coues, "their unconscious zeal plays due part in the nice adjustment of nature's forces, helping to bring about that balance of vegetable and insect life without which agriculture would be in vain. They visit the orchard when the apple and pear, the peach, plum, and cherry are in bloom, seeming to revel carelessly amid the sweet-scented and delicately tinted blossoms, but never faltering in their good work. They peer into the crevices of the bark, scrutinize each leaf, and explore the very heart of the buds to detect, drag forth, and destroy these tiny creatures, singly insignificant, collectively a scourge, which prey upon the hopes of the fruit grower, and which if undisturbed would bring his care to naught. Some warblers flit incessantly in the terminal foliage of the tallest trees; others hug close to the scored trunks and gnarled boughs of the forest kings; some peep from the thicket, the coppice, the impenetrable mantle of shrubbery that decks tiny water courses, playing at hide-and-seek with all comers; others more humble still descend to the ground where they glide with pretty mincing steps and affected turning of the head this way and that, their delicate flesh-tinted feet just stirring the layer of withered leaves with which a past season carpeted the ground."

The black and white creeping warbler, sometimes called the black and white creeper, is abundant in most wooded region portions of eastern America, extending westward to Dakota and Nebraska. It resembles the creepers and nuthatches in its manner of taking food, searching every cranny and crevice of the bark of trees for the insects sheltered there, occasionally chasing for short distances moths or other creatures frightened from their hiding places; and sometimes scrutinizing the foliage like other warblers. The nest is placed on or near the ground, very often on a rocky ledge. Four or five young are reared. The insects eaten by

the bird belong mostly to species of small size.

Seventeen Wisconsin specimens had eaten 5 ants, 20 small measuring worms, and 1 other caterpillar, 4 moths, 5 two-winged flies, 1 curculio, and 15 other beetles, 7 bugs, a caddis-fly, and a small snail, besides more than a hundred insect eggs. One Nebraska bird had swallowed 41 locusts and 12 other insects, together with a few seeds.

The blue yellow-backed warbler is a beautiful little bird which spends much of its feeding time among the topmost twigs of the tallest trees. It is common in eastern America, and is found as far west as the Rocky mountains. In New England it has been observed feeding on mayflies, measuring worms, and spiders; in Wisconsin 6 small insects were taken from a single stomach, and in Nebraska it has frequently been seen picking up locusts and other insects.

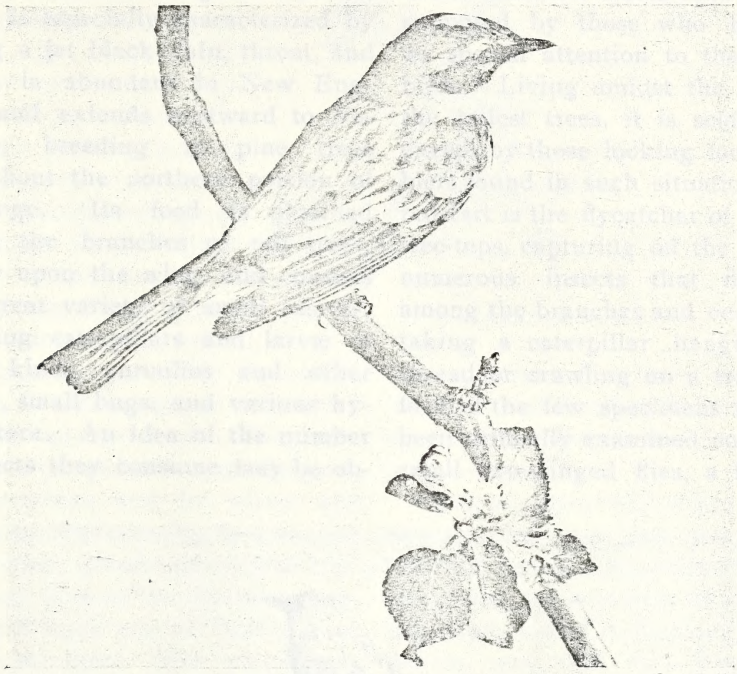
The Nashville Warbler is found, occasionally at least, throughout almost the whole of North America, specimens of it having been taken as far north as Greenland, as far west as Utah, Nevada, and California, and as far south as Mexico. Its chief distribution, however, is in the region east of the Mississippi river, where it is a regular migrant, breeding as far south as the northern counties of Illinois and the central portion of New England. The nest is placed on the ground. The only food records we have show that two Wisconsin specimens had eaten 4 small, green caterpillars and some other insects not identifiable; and that one Nebraska fledgling had devoured 21 locusts and several other insects, while the adult birds have frequently been seen feeding on locusts.

The Tennessee warbler is an extremely migratory species that passes regularly and abundantly through the Mississippi Valley states during its spring and autumn migrations. It also occurs sparingly west to the Rocky mountains and east to the Atlantic ocean. It breeds in the far north and winters, in part at least, in South America. It searches diligently for the insect mites that infest the foliage of trees, seeming to have a special fondness for aphides, 42 of which have been taken from the stomach of three of these birds. Among the other food elements of thirty-two specimens there were found 2 small hymenoptera, 13 caterpillars, 15 two-winged flies, 13 beetles, 35 small bugs, and 11 insect eggs. Four fifths of the food of one bird shot in an orchard infested by canker worms consisted of these pests. Tennessee warblers have also been seen feeding on small grasshoppers.

This, however, is one of the very few warblers against which a charge has been brought by the fruit-growers. In some sections it is known as the "grape-sucker" because it probes ripe grapes with its little beak, presumably to get at the juice. Testimony on this point appears to be conclusive, and considerable injury occasionally results. There can be no doubt, however, that in the aggregate the bird does vastly more good than harm.

The yellow-rumped warbler or Myrtle bird is an exceedingly hardy little creature, often enduring the rigors of a New England winter when its congeners are basking in

the sunshine of the South. It is distributed over a large North American range, and is abundant in all sorts of situations, especially during the spring and autumn migrations. It breeds regularly in the far north, sometimes nesting, however, in the northern tier of states and in lower Canada. According to Ridgway it is a common winter resident in



The Yellow-rumped Warbler.

southern Illinois. Of twenty-one specimens studied by King, "one had eaten a moth; two, 21 caterpillars—mostly measuring worms; five, 14 two-winged flies, among which were three crane-flies; fifteen, 48 beetles; one, 4 ichneumon flies; one, a caddis-fly; and one, a spider."

The yellow warbler or summer yellow-bird is probably the most abundant and widely distributed member of its family. It seems perfectly at home throughout the whole of North America from the tropical regions of the south to the arctic lands of the north. It is a familiar and confiding bird, associating freely with civilized man, and building its neat nest of vegetable fiber in the trees of the orchard, park, family residence, and public thoroughfare. Four or five eggs are usually deposited in the nest, and when an additional one is left by a skulking cowbird, the warblers, with a wisdom beyond their size, add another story to the nest and begin again their domestic duties, leaving the stranger egg and if necessary some of their own to go unhatched.

The food habits of the yellow warbler are all that could be desired. It freely visits farm premises and feeds on minute insects of many

kinds. Two thirds of the food of five Illinois specimens consisted of canker worms, and most of the remainder was an injurious beetle. An equal number of Wisconsin birds contained small caterpillars and beetles; and from various other specimens, spiders, myriapods, moths, bugs, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects have been taken.

The black-throated green warbler, which is especially characterized by having a jet black chin, throat, and breast, is abundant in New England, and extends westward to Nebraska, breeding in pine trees throughout the northern portion of its range. Its food is obtained among the branches of tall trees, largely upon the wing, and consists of a great variety of small insects, including caterpillars and larvæ of many kinds, curculios and other beetles, small bugs, and various hymenoptera. An idea of the number of insects they consume may be obtained from the statement that the stomachs of five birds taken in Nebraska during June contained 116 small locusts and 104 other insects—an average of 44 to each bird. Seventy per cent. of the food of one Illinois specimen consisted of canker worms.

The beautiful American redstart is a much commoner species in most of the northern states than would be supposed by those who have paid no special attention to the study of birds. Living amidst the foliage of the tallest trees, it is seldom seen, except by those looking for the warblers found in such situations. The redstart is the flycatcher of the inner tree-tops, capturing on the wing the numerous insects that flit about among the branches and occasionally taking a caterpillar hanging by a thread or crawling on a twig. The food of the few specimens that have been critically examined consisted of small two-winged flies, a few para-

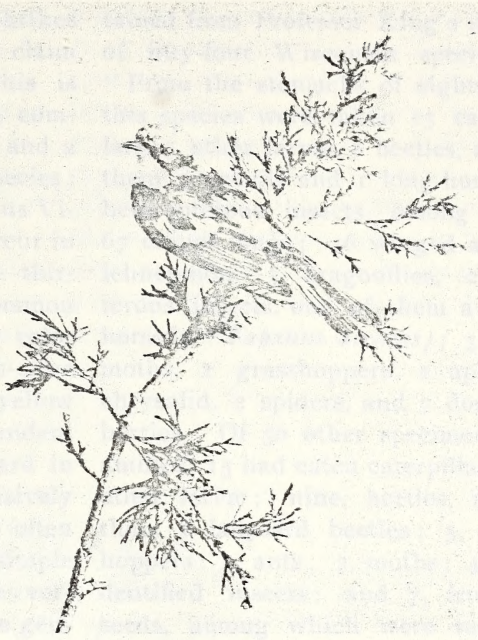


The Yellow Warbler.

Copyright, 1898, by C. M. Weed.

sitic hymenoptera, an occasional small bug and some minute larvæ. Seven Nebraska specimens had eaten 161 small locusts and 117 other insects.

The handsome little Maryland yellow-throat is found throughout the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and in many localities is one of the most abundant of the warblers. It especially affects the shrubbery about standing or running water, where it can be found throughout the summer busily searching for insect food. It often visits orchards, where canker worms and other caterpillars are greedily devoured, forming in three cases on record four fifths of the food. The little case bearing caterpillars of the genus Coleophora and its allies are often eaten, while moths, two-winged flies, beetles, grasshoppers, leaf-hoppers, bugs, dragon-flies, hymenoptera, and insect eggs are all included on the bill of fare. The young are sometimes fed with small grasshoppers.



The Blackburnian Warbler.

Like the yellow warbler this species sometimes outwits the cow bird by its intelligence. Mr. A. W. Butler thus describes the three-storied nest of a yellow-throat in his possession: "In the original nest had been deposited the egg of a cow bird, then within that nest and rising above it the yellow-throat had built another nest, which also became the depository of the hope of offspring of this unnatural bird; again the little warbler constructed a third nest upon the other two, burying the cow bird's egg, and in this nest laid her complement of eggs."

These examples will suffice to make manifest the fact that the warbler family is one of extraordinary economic value, the members of which are immensely useful in checking noxious insects, and with very few exceptions have no injurious habits. It is particularly gratifying that these charming birds, whose song and plumage draw to them the good-will of all intelligent people, should show so well that utility and beauty are not always dissociated.

THE VIREOS OR GREENLETS.

The vireos or greenlets are universally recognized as among the sweetest of feathered songsters. They are small birds, modest in manners and

dress, very different from the shrikes to which the ornithologists claim they are closely related. This is exclusively a new world family composed of half a dozen genera and a little over half a hundred species; only one of the former, the genus Vireo, and thirteen of the latter occur in the United States. Of these thirteen species about half are common over a considerable area. In color our forms are mostly greenish-olive or gray above and white or yellow below. They build slightly pendent nests in trees, migrate southward in autumn, and are almost exclusively insectivorous. They are more often heard than seen. "Clad in simple tints that harmonize with the verdure," writes Dr. Coues, "these gentle songsters warble their lays unseen, while the foliage itself seems stirred to music. In the quaint and curious ditty of the white-eye in the earnest, voluble strains of the red-eye, in the tender secret that the warbling vireo confides in whispers to the passing breeze, he is insensible who does not hear the echo of thoughts he never clothes in words."

The red-eyed vireo seems to be the most abundant, widely distributed species of the genus. It is found in all the states except those of the extreme west, and in summer sometimes migrates as far north as Greenland. It prefers woodlands to the cultivated fields, but occasionally finds its way to parks and orchards. It commonly seeks its food among the foliage and branches of trees and shrubs, sometimes chasing moths and other flying insects for short distances on the wing. It is universally recognized as a great insect eater; an excellent idea of its food may be obtained from Professor King's studies of fifty-four Wisconsin specimens: "From the stomachs of eighteen of this species were taken 15 caterpillars, 5 other larvæ, 8 beetles, among them 5 weevils and 1 long-horn; 70 heteropterous insects, among them 67 chinch bugs; 16 winged ants, 1 ichneumon, 5 dragonflies, 2 dipterous insects, one of them a large horsefly (*Tabanus atratus*); 3 small moths, 2 grasshoppers, 1 aphis, 1 chrysalid, 2 spiders, and 7 dogwood berries. Of 36 other specimens examined, 15 had eaten caterpillars; 2, other larvæ; nine, beetles, among them 2 ladybird beetles; 3, grasshoppers; 2, ants; 2, moths; 4, unidentified insects; and 7, fruits or seeds, among which were raspberries, dogwood berries, berries of prickly ash, and sheep berries." During locust outbreaks in Nebraska four fifths of the food of this vireo has been found to consist of these insects.

The warbling vireo frequents cultivated fields, orchards, and the vicinity of houses much more than the shyer red-eye. It is an abundant species in most states, and is highly insectivorous. Its food consists chiefly of caterpillars, including such destructive species as the canker worm, beetles of various kinds, among them the twelve-spotted cucumber beetle, and occasionally a lady bird, crane-flies and other two-winged flies, grasshoppers, bugs, and sometimes dogwood berries. The young are known sometimes to be fed with grasshoppers. Canker worms formed forty-four per cent. of the food of three specimens shot in an orchard infested by these pests.

The yellow-throated vireo is a

larger bird than either of those above mentioned. It is common in the eastern region of North America, and feeds on caterpillars including measuring worms, moths, weevils, and other beetles, grasshoppers, leaf-hoppers, and various flies. It evidently is a highly beneficial bird.

The white-eyed vireo is abundant in the eastern states as far north as Massachusetts, and is occasionally found as far west as the base of the Rocky mountains. It usually haunts clearings where there is much underbrush. Dr. Brewer reports that it feeds on canker worms, and DeKay says it eats insects and berries. No precise records of the examination of the stomach contents appear to have been published, but its diet is probably similar to that of the other species of the genus.

OLD HOME WEEK—NEWPORT, N. H.

[Poem read August 29, 1899.]

By Edward A. Jenks.

A radiant morning of the Long Ago, and June
Was at its best. The bluest of o'erarching skies,
Flecked with soft boats upon a tideless, waveless sea,
And wind-swept with the breath of Power invisible,
Bent wistfully above the unconscious world, and seemed
To take, in her capacious arms of mother-love,
The whole round world. The birds were organized in one
O'erwhelming orchestra, that made the forests ring
With yet unpublished symphonies; and all the fields
And meadows, full of flashing wings, and violins
And drums and flutes, wiled the rapt soul away—away—
Beyond the beck'ning mountain-tops, a prisoner
In rippling chains of untaught songs and melodies.

A farmhouse, comfortable, hospitable, calm—
Of paint and ornament serenely innocent—
Was hidden 'mong the peaceful hills. Gigantic elms,
Contented maples, guardians for a century,
Stood watchful at the open door; and softest winds
Played hide-and-seek with birds and humming bees among
The leaves and twigs, while the long fingers of the Sun
Just touched the finger-tips of all the living things
Secluded there, and waltzed to the swinging music.

The voices of the farmer's boys in far-off fields,
In tones familiar to the lumbering ox-team,
Came lilting o'er the shining grass; and nearer still

The homely conversation from the poultry-yard—
Full of unconscious happiness and deep content—
Mingled in perfect harmony with cadences
From spinning-wheel and spinner, as deft fingers turned
The flying wheel, and guided the soft thread upon
The willing spindle, just inside the open door.

Alas!—sad was the day!—there came a time when one
By one those splendid boys and girls, full-fledged and strong,
Climbed over all the loving barriers of that
Old nest, and flew away into the wide, wild world,—
Where softest winds forever blow from Carib seas,
And oranges and pineapples and figs and dates
Smile in your thirsty face, and say in loving tones
"Kiss me, and eat!" and some to wild Pacific shores
And mountains, where the streams run golden sands, and where
From hill and topmost peak you see the ponderous Sun
Disrobe himself and sink into Lethean depths
For night's most calm repose; and some to wheat-fields fair
And broad—great seas of billowy grain, of promise full
For hungry worlds in waiting; and some to where
The city's ceaseless din drives out the memory
Of home and mother-love and father-care, and all
The dear entanglements of youth, and love, and heaven.

Alas!—sad was the day!—there came a time, after
The cruel lapse of half a hundred hurrying years,
When one by one that band had crossed The Great Divide
In search of homes not made with faltering human hands—
Yes, *all* save *one*—and he a white-haired man whose brow
Showed many a well-turned furrow from Time's sharp plowshare;
Who could not drive the great ox-team again afield,
Nor send the giants of the forest thundering
Groundward; who could no longer break the untamed colt
To harness or to saddle, nor pitch the fragrant hay
From load to mow. Oh! where were now the glory and
The strength of his once lusty manhood!

'T was June again: the old man sat beneath the vine
His own strong hands had reared. He leaned his tired head
Upon his staff,—and all the years passed languidly
Before his vision;—saw the dear old home beneath
The trees; saw the same birds, and heard the very songs
His ears had reveled in a thousand times in boyhood;
The fragrance of the lilacs overwhelmed him, and
The tears dropped sadly on his wrinkled hands; he heard
The bleating of the lambs beyond the pasture bars;

He saw the cows come winding down the rocky slope,
And heard the foamy milk zip-zipping in the pail;
He saw his sisters and his brothers—every one—
Just as they used to gather round the sunset door,
And chased them o'er the lawn in most hilarious mood;
He played "Hi Spy" with them when all the chores were done;
He heard his father's kindly voice in prayer, and then,
Across the silence, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"—
It was his mother's voice—O God! to hear it once
Again! He knew the wish was vain—except—perhaps—
Above——

Just then a voice came ricochetting o'er the hills
From far New Hampshire's open doors—a bugle call—
Come home!—and see the dear old valleys once again!
Come home!—and climb the old familiar hills once more,
And see how grandly beautiful the Old Home is!
Come home!—and wander through the fields of tasseled corn,
And roast the luscious ears as in your boyhood's prime!
Come home!—see how the red and yellow apples taste
That hang upon the trees you loved to climb so well!
Come home!—wade all the pebbly brooks where once you fished,
And then recount the triumphs of your fishing-rod,
And all the wonders of the pool wherein you swam!
Come home!—and see the zig-zag lightnings flash across
The clouds, and list the thunders crack the mountain's crest!
Come home!—and see yet once again the country church
Where your bare feet, tanned brown, perchance, have often trod,
And the old schoolhouse where your jackknife carved your name!
Come home!—and see old friends—perhaps some still abide—
And make the welkin ring with songs of other days!
Come home!—and see how Progress marks the dear old town,—
How all the beauty—all the good—have riper grown!
Come home!—and be for one brief week a boy again,
And drink the bubbling laughter from the cooling spring!
Come home!—and wander through the drowsy Cave of Dreams
To the muffled patter of the rain-drops on the roof!
Come home!—and visit that dear spot where calmly sleep
The father, mother, that you fondly loved in days
Gone by, and ne'er shall see again, and lay your head
Upon the soft green turf that kindly covers them!
Come home!—*Come home!*—COME HOME!

And when the old man roused himself from that sweet dream,
His eyes were full of love-light; tears were on his lashes;
And brokenly he said,—"I—will—go—home!"



THE HOUSE OF THE FIRST MINISTER.

By J. B. Walker.

THIS house, mentioned by Mr. David Watson, in his Concord Directory of 1844, as "the oldest two story house between Haverhill, Mass., and Canada,"[1] was erected by the Reverend Timothy Walker, the First Minister of Concord, when New Hampshire was a British Province, and its people were subjects of King George the Second. To aid in its erection, his fellow-citizens, on the 16th of January, 1733/4, made him a grant from their common treasury of fifty pounds.[2]

Its life spans the several periods of King George's and the last French and Indian wars; of the Revolutionary War and the establishment of the government of the United States; of the War of 1812 and of that with Mexico; of our Civil War and of our war with Spain. It has witnessed the relinquishment, by France and Spain, of substantially all of their

[1] The correctness of this statement is neither affirmed nor denied.

[2] At a meeting of the Inhabitants and Freeholders of Penny Cook, holden on the 16th day of January 1733/4 it was

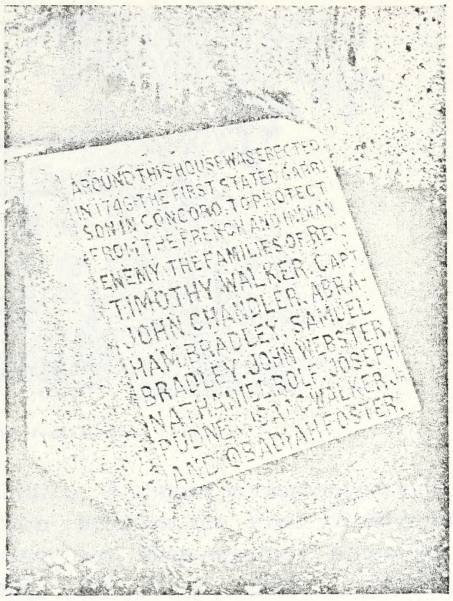
"Voted that there should be Fifty Pounds given to Mr. Timothy Walker for building of him a Dwelling House in Penny Cook provided that he gives the Inhabitants and Freeholders a Receipt that he has received in full for his Salary in times past until this Day for the Decay of Money it not being equal to Silver at Seventeen Shillings the Ounce."

Rumford Town Records, printed vol., p. 15.

immense colonial areas on this hemisphere.

During the first of the wars above mentioned, the people of Rumford lived more or less of the time in garrisons. Within the one whose walls enclose this house dwelt eight families, besides that of the First Minister. Watch and ward was maintained day and night, and the discharge of a musket from its sentry box indicated to all who heard it the approach of the Indian enemy.[1]

From these garrisons, the men went out armed to their work, on



Families quartered at the Garrison of the First Minister, 1745.

week days, and with their families to their block house, to worship, on Sundays. The First Minister prayed and preached with his gun beside him.[2] Gospel and gun were near companions in those days. Indeed, even yet, the gunpowder age has not fully passed.

The frame of this house is mainly of pitch pine and white oak. Its boarding and inside woodwork are of white pine. It originally consisted of a two story front, forty feet long and twenty feet wide; and of a one story ell, about twenty feet square. Each was covered with a gambrel roof,

[1] GARRISONS IN 1746.

"Province of New Hampe.

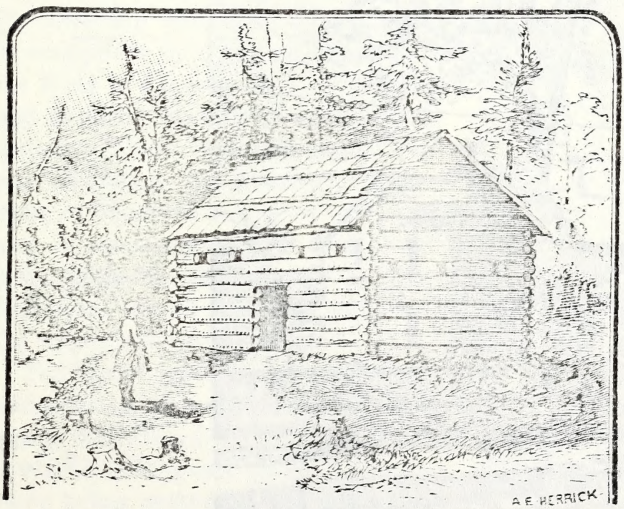
We, the subscribers, being appointed a Committee of Militia for settling the Garrisons in the frontier Towns and Plantations in the Sixth Regiment of Militia in this Province, by his Excellency, Benning Wentworth, Esq., Governor, &c, having viewed the situation and enquired into the circumstances of the District of Rumford, do hereby appoint and state the following Garrisons, viz.:

The Garrison round the house of the Reverend Timothy Walker, to be one of the Garrisons in sd Rumford, and that the following inhabitants, with their family's, viz:

Capt. John Chandler,	Nathaniel Rolfe,
Abraham Bradley,	Joseph Pudney,
Samuel Bradley,	Isaac Walker, Jr.,
John Webster,	Obadiah Foster,

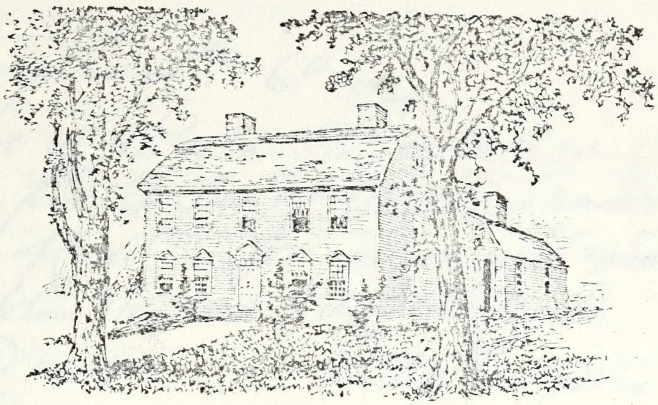
be and hereby are, ordered and stated at that Garrison."

Extract from Report of Committee, May 15, 1746.



First Meeting-house in Concord, or Block-house, 1727.

[2] "1746. June 24, Wm. Stickney brought up my new gun, and my mare from Andover." *Diaries of Rev. T. Walker*, p. 43



House of the First Minister, 1734.

battened with birch bark, and shingled. It had three chimneys, two of brick, and one of stone laid in clay mortar and plastered within and without with clay and chopped straw. In these were six fireplaces of ample dimensions; that in the kitchen having before it a hearth of granite ten feet long, still in use, and polished by the feet of the family generations of the last one hundred and sixty-five years.

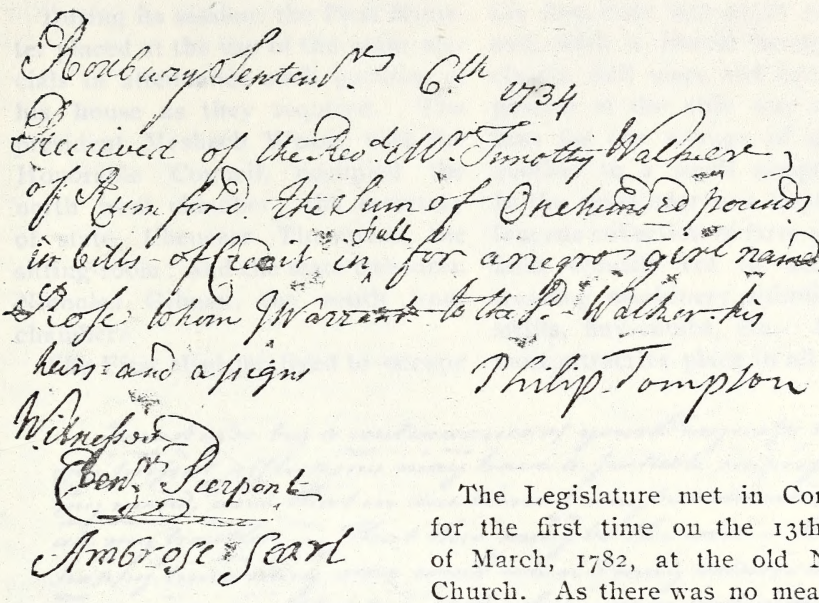
A quaint correspondence, in 1757, between the First Minister and his son, then teaching school at Bradford, Mass., relative to painting "ye outside" of it has been preserved.[1]

[1] "Am now to inform you yt we have hitherto got along with good success with ye House & find we shall have a comfortable and handsome one, if we can get thro with it, but finding several species of materials to fall short, have determined upon a journey to Boston. * * * One article we have at present under consideration is, whether or no to paint ye outside. Am advised to it by ye best Judges & particularly Col. Rolfe."
Walker Papers, vol. 1, p. 5.



Building in which the New Hampshire Legislature held its First Session in Concord, 1782.





Bill of Sale of Slave Girl Rose.

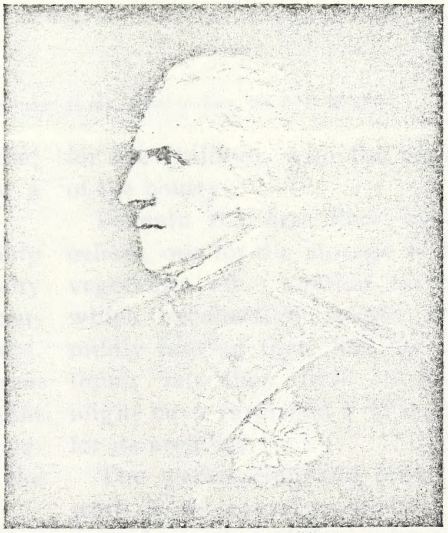
The conclusion then reached is not known. Seventy years ago it wore a coat of light drab paint upon its walls, and of white upon its cornices, corner-boards, and casings. These remained unchanged until 1848.

The interior was not completely finished until 1764, when the title to the township had been confirmed to its occupants by a second decision of the King in Council, and a legal contest of forty years was substantially ended. Then, tradition says, Deacon Webster, of Bradford, Mass., came to Rumford and spent the summer in constructing the front stairway, with its ornamental rail and balusters, and the paneled dadoes of the upper and lower halls.

The room partitions were largely wainscoting, the window sashes were heavy and glazed with small panes of seven by nine glass, those of the first story being protected by inside shutters of wood.

The Legislature met in Concord for the first time on the 13th day of March, 1782, at the old North Church. As there was no means of warming it, an adjournment was immediately taken to a room prepared for it, in a building still standing on the west side of North Main street and numbered 225 and 227.[1]

[1] This house then stood upon the east side of Main street, about four rods south of the house of the First Minister.

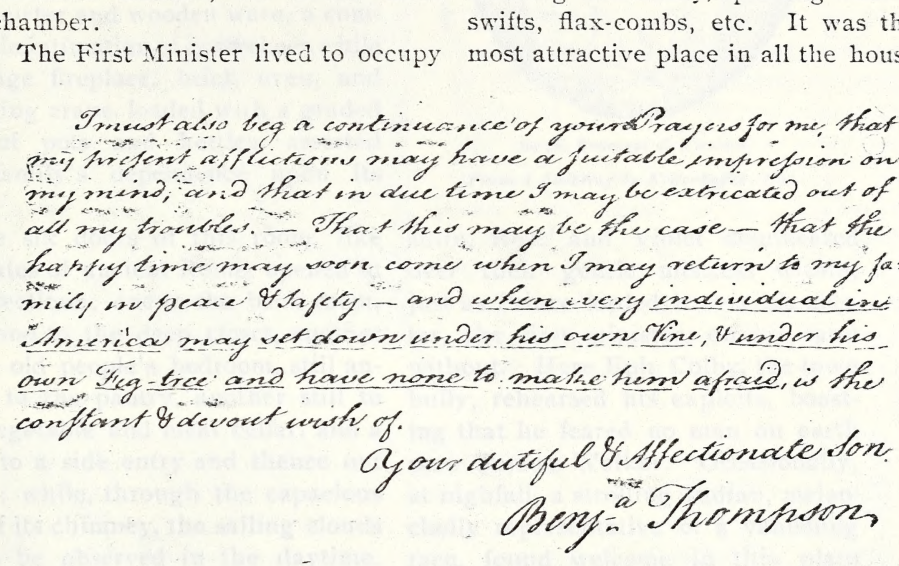


Count Rumford.

From the original in the Royal Institution, London.

During its session, the First Minister placed at the use of the state officials in attendance such portions of his house as they required. The president, Meshech Weare, with the Honorable Council, occupied the north front chamber; the secretary of state, Ebenezer Thompson, the sitting-room; and the state treasurer, Nicholas Gilman, the south front chamber.

The First Minister lived to occupy the first floor and eight on the second, with a liberal interposition of closets, hall ways and entries. One portion of the attic was devoted to bins for the storage of grain, and another to a small sleeping room. In the remainder was kept a miscellaneous collection of farm and household utensils not in active use—weaving machinery, spinning-wheels, swifts, flax-combs, etc. It was the most attractive place in all the house



I must also beg a continuance of your Prayers for me, that my present afflictions may have a suitable impression on my mind, and that in due time I may be extricated out of all my troubles.— That this may be the case— that the happy time may soon come when I may return to my family in peace & safety.— and when every individual in America may set down under his own Vine, & under his own Fig-tree and have none to make him afraid, is the constant & devout wish of.

Your dutiful & Affectionate Son.

Benj.a Thompson.

Revd Timo Walker.—

Extract from Letter of Benjamin Thompson to his Father-in-Law, the First Minister.

his house until September 1, 1782, when he died, having completed a pastorate of nearly fifty-two years.

Upon his decease, its ownership passed to his son, Judge Timothy Walker, who, with his wife, occupied it the remainder of their lives. To them were born fourteen children. It can be no surprise, therefore, that its enlargement became imperative. This was secured by doubling the length and height of its ell.

As first remembered by its present owner, it contained seven rooms on the first floor, and eight on the second, with a liberal interposition of closets, hall ways and entries. One portion of the attic was devoted to bins for the storage of grain, and another to a small sleeping room. In the remainder was kept a miscellaneous collection of farm and household utensils not in active use—weaving machinery, spinning-wheels, swifts, flax-combs, etc. It was the most attractive place in all the house for the children, with the exception of the pantry.

Beneath the first floor were two cellars, one for the storage of meats, vegetables, etc.; another, for uses of which recollection speaks charily, mildly hinting that, had the Maine liquor law then been in force, it might have furnished a fit repository for its archives.

The wainscoting and other woodwork of the several rooms bore different colors; that of the parlor and sitting-room chamber being green; of

the sitting-room, light blue; of the front hall, parlor chamber, and old people's bedroom, white; and of the kitchen, red.

Around this kitchen, as a centre, revolved the general economy of the household. Its red color gave it a cheerful tone; its wooden window shutters, a sense of security; its ample display on open shelves of crockery, pewter and wooden ware, a comfortable intimation of good cheer, while its huge fireplace, brick oven, and swinging crane, loaded with a graded line of pots and kettles, asserted the family's dependence upon its cook.

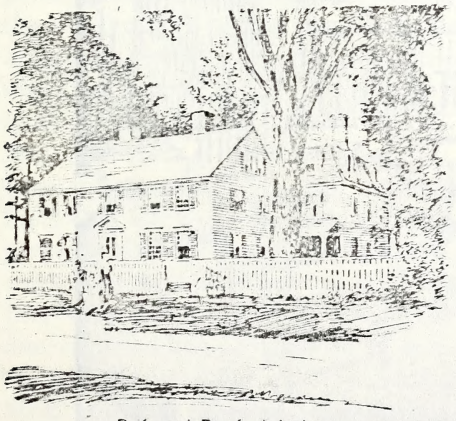


Sarah, Countess of Rumford.

From a Painting by Kellerhoffer, 1797.

The six doors of this room, like the gates of ancient Rome, opened in all directions; one to the back room, a second to the deep closet, another to the old people's bedroom, still another to the pantry, another still to the vegetable and meat cellar, and a sixth to a side entry and thence out doors; while, through the capacious flue of its chimney, the sailing clouds might be observed in the daytime, and the sparkling stars at night.

Here, in old colonial times, when a mild slavery existed in New Hampshire, Rose[1] and Violet domineered over their gentle mistress within, just as Prince lorded it over his master, the first minister, on his farm without. Here Eph. Colby, the town bully, rehearsed his exploits, boasting that he feared no man on earth save Parson Walker. Occasionally, at nighfall, a strolling Indian, melancholly representative of a vanishing race, found welcome in this plain kitchen. Here he loosened his belt, fed to his fill, rolled himself in his blanket, and upon its floor slept soundly before the fire which never went fully out.

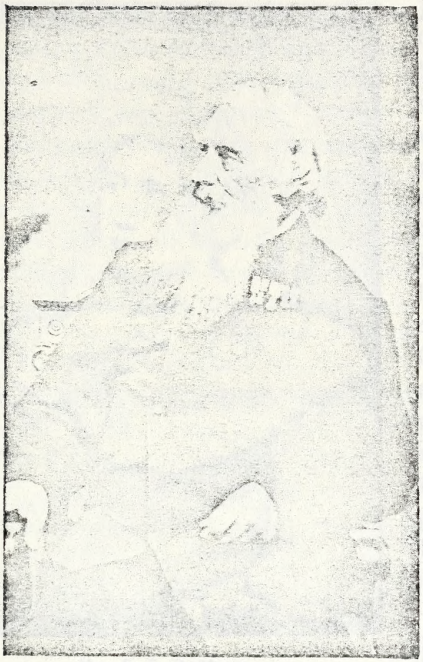


Rolfe and Rumford Asylum.

Once the Residence of Count Rumford.

At the decease of the second proprietor, Judge Timothy Walker, the house descended to his youngest son, Captain Joseph Walker, and still later, to the present proprietor. With the exception of a slight enlargement and modifications, easily recognized, it remains as above described. It has sheltered six generations of the First Minister's family,

[1] How many slaves the First Minister owned in the course of his life does not appear. Three bills of sale of such property have been preserved, of one of which the illustration, *p.* 169, is a facsimile.

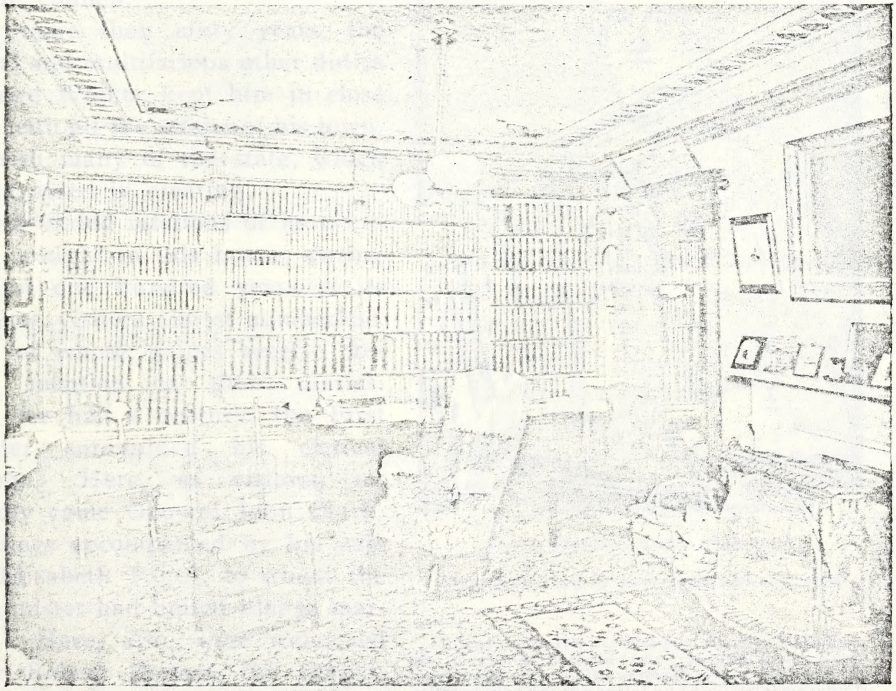


Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse.

and, by God's blessing, the oil in the cruse and the meal in the barrel, has never failed. During the first forty years of its existence, its occupants were loyal to the cross of St. George. Since 1776, they have gloried in the stars and stripes.

The first two owners of this house were much engaged in public affairs.

The First Minister was not only the spiritual leader of his people, but quite often a temporal advisor in their business matters as well. Many of the legal documents relating to these, which have been preserved, are in his handwriting. He was their agent in the celebrated Bow Controversy, before mentioned, which involved the title to their entire township, and lasted forty years. During its continuance, he made three journeys to London in prose-



Northwest Corner of Library in House of the First Minister.

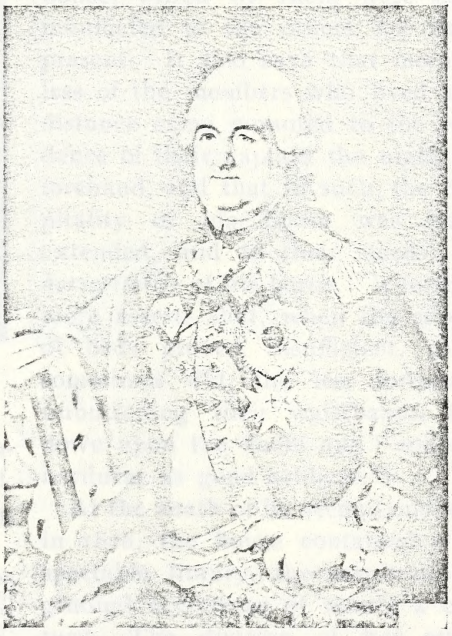


Mrs. S. F. B. Morse.

cution of their claims before the king in council.

For more than sixty years, the judicial and multifarious other duties of Judge Walker kept him in close touch with all the affairs of his town, and with many of the state, which he had aided in creating.

These varied relations of its occupants brought to this house, during the first one hundred years of its existence, visitors almost numberless, many of whose names receive frequent mention in their diaries. Here, for half a century, the First Minister entertained his clerical brethren. Here, as visitors, repeatedly came General John Stark, sometimes accompanied by his wife (*née* Elizabeth Page), to whom the first minister had united him in marriage. Here, also, were welcomed Major Robert Rogers, the ranger, Capt. Peter Powers of Coös, Col. Joseph Blanchard, Col. John Goffe, Capt. Caleb Page, Capt. Phineas Stevens, and many others, much of whose talk was of French and Indian wars in which they had been or were then engaged. Under the same roof, a little later, with his neighbors, Col. Thomas Stickney, Col. Benjamin Rolfe, Capt. Joshua Abbott, and Capt. Benjamin Emery, his only son, Timothy, his sons-in-law, Capt. Abiel Chandler, and Dr. Ebenezer Harnden Goss, all, subsequently, participants in the Revolutionary struggle, near at hand, the First Minister discussed the varying prospects of that inevitable contest. Here, too, the old patriot strove, but in vain, to detach from his entan-



Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria.[1]

From a Painting by Kellerhoffer, Munich, 1797.

[1] It was under the patronage of Charles Theodore, the Elector of Bavaria (1784–1799), that Count Rumford made many of the scientific researches and instituted many of the social and civil reforms which secured to him high position and lasting fame.

glement with the royal cause the husband of his eldest daughter, Benjamin Thompson, now known to the world as Count Rumford.

In later years, his son and successor, Judge Walker, welcomed to the hospitalities of his paternal home, friends of his own generation. Among these were President Meshech Weare, Secretary Ebenezer Thompson, Treasurer Nicholas Gilman,



Countess Nogarola.[1]
From a Painting by Kellerhoffer, Munich, 1797.

Governor John Langdon, Col. Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, while later still, its doors swung open to Countess Rumford, to Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse,[2] of telegraphic fame, and husband of his granddaughter, to Governors William Plumer, Benjamin Pierce, and Isaac Hill, besides numberless others, whose names it would not be easy to number.

Its third proprietor, Capt. Joseph Walker, had military tastes, and, in the early part of the century, commanded a company of horse, composed of persons living in Concord and several of the adjoining towns. Tradition says, that meetings of the company were warned by verbal notices given the Sunday before, to such members as were present for worship at the Old North meeting-house, which by them were communicated to the others not there present. It also says that more or less of the members who lived at a distance came mounted to the residence of their captain the night beforehand, and that to such, the hospitality of his house was freely extended, and to their steeds, the *horsepitality* of his barns. It furthermore asserts that, when the supply of beds proved insufficient, as it sometimes did, the less fortunate, unbuttoning their waistbands, laid down upon the floors and "endured hardness as good soldiers."

At the death of its second mistress, in 1828, the house contained a respectable library, the result of the gradual accretions of nearly a century. The division of her estate among her heirs-at-law caused a dispersion of its volumes, as complete

[1] The Countess of Nogarola became the chaperon of the Countess of Rumford when at the age of about twenty-one having left America, where she had been born and educated, she joined her father, then a widower, at the Bavarian court, in Munich. They became fast friends, and when the latter was about to return to her native land in 1799, the Countess of Nogarola presented to her, then in London, an oil portrait of herself of which this is a copy. Of this portrait she thus speaks in a letter dated February 12, 1799: "Je suppose qu' a 'l heure qu' il est vous aurez reçu mon Portrait, une vue de la mer que j' y ai fait ajouter (qoique je ne la trove pas parfaitement executée) vous rappellera que mes penses sont bien souvient, tournées vers cet element qui nous sepere." The Countess of Nogarola and the Countess of Baumgarten were sisters.

[2] Professor Samuel F. B. Morse was married, September 29, 1818, to Lucretia Pickering Walker, a daughter of Charles Walker, Esq.,—for many years in the practice of law in Concord,—and a granddaughter of Hon. Timothy Walker.

as did the deportation of the members of the ten tribes of Israel by Shalmaneser.

Little knowledge of its contents has survived, other than that of inference, from the character of a few volumes which a long effort has reclaimed from their exile. These indicate that it may have been largely theological and miscellaneous. Among these may be found the Westminster Catechism, An Examination of Edwards on the Will, four volumes of Caryl's Job, Coleman's Sermons, Religio Medici, Baxter's Saint's Rest, a first edition copy of Belknap's History of New Hampshire, a volume of the Tattler, together with enough others to bring the number to a score or thereabouts.

As these stand together, in their dark, leather covers, in a corner of the present library, their expression appears one of sadness. While glad, apparently, to get back to their old home, they seem to mourn more the absence of their former companions, than to rejoice in the welcome accorded them by the larger company now about them.

The few pictures, which formerly hung upon the walls of the house, shared the fortune of the books just mentioned. Those now scattered through its different rooms have been gradually gathered from different sources by its present occupants; mostly from the collections of the Countess of Rumford and of Judge Nathaniel G. Upham, the father of its present mistress. The large one of the woman and child, over the front hall stairway, was painted in Paris, about twenty years ago, by Charles Walker Lind, a grandson of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, and the little encaustic painting on copper, in the poet's corner of the library, is a copy of Prof. Morse's portrait of his wife; painted when she was about twenty years of age. Nearly all the portraits and some of the other subjects in oil are the works of German and English artists. The few water colors and prints are of various ages and from different sources. Of the former, the two



Countess Baumgarten.
From a Painting by Kellerhoffer, Munich, 1797.

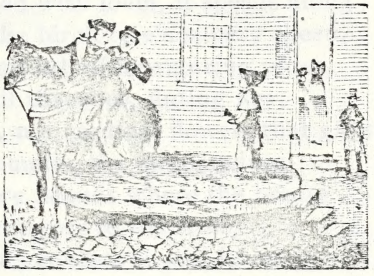
Bavarian landscapes, above the mantel of the sitting-room, were presented to Count Rumford by the ladies of Munich, in recognition of his services in causing the neutrality of Bavaria to be recognized by the contending armies of the French and Austrians, in 1796. The three early prints of Trumbull's paintings of the Death of Gen. Montgomery, of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and of the Declaration of Independence were purchased of the artist's executor,

soon after his decease. They are largely interesting as specimens of American art, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century.

And the furniture which was in the house in 1828, encountered the same dispersion which came to the books and pictures.

The small stone in front of the house records the names of the families assigned to the garrison built around it in 1746. The large, round stone beside the driveway, is the horse-block formerly attached to the Old North meeting-house in which the first minister preached from 1751 to 1782. In that period, many of the good wives of the parish rode to meeting on horseback, seated upon pillions behind their husbands. Tradition has it that its purchase was effected by their joint contributions of a pound of butter apiece.

The elms in front of the house were planted by the First Minister on the second day of May, 1764. On this seventeenth day of June, 1899, they are in a fair state of health, growing old, indeed, but gracefully and with a tenacious vigor which makes slow their decline.



Horse-block of Old North Meeting-house

CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

By Edna Dean Proctor.

Of all the streams that seek the sea
By mountain pass, or sunny lea,
Now where is one that dares to vie
With clear Contoocook, swift and shy?
Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts born,
The snows of many a winter morn
And many a midnight dark and still,
Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,
To melt, at last, with suns of May,
And steal, in tiny fall and rill,
Down the long slopes of granite gray;
Or filter slow through seam and cleft

When frost and storm the rock have reft,
To bubble cool in sheltered springs
Where the lone red-bird dips his wings,
And the tired fox that gains their brink
Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to drink.
And rills and springs, grown broad and deep,
Unite through gorge and glen to sweep
In roaring brooks that turn and take
The over-floods of pool and lake,
Till, to the fields, the hills deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!
O have you seen, from Hillsboro' town
How fast its tide goes hurrying down,
With rapids now, and now a leap
Past giant boulders, black and steep,
Plunged in mid water, fain to keep
Its current from the meadows green?
But, flecked with foam, it speeds along;
And not the birch-tree's silvery sheen,
Nor the soft lull of murmuring pines,
Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,
Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that glow
Where clematis, the fairy, twines,
Nor bowery islands where the breeze
Forever whispers to the trees,
Can stay its course, or still its song;
Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,
The vales of Henniker are spread,
Their banks all set with golden grain,
Or stately trees whose vistas gleam—
A double forest—in the stream;
And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,
By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans its tide—
The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through—and should you lean
A moment there, no lovelier scene
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,
Would charm your gaze, a summer's day.
O of what beauty 't is the giver—
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

And on it glides, by grove and glen,
Dark woodlands, and the homes of men,
With calm and meadow, fall and mill;

Till, deep and clear, its waters fill
The channels round that gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,
And eager half, half eddying back,
Blend with the lordly Merrimack;
And Merrimack whose tide is strong
Rolls gently, with its waves along,
Monadnock's stream that, coy and fair,
Has come, its larger life to share,
And to the sea doth safe deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river

MONADNOCK IN OCTOBER.

By Edna Dean Proctor.

Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord,
Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shone,—
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the winds alone.
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams,—
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be,—
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
And the vast minster hushed its shrines in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord!

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE M. SHERBURNE.

George M. Sherburne, a veteran of the Rebellion, died Friday, August 4, at his home in Pittsfield. He was born in Gilmanton 57 years ago, and enlisted in Co. I, Sixth regiment, N. H. Vols., November 28, 1861. He was one of eleven children, eight of whom are now living.

DANIEL C. STILSON.

On August 21, at Somerville, Mass., was ended the life of Daniel C. Stilson, the inventor of the "Stilson" wrench. He was born in Durham, March 25, 1830, and was a highly skilled mechanic.

REV. GEORGE FABER CLARK.

A life of long and faithful service in the temperance cause, a life devoted to all that was pure and manly, filled up with large service to his parish and his townspeople, was that of Rev. George Faber Clark, who died in his eighty-third year, at West Acton, Mass., on July 30.

A native of Dublin, he was graduated at Harvard Divinity school in 1847, after a preparatory course at Exeter. He was ordained at the Unitarian church of Charlemont and preached for some time in that and neighboring towns; subsequently he was settled over the church in Stow, then in Mendon, and in Hubbardston. He was deeply interested in local history and biography, writing a valuable history of Stow.

J. BYRON HOBART.

J. Byron Hobart, one of Somersworth's highly esteemed and most respected citizens, passed away at his home on High street, August 12, after a lingering illness from paralysis. He was born in Groton, October 28, 1840, and received an education in the public schools of his native town. While yet a young man he removed to Manchester, where he remained a few years, coming from that place in 1871 to this city, where he was employed by the Great Falls Manufacturing Company, and for many years held the position of second hand over the weaving room in No. 3 mill. In politics he was a Republican, although he never became actively engaged in them. He was a member of Libanus Lodge of Masons of Somersworth, and of Mechanics' Lodge of Odd Fellows of Manchester. He is survived by a widow and a son, Paul.

GEORGE J. WRIGHT.

George J. Wright, the veteran locomotive engineer, died at his home in Bradford, August 28, after a long illness. Mr. Wright was born in Melvin's in Warner, and soon after the Northern railroad was opened he secured employment thereon as a section hand. Later he was taken on an engine, and was promoted to the position of engineer after serving his time as a fireman. He ran for a time on the Northern, and was then transferred to the Claremont branch, where he continued until about eight years ago, when he retired. He is survived by a wife, one son, George B., two brothers, Eben and Robert, and a sister living in Minneapolis. Mr. Wright was well known in this city and vicinity, and was highly esteemed.

ALBERT A. HATCH.

Albert Alanson Hatch died at his home in Somersworth August 23, after an illness of several months. He was born at Gilford, September 10, 1823, his parents being Eben and Mary (Hatch) Hatch. His parents early removed to North Berwick, where he attended the public schools. He began work with the Great Falls Manufacturing Company in April, 1844, and was overseer in the weaving room for years, later having charge of the reeds. September 15, 1853, he was married to Sarah E. Lord, daughter of Oliver Lord, of South Berwick, who died two years ago. They had four children, all of whom are now living,—Charles E., Mrs. Helen Legro, Etta W., and Emma C., of Somersworth. One sister, Mrs. Thomas Weymouth of North Berwick, also survives him.

Mr. Hatch was a constant attendant at the Congregational church in this city. He was a prominent member of Washington Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was a past grand. He also held the office of warden of Granite State Commandery, U. O. G. C. Years ago he belonged to the Banner Guards, a company of militia which was well known in its time. In politics he was a Republican, and a sturdy one, too, though he never sought to hold public office.

MAJ. EDWARD T. ROWELL.

Maj. Edward T. Rowell, president of the Lowell, Mass., Courier-Citizen Publishing Company, died August 4, on a train en route from Boston to Swamscott, where he and his family had been spending the summer. Death was supposed to have been due to heart failure. He was born in Concord, August 14, 1836. After passing his boyhood on a farm, he fitted for and entered Dartmouth college, graduating in 1861. His business partner, the Hon. George A. Marden, was a college mate when he graduated.

The Fifth New Hampshire regiment was being recruited and he enlisted. He was given a second lieutenant's commission in Co. F, Second regiment, Berdan's Sharpshooters, and received rapid promotion, being made first lieutenant, captain, major, and finally lieutenant-colonel, although he did not muster in with the latter. He was wounded at Gettysburg and again at Petersburg.

After the war Major Rowell was for some time engaged in the iron business at Portland, but in September of 1867, with Mr. Marden, who was in his regiment, he purchased the Lowell *Courier* and *Weekly Journal*. Together they ran those papers until a few years ago, when a company was formed and the Lowell *Citizen* absorbed, Major Rowell being the business manager, and Mr. Marden the editor. Both have retained similar positions in the stock company.

The papers they conducted reflected their political sentiments. President Grant, in his second term, appointed Major Rowell postmaster at Lowell, and he was successively reappointed by Presidents Hayes and Arthur. Governor Robinson made him state gas commissioner, and he held the place for five years. In 1897 he was elected representative to the legislature, and again in 1898.

In 1890, Major Rowell was elected president of the Railroad National bank of Lowell, and since served in that capacity for three years. He was commander of Post 42, G. A. R., and served as delegate to state and national conventions of the order. He was one of the committee sent to Washington at the time of General Butler's death, to escort the body to Lowell, General Butler having been a member of that post.

He was president of the Ayer Home for Women and Children and the Lowell General hospital, and was an officer in the Kirk Street Congregational church.

Major Rowell, in September, 1870, married Miss Clara, daughter of George Webster of Lowell, who survives him. Three children have been born to them, one of whom, a daughter, is living.

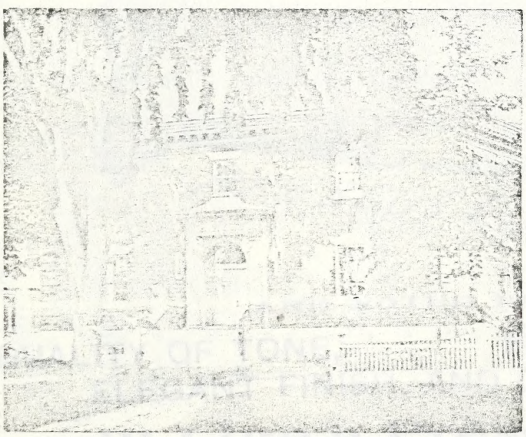
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VOL. XXVII OCTOBER Number 4

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



COUNTY BUILDING, EXETER.

CONCORD · N.H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

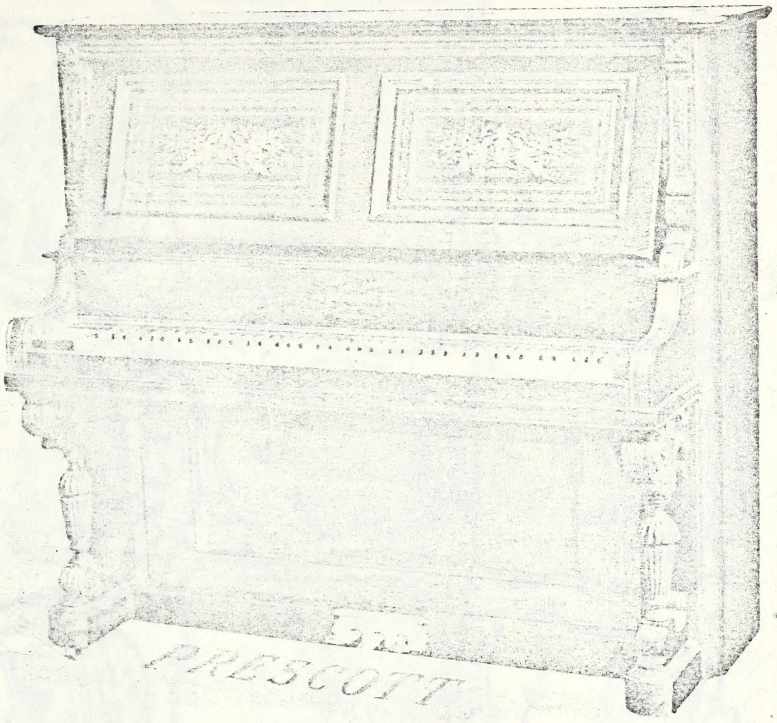
1898



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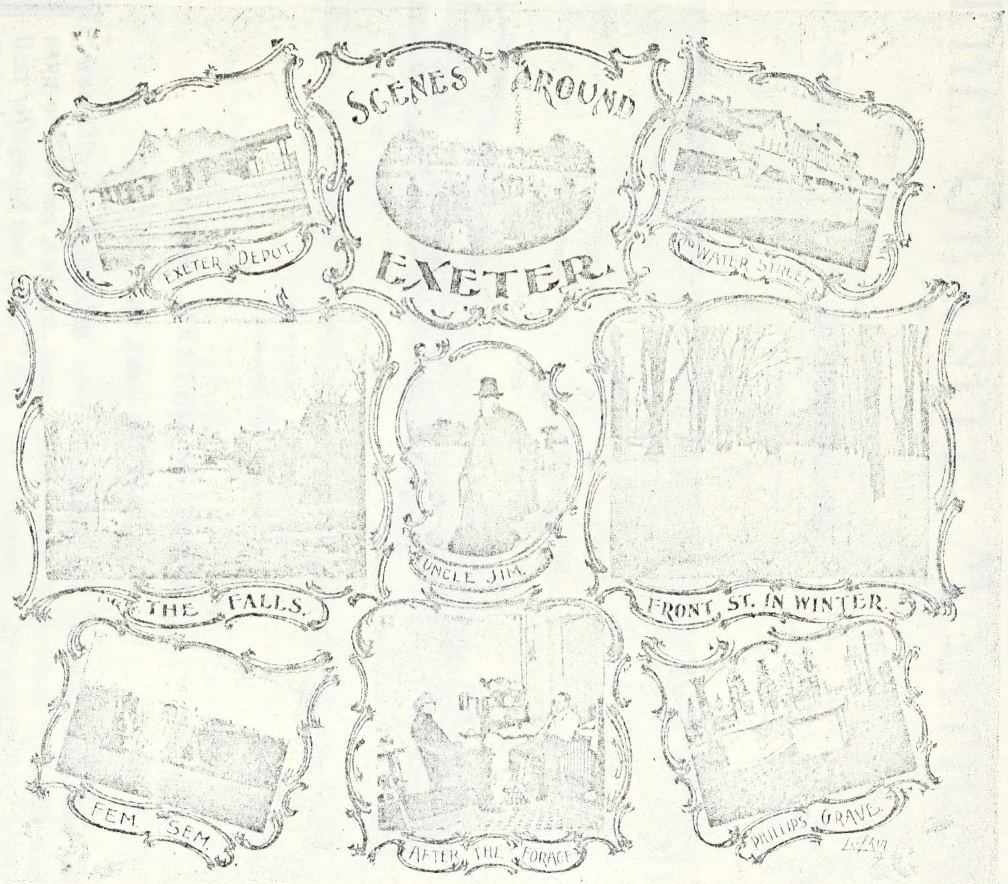
QUALITY OF TONE, BEAUTY OF CASE,
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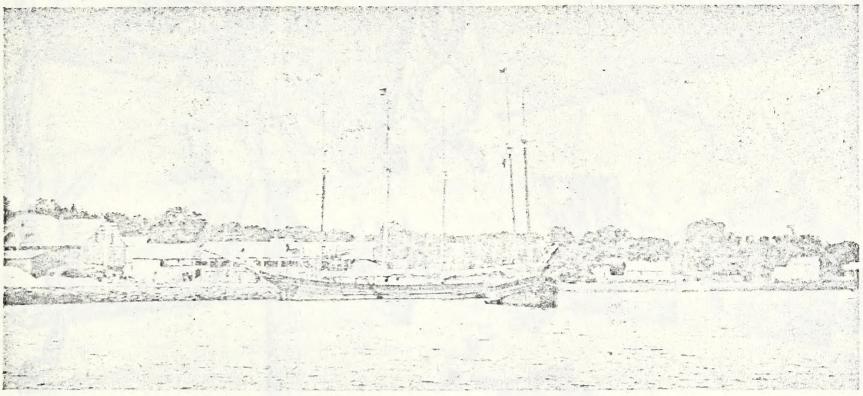

SCENES AROUND
EXETER
EXETER DEPOT
WATER STREET
UNCLE JIM
THE FALLS
FRONT ST. IN WINTER
FEM. SEM.
AFTER THE STORM
PHILLIPS GRAVE

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII. OCTOBER, 1899. No. 4.



Mary E. Crosby. Chas. Cooper.

Anderson's Coal Schooners.

THE EXETER OF TO-DAY.

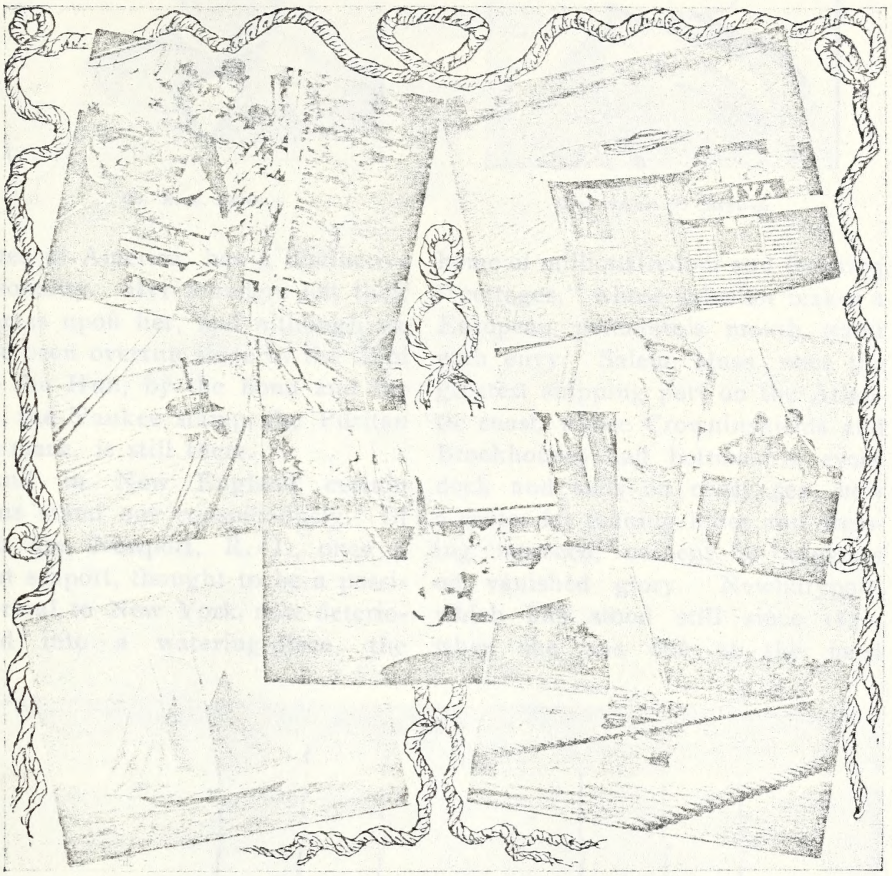
By Edwin W. Forrest.

IT was Oliver Goldsmith who sang of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," but Goldsmith had never seen Exeter, and he was partial to English, or, shall we say, Irish scenery anyway. The American Goldsmith, who shall make this beautiful New Hampshire town thus immortal, is still hidden 'neath the veil of obscurity, but sooner or later he will appear, for the inspiration of the beautiful old town is such that no poet could long resist its spell, and the Tennyson, the Longfellow, or the Arnold of to-morrow will recognize its beauty and sing its praises even if the Tennyson, the Longfellow, and the Arnold of to-day have been singularly silent upon that subject.

The average article upon Exeter begins with Wheelwright and ends with Phillips Exeter Academy. A score more or less of histories of

Exeter have I perused, and in them all, without a variation of a hair, have I found this order traversed.

I hate ruts, and hence I shall not travel in this one. My interest and the great public's interest in Exeter is in Modern Exeter not Ancient



Anderscn Snapshots.

Exeter—in the Exeter of to-day, in its schools, in its highways, in its business men, and in its tax rate, and not in the Exeter of 1638, and in the Rev. John Wheelwright, estimable man as he may have been.

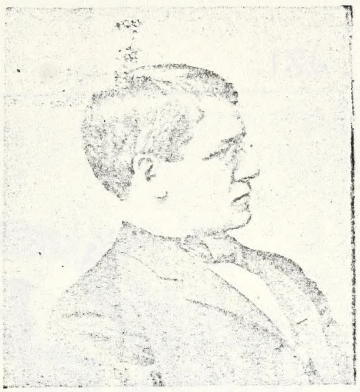
Far be it from me to appear disrespectful to the fathers. No man yields a larger meed of praise to those sturdy, God-fearing, Indian-hating, Bible-loving, money-making, Yank-producing pioneers than myself. There were giants in those days, and in New Hampshire, as in Massachusetts, they laid broad and deep the foundations for a church without a bishop, and a state without a king. But, after all, the greatest study of mankind is man, and it is the men who made the Exeter of to-day rather than those who made it yesterday or the day before with which we have to do.

New England, out of all of the different sections of the United





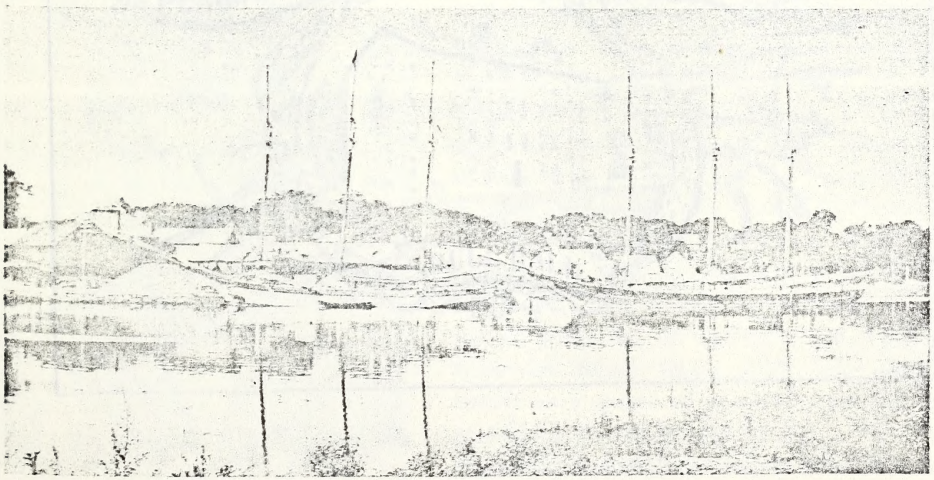
Col. R. N. Eiwell.



Gen. William P. Chadwick.

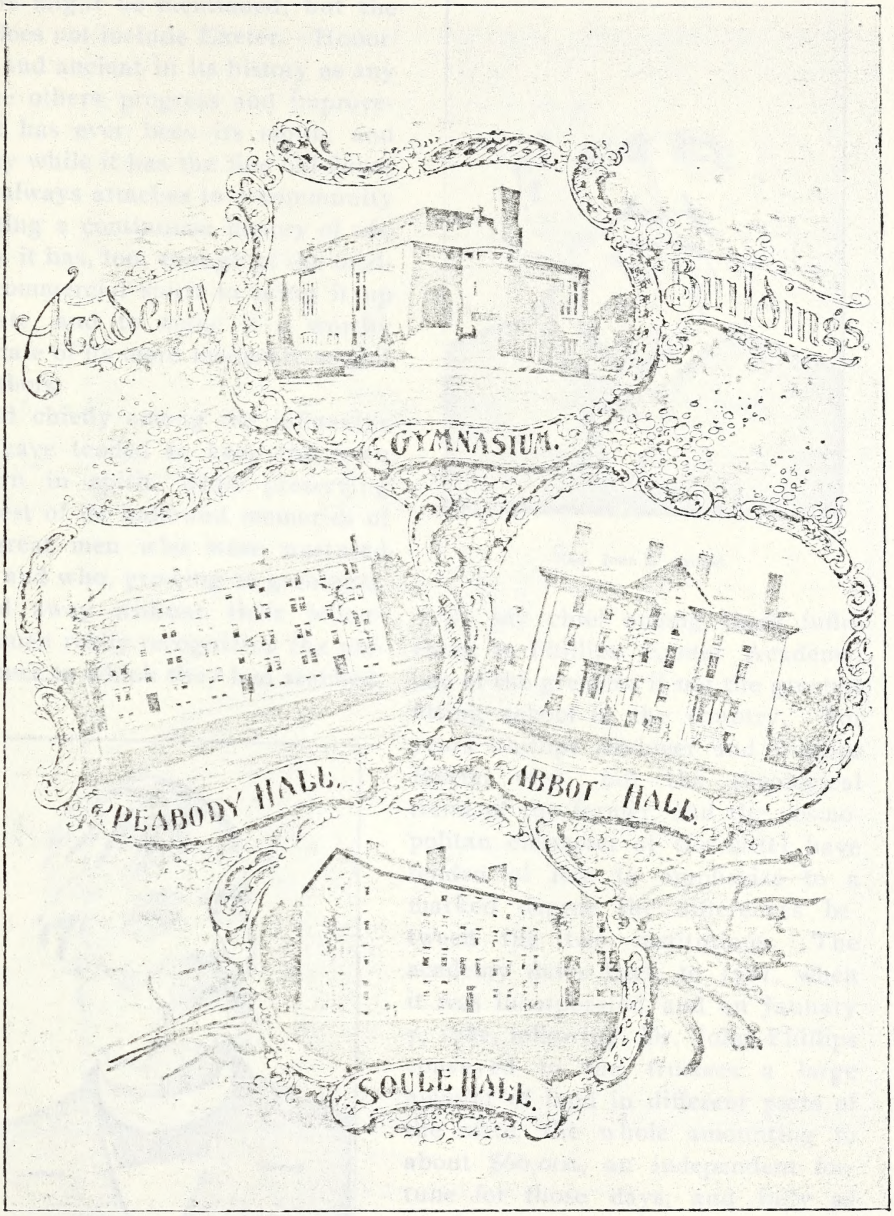
States of America, has a distinctive personality. Her founders left their impress upon her, and although we have been overrun since by the Gaul and the Hun, by the bond and the free, the Yankee stamp, the Puritan hall-mark, is still there.

And in New England certain towns stand out conspicuously. Of such are Newport, R. I., once a great seaport, thought to be a possible rival to New York, now deteriorated into a watering-place, the home of millionairedom and boasting "cottages," whose splendor makes a European potentate's mouth water with envy. Salem, Mass., once the greatest shipping port on the Atlantic coast, whose Crowninshields and Brookhouses had bottoms in every dock and sails on every sea, now a center for tanning hides and dressing morocco, content to vegetate on vanished glory. Newburyport, which has stood still since 1820, when she was one of the most



B. T. Biggs. Mary E. Crosby.

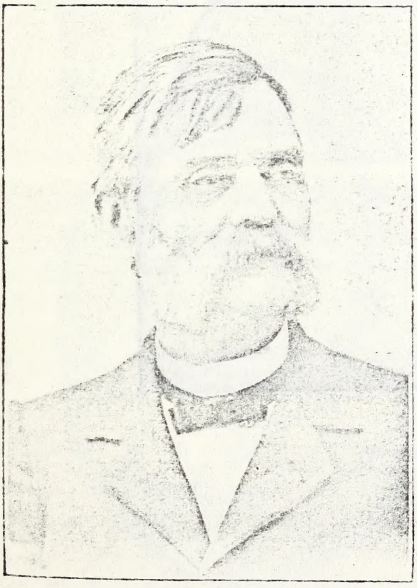
Anderson's Coal Schooners.


Academy Buildings.
GYMNASIUM.
PEABODY HALL.
ABBOT HALL.
SOULE HALL.

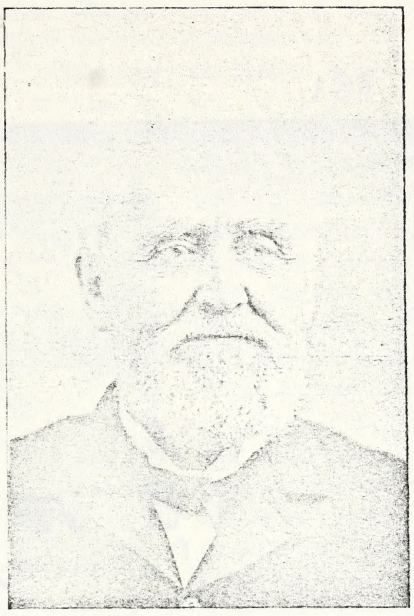


famous cities on our coast, is now only known by the superior quality of her famous rum. Half a dozen others might be mentioned, but the list does not include Exeter. Honorable and ancient in its history as any of the others, progress and improvement has ever been its motto, and to-day while it has the fine old flavor that always attaches to a community boasting a continuous history of 260 years, it has, too, enough of the modern commercial spirit to bring it up to date, and to make it a worthy associate of its more modernly-settled neighbors.

And chiefly among the influences that have tended to keep the town modern in spirit, while preserving the best of its hallowed memories of the great men who were nurtured here, and who, growing to greatness, passed away without their fellow-townsmen really recognizing the pre-eminence to which they had reached,

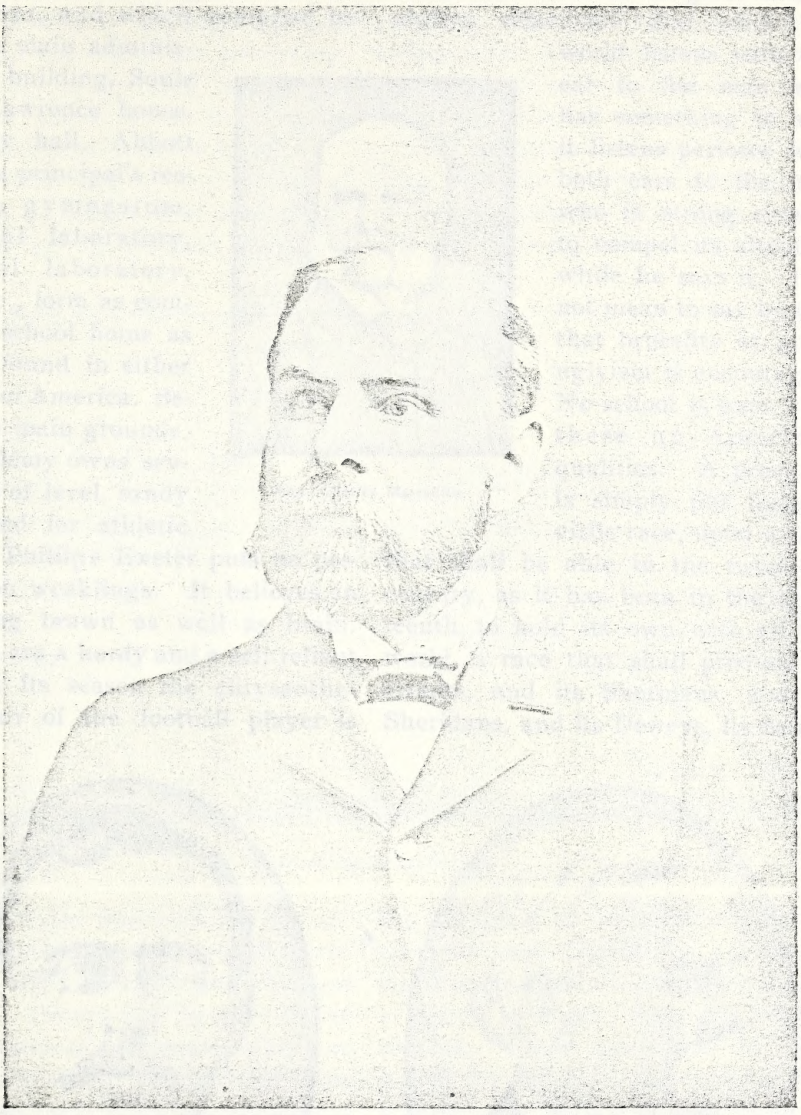


Hon. Thomas Leavitt



Hon. John D. Lyman.

—we say chief among these influences is Phillips Exeter Academy, one of the greatest, if not the greatest fitting school in the country. For years Phillips Andover and Phillips Exeter vied, but the theological trend of the former, and the cosmopolitan character of the latter have tended of late to emphasize to a marked degree the differences between the two institutions. The academy dates back to 1781, when it was incorporated, and on January 7, 1782, following, Dr. John Phillips conveyed to the trustees a large amount of land in different parts of the state, the whole amounting to about $60,000, an independent fortune for those days, and fully as much as a grant of a million dollars would be to the school to-day. The regulations which he made were liberal and progressive, and thanks to this spirit the school has prospered

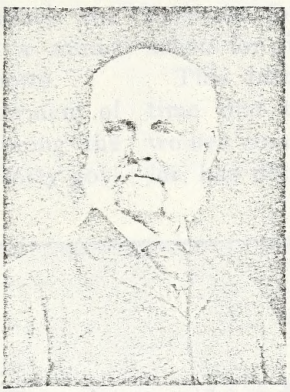


HARLAN P. AMEN, A. M.

Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy.

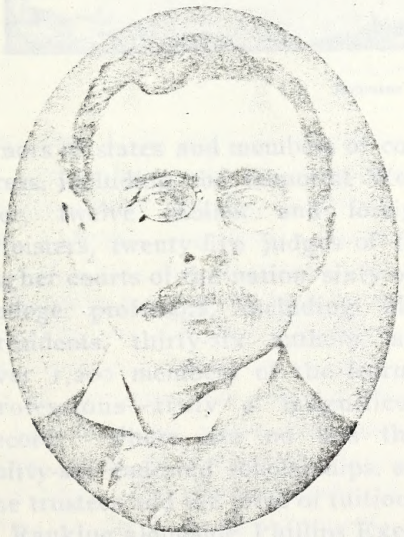


and grown marvelously. The school grounds comprise as beautiful a spot as America can boast, and the buildings, all of which have been erected since 1872, and which comprise beside the main administration building, Soule hall, Lawrence house, Peabody hall, Abbott hall, the principal's residence, gymnasium, physical laboratory, chemical laboratory, etc., etc., form as complete a school home as can be found in either Europe or America. Beside the main grounds, the academy owns seven acres of level, sandy land used for athletic sports. Phillips Exeter puts no premium on weaklings. It believes in educating brawn as well as brain. Its boys are a hardy and a self-reliant lot. In its season the chrysanthemum hair of the football player is as popular here as it is at Harvard or Yale or Pennsylvania.

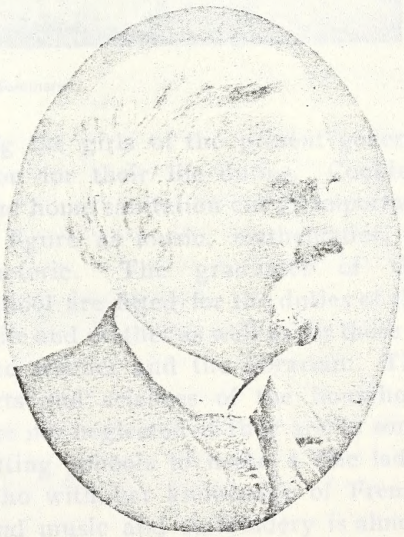


Hon. Charles Marseilles.

The boys are taught to be manly, to take as well as to give, and to always remember that while the world listens with one ear to the man who has something to say, it listens perforce with both ears to the man who is strong enough to compel its attention while he says it. I do not mean to say by this that brutality or plug-uglyism is encouraged. No school is freer from these un-American qualities. A premium is simply put upon a virile race, upon a race that shall be able in the twentieth century, as it has been in the nineteenth, to hold its own with all the world, a race that shall produce its Grants, and its Shermans, and its Sheridans, and its Deweys, its Samp-



County Solicitor L. G. Hoyt.



Sheriff John Pender.

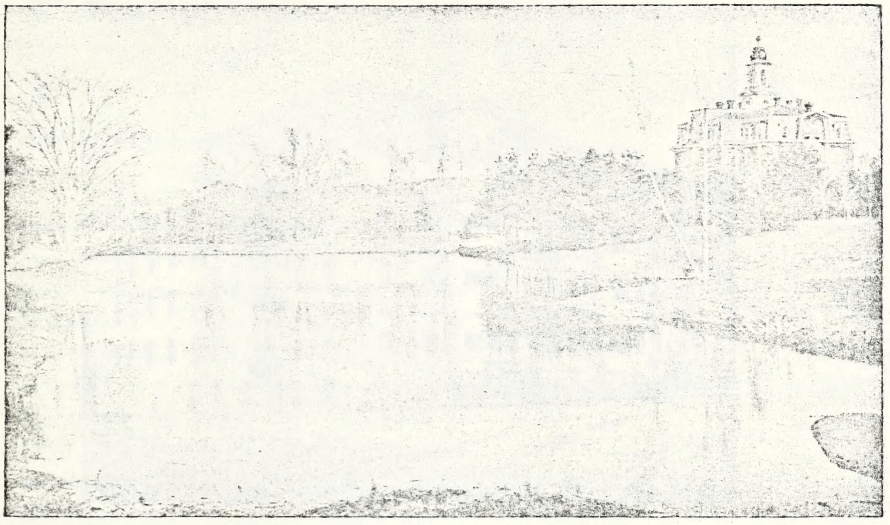
sons, and its Schleys, as well as its Websters and its Hales, its Beechers and its Talmages.

For this reason the gymnasium at Phillips Exeter is not neglected any more than the chemical laboratory, and neither is elevated above the other. A sound mind in a sound body is Principal Amen's motto.

The school has an endowment of over half a million, and among the graduates are no less than forty governors of states and members of congress, including the immortal Webster, twelve cabinet and foreign ministers, twenty-five judges of the higher courts of the nation, sixty-one college professors, including nine presidents, thirty-six authors, and over 1,200 members of the learned professions—truly a magnificent record. There are no less than thirty-six endowed scholarships, and the trustees add the price of tuition.

Ranking alongside Phillips Exeter in its great educational work, stands the Robinson Female Seminary, founded by William Robinson, a native of Exeter, who went south during the Civil War, settled at Augusta, Ga., became rich, and dying, left the town of Exeter $250,000 for the establishment of a school for girls.

This institution, founded at the time that the higher education of women commenced to become popular, has done a great work in preparing the girls of the present generation for their life duties. Cooking and home sanitation cut as important a figure as music, mathematics, or rhetoric. The graduates of the school are fitted for the duties of the wife and mother as well as for those of the teacher and the librarian. The arts and sciences of the household are not neglected as they are in some fitting schools to make a fine lady, who with her knowledge of French and music and embroidery is almost as useless as she is fine.



Robinson Female Seminary.

In addition to the seminary and the academy the town has a complete system of schools of the highest order, including an excellent high school. It is not strange that Exeter should be intellectual.

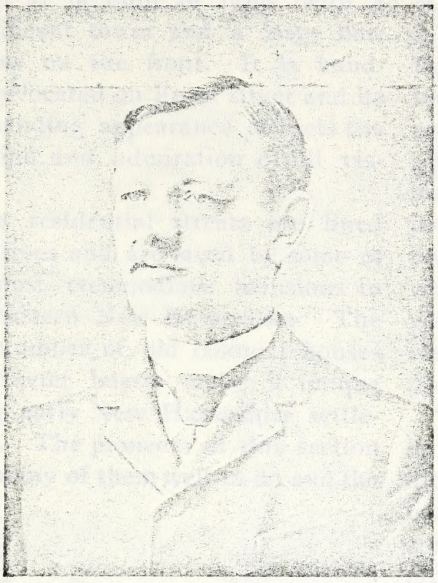
Religion and education go hand in hand always, and it is not strange to find the town amply provided with sanctuaries, in which able and brilliant clergymen expound from week to week the word of God. There are



Squamscott Hotel.

no less than eight such structures in town, representing in alphabetical order the Advent, Baptist, Congregational, Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, and Unitarian denominations. The Baptists have an elegant house of worship, and the First Congregational have one hallowed by many years of memories, the present edifice having stood more than one hundred years, its first century expiring in 1898. The Orthodox church in New England, as the Congregational church was formerly known, came as near being the Established Church of the New World as it could and miss it. But that it did miss it, Methodism and Baptistism and Unitarianism and Universalism and all the other isms can eloquently testify. Its members, however, were among the rich and the influential and the important men in almost every community, and Exeter was no exception. The First Congregational church, indeed, as an organization, dates back to the very settling of the town, and for many years the town clock and the town bell were kept in the church tower, and thus its singularly close relations to the community were emphasized.

The Second Congregational church is a direct outgrowth of the visit to this country of Whitefield, the celebrated evangelist, fifty members of the First church who supported him withdrawing to found the second place of worship. In 1813 the church was formally organized, and in 1823



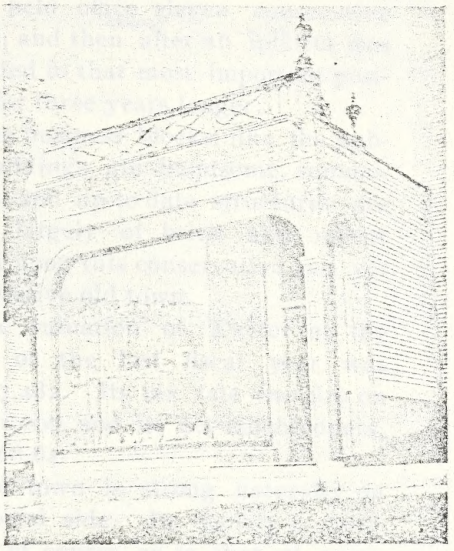
John A. Brown.

erected its first meeting-house. It is now known as the Phillips Congregational church and its new sanctuary is one of the finest in southern New Hampshire. The Baptists date back to 1800, the Methodists to 1830, the Catholics to 1842, the Advents to 1852, the time of the Millerite excitement, the Unitarians to 1854, and the Episcopalians to 1865. All seem to be planted in fruitful soil and to be exercising a marked influence for good upon the community.

The town in addition to these two moralizing and spiritualizing influences boasts a third humanizing influence in the shape of a handsome free public library.

This institution starting in 1853 with $300, has now over 10,000 books on its shelves and is housed in one of the finest buildings in town. This structure also serves the purpose of a soldiers' memorial hall, there being inscribed on marble tablets in its vestibule, the names of the gallant sons of Exeter who won deathless fame and imperishable renown upon the battle-fields of the Southland that our Union might continue to exist one and indissoluble through all coming time.

Dr. Charles A. Merrill and Mrs. Harriet M. Merrill gave the institu-



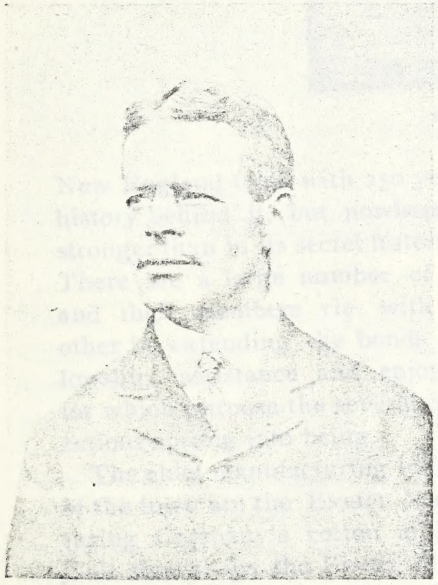
O. H. Sleeper's Jewelry Store.

tion $10,000, the interest to be used in buying books, and there have been other gifts not as extensive, but still very acceptable.

Besides the churches, schools, and library, the town has some very handsome, modern, and up-to-date public buildings. One of the handsomest is the county records building. This is built of brick in the old Colonial style, and its handsome front and inviting entrance form a picture not easily erased from the mind. The town hall is a substantial two-story brick structure with a tower and with a handsome portico in front. The Rockingham county court-house is the most ambitious structure in the

town. It is built of brick with a magnificent tower and a large bow window on the front. It is handsomely located on Front street and its commanding appearance attracts the attention and admiration of all visitors.

The residential streets are lined with trees and are faced by some of the most commodious mansions in southeastern New Hampshire. The large number of old colonial houses that Exeter boasts make it unique among early New Hampshire settlements. The pioneers of this section were many of them well-to-do and the



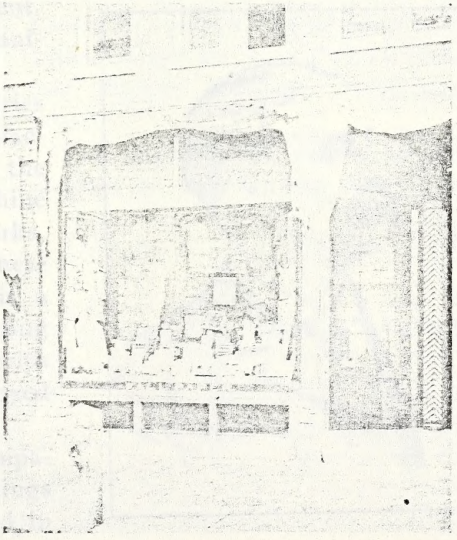
C. E. Burchstead, M. D. V.

result is seen in the old family homesteads which line Exeter's beautiful thoroughfares. Among the number are the Peavey house, the Gilman mansion occupied by Mr. John T. Perry, "the oldest house in town," now occupied by Miss Harvey, and the Judge Smith mansion. The Gilman mansion is one of the historic houses of Exeter just as the Gilman family is one of the historic families of New Hampshire. The house was erected by Nathaniel Ladd in 1722-'23. In 1743 it was purchased by the great-great-grandfather of Mr. Daniel Gilman and in the due course of time it became the property of that celebrated governor, John Taylor Gilman, who held office eleven consecutive years, and then after an interim was elevated to that most important position for three years longer.

The business blocks, like the public buildings, are handsome, commodious and up-to-date structures, are built largely of brick and reflect credit upon this conservative and yet progressive old town.

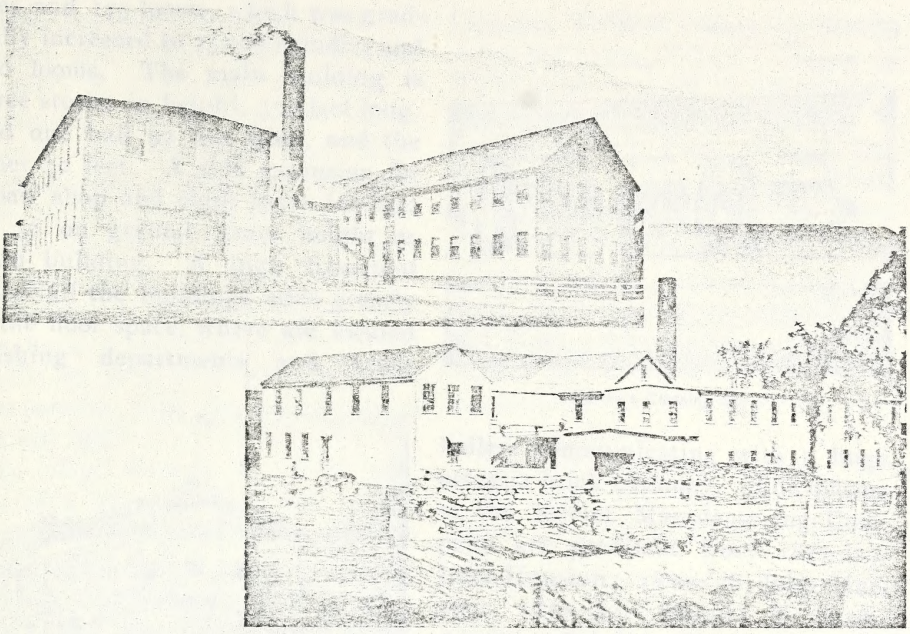
The valuation of Exeter at the close of the last fiscal year was $3,247,482. Its tax rate was $20 on the $1,000, and its net indebtedness, $69,768.64.

The town is strong naturally on the social side. Its society is diversified of course, as is that of every



Batchelder's Stationery Store.



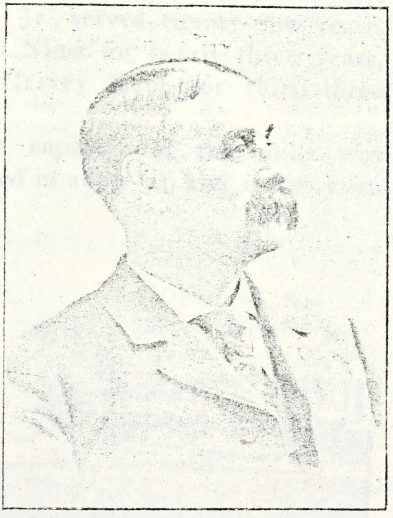


Fellows's Box Factory.

New England town with 250 years of history behind it, but nowhere is it stronger than in its secret fraternities. There are a large number of these and their members vie with each other in extending the bonds of fellowship, assistance and enjoyment, for which purpose the several organizations sprung into being.

The chief manufacturing industries of the town are the Exeter Manufacturing Company's cotton mills, the Gale shoe shops, the Exeter Machine Company, the Exeter Brass Works, and Fellows's box factory. These cover a large territory which is a veritable hive of industry abounding during six days of the week, with men and women actively employed at remunerative wages.

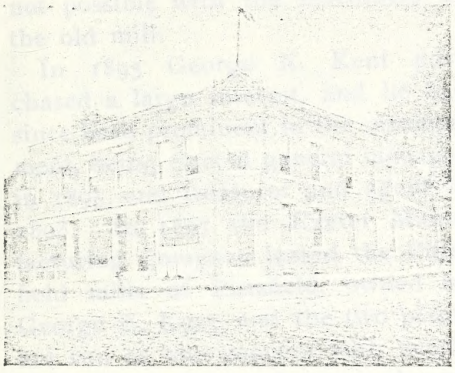
The Exeter Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of cotton sheetings and fine cambrics, was chartered in 1827, the charter bearing the names of Benjamin Pierce, governor, Matthew Harvey, president of senate, Henry Hubbard, speaker, and Richard Bartlett, secretary of state. The mill was started in 1830 with 5,000 spin-



John H. Fellows.

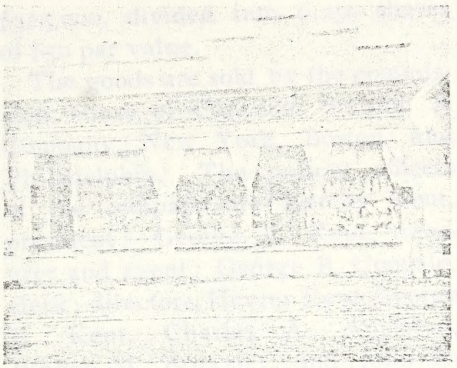


dles and 175 looms, which was gradually increased to 25,000 spindles and 600 looms. The main building is three stories in height, 350 feet long, and one half 92 feet wide, and the other 72 feet. A side extension for repair shop and cloth room 100 feet by 36 on ground, same height as main building. A high basement under all the buildings adds greatly to the floor space, where are located finishing departments and water



Exeter News-Letter Building.

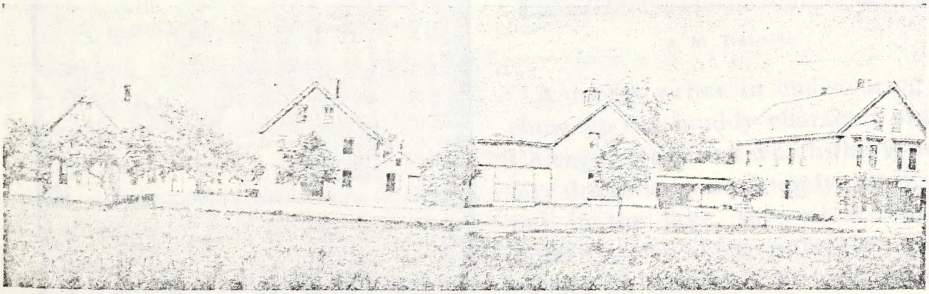
wheels. In addition to the buildings enumerated there are large, brick storehouses, engine and boiler and picker buildings adjoining. Power is secured by four 36-inch water wheels, and a fine compound Allis engine of 800 horse power steam, is supplied by three large vertical



McKey's Clothing Store.

boilers communicating with a huge octagon brick chimney. The officers of the Exeter Manufacturing Company are president from 1827–'29, John Houston; 1829–'38, John Harvey; 1838–'50, Samuel T. Armstrong; 1850–'55, James Johnson; 1855–'72, Samuel Batchelder; 1872–'76, Albert T. B. Ames; 1876–'89, Eben Dole; 1889–'92, William J. Dole, Jr.; 1892–'93, John J. Bell; 1893–'96, William J. Dole, Jr; 1896, Hervey Kent, the present incumbent. From 1830 to 1895 there have been but three agents of the concern, John Lowe, Jr., served twenty-nine years, James Nims for nearly three years, and Hervey Kent for thirty-three years.

The capacity of the mills was doubled in 1873–'74, and it was even



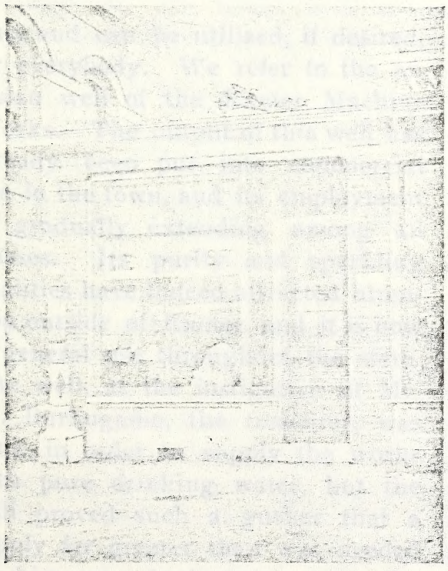
The Newfields Bottling Works, Newfields, N. H.

further gradually increased up to its present size. The failure of Dale Brothers & Company, who had a controlling interest in the stock, caused embarrassment, and there were disastrous fires in 1887 and 1893, which may have been blessings in disguise, as it gave the company the opportunity to thoroughly refit the mills with the most highly effective modern machinery, so as to get results as to quality and cheapness not possible with the machinery of the old mill.

In 1895 George E. Kent purchased a large interest, and he has since been prominent in the management, being elected general manager in 1895, and treasurer and agent in 1898. In 1897 the Exeter Manufacturing Company leased the Pittsfield mills of Pittsfield, owned by George E. Kent, and the two plants are run as one concern with nearly 40,000 spindles and 1,000 looms. The capital stock of the company is $325,000, divided into 6,250 shares of $50 par value.

The goods are sold by the commission house of Converse Stanton & Company, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The present officers of the company are Hervey Kent, president; George E. Kent, treasurer and agent; George B. Goodale, clerk; directors, Hervey Kent, George E. Kent, Charles A. Appleton, Walter M. Brewster, and John E. Gordon, the last named having died since last election.

The mills annually consume over 5,000 bales of cotton, and turn out about 7,500,000 yards of fine cottons.



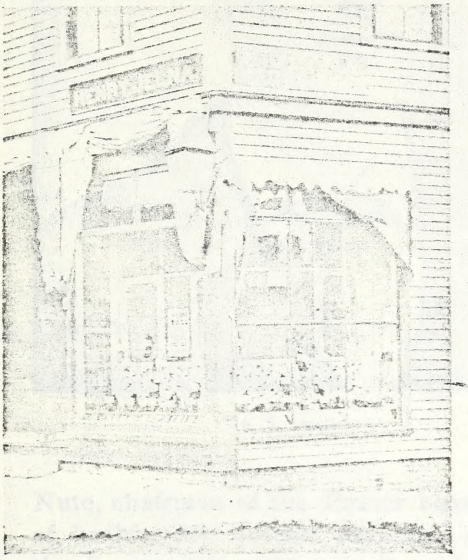
Dewhirst's Barber Shop.



A. M. Trefethen.

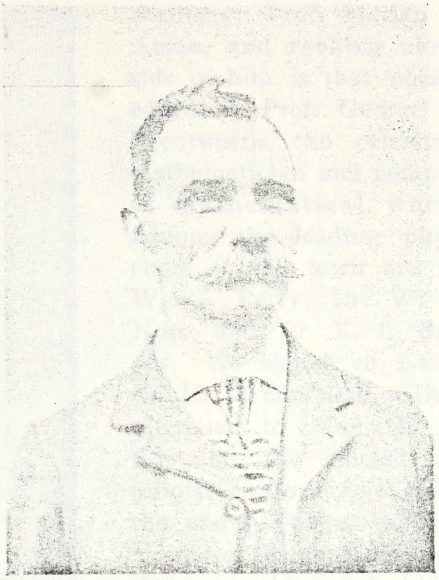
A recent writer in endeavoring to show up the muddy character of the Chicago river, from which the Windy city draws its water supply, albeit far out in the lake, says of it that in order to be kept pure the water should be sprinkled, at least, once a day. The water of Exeter has not

reached that stage as yet, but to tell the truth it is not as pure as Cæsar's wife, neither is it as far above suspicion. It compares favorably with the water supply of the average New England town, but Exeter is indeed fortunate in possessing in its midst a water supply that is absolutely



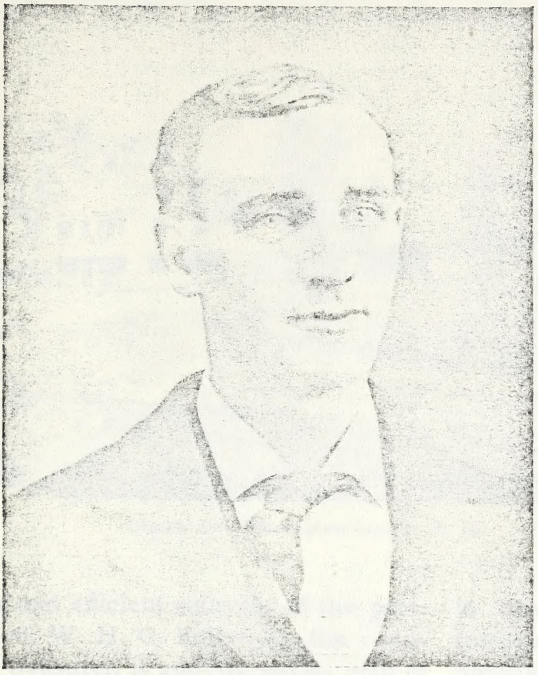
Shoe Store of H. Jelna.

pure and can be utilized, if desired, by everybody. We refer to the artesian well of the Exeter Machine Works. The output of this well has already been put into commercial use in the town, and its employment is gradually extending among all classes. Its purity and sparkling qualities have indeed attracted attention outside of Exeter, and it is now in general use throughout the state. The well, at the instigation of Mr. W. Burlingame, the treasurer, was sunk in order to supply the works with pure drinking water, but the well proved such a gusher that a supply far greater than was needed by him was forthcoming from the



H. F. Dunn.

start. Knowledge of Mr. Burlingame's lucky strike spread rapidly, and as a result another new industry was accidentally added to the town, viz., the supplying of water for commercial purposes. The well was drilled through 100 feet of solid rock, and water, colorless, odorless, and sparkling, was encountered 150 feet from the earth's surface. The water has been analyzed by eminent analytical chemists of Boston, and Dr. Edmund R. Angell of the state board of health of New Hampshire. Professor Angell says that the carbonates of magnesia and soda and sulphates of magnesia in it impart some medicinal properties to it. Prof. Henry Carmichael declares that it is not only soft and sparkling but suitable for all uses. Mr. Burlingame contemplates extending the use of the water to some convenient and easily accessible points through pure block-tin pipes. Among those who highly recommended it are Dr.



A. S. Langley.

academy, Prof. Harlan P. Amen, and ranking alongside of him is that notable educator, Prof. George A. Wentworth, the celebrated mathematician and compiler of mathematical works. Among the leading physicians of the town are Dr. W. G. Perry, Dr. W. H. Nute, and Dr. E. L. Sawyer. No sketch of Exeter would be complete without reference to Hon. E. G. Eastman, the efficient and scholarly attorney-general of the state, Judge John E. Young of the supreme court, the venerable and highly esteemed Hon. John D. Lyman, Hon. Thomas Leavitt, Gen. William P. Chadwick, Hon. Charles Marseilles, the nestor of New Hampshire journalists. Gen. S. H. Gale, the head of the Gale Bros. shoe factory, is, of course, one of the town's leading citizens, and another, known all over the state, is Col. R. N. Elwell, the popu-

Nute, chairman of the Exeter board of health, Mr. Joseph Manning of the Squamscott, who uses it exclusively on his table, and several prominent physicians in Concord and elsewhere.

Exeter is fortunate not only in her educational, historical, and naturally picturesque attractions, but also in her mercantile industries, and in her strong virile men in every walk in life. In the educational line no man in Exeter exceeds in popularity and worth the scholarly head of Phillips Exeter



Hotel Whittier, Hampton, N. H.

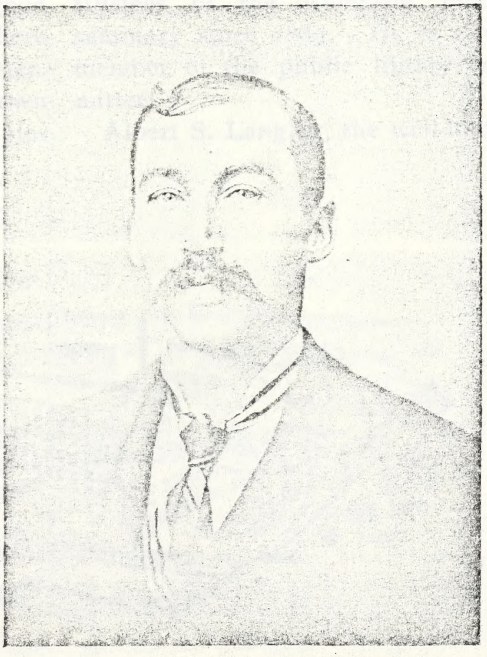


Chase's Hotel, Rockingham Junction, N. H.

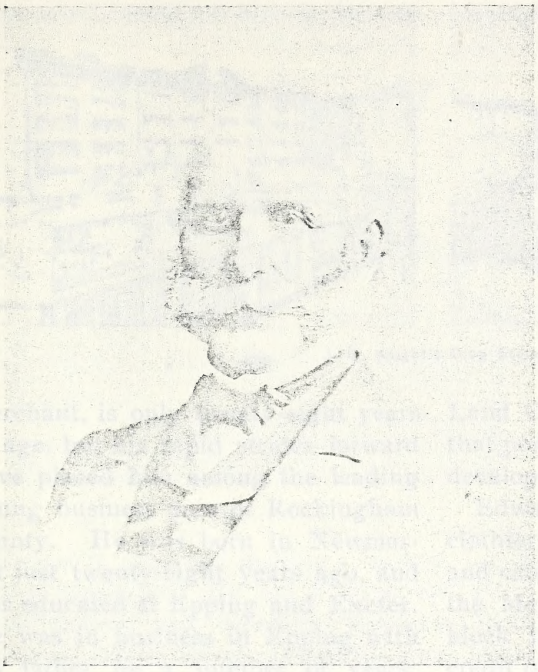
lar and efficient collector of the port. Hon. W. H. C. Follansby, the county treasurer, is another strong man of whom it can be said that no pent-up Exeter contracts his powers. Eben Folsom, the treasurer of the Exeter Brass Works, is an old-time resident of the town, and with John H. Fellows, the proprietor of Fellows' box factory, has done his share towards building up the community. Another progressive manufacturer is Daniel Gilman, the proprietor of the Exeter Rubber Step Mfg. Co. Another gentleman who is actively engaged in developing Exeter is Mr. A. E. McReel, the popular and highly efficient general manager of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury Street Railway.

Hon. A. S. Wetherell, the druggist, and one of the best known citizens of Exeter, is a son of the old town by adoption, having been born in Norridgewock, Me., October 5, 1851. Mr. Wetherell was a representative in the state legislature from Exeter in 1893 and 1895, and in the latter year was chairman of the railroad committee. He was in business in one store for twenty-three years, but in 1896 established himself at his present location, building a new store. He is deservedly popular among his townsmen, and it is believed higher honors yet await him.

J. E. Knight, the druggist, is an-



R. D. Burbee.

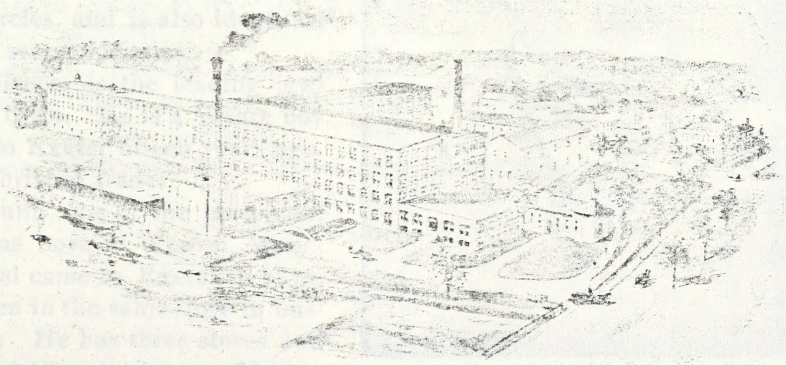


Hervey E. Kent.

other well-known citizen who believes New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate into, coming here in 1870 and entering Phillips Exeter. He has been in business in the town since 1884. Mr. Knight occupies the exalted position of thrice illustrious master of Olivet Council, Royal and Select Masters. He is also a member of DeWitt Clinton Commandery of Portsmouth, and district deputy grand master of the grand lodge for this section of the New Hampshire jurisdiction. He is a 32° Mason, and a member of Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua.

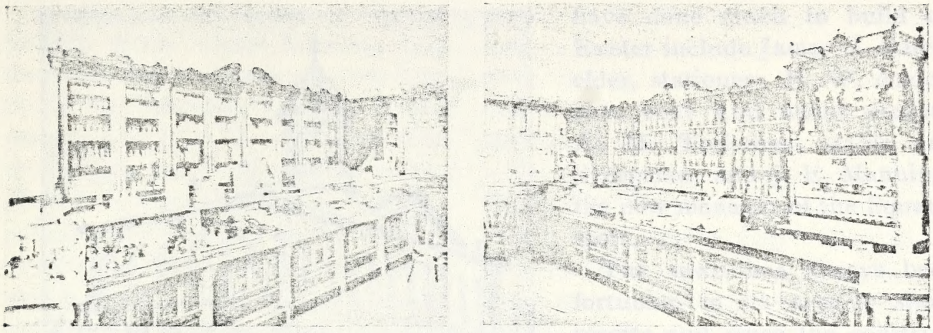
John A. Brown, the secretary and treasurer of the Exeter Coöperative bank, is a native of Exeter, having been born here in 1857, graduating at Phillips Exeter in 1875, and receiving the degree of A. B. at Harvard in 1879. He has been a member of the school board since 1886, and a member of the board of trustees of the Robinson Female seminary since 1889. He is also a member of the public library committee.

Albert S. Langley, the well-known



Exeter Manufacturing Company.





J. E. Knight's Drug Store.

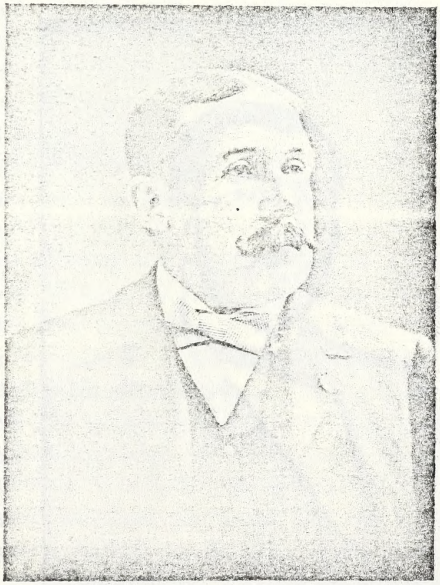
merchant, is only twenty-eight years of age, but his rapid strides forward have placed him among the leading young business men of Rockingham county. He was born in Newmarket just twenty-eight years ago, and was educated at Epping and Exeter. He was in business in Epping with his father for a number of years, after which he went to Boston and New York to acquire metropolitan methods. He was married in 1893 to Miss Alice E. Norris, only daughter of Haven Norris, the well-known Epping shoe manufacturer. He is prominent in the councils of the Democratic party of the state, and was its candidate for register of probate at the last election, polling a handsome vote. He is prominent in Pythian circles, and is also identified with other secret societies.

O. H. Sleeper is the leading jeweler of the town. He is a Weare boy and came to Exeter fifteen years ago. He has a thriving trade.

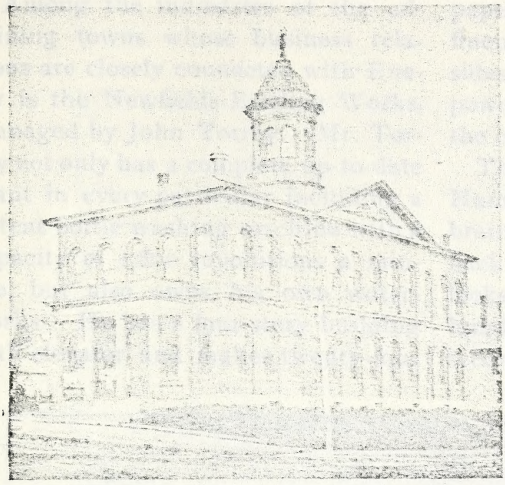
H. F. Dunn, one of the prominent grocers, was born in Weston, Mass., in 1850, and came to Exeter in 1876. He has been in the same store in business since. He has three stores and does a flourishing business. He has been identified with the Exeter Park Land Company for ten years and in that position has had much to do with developing the town.

Edward V. McKey, the popular clothier, was born in Salem in 1853, and came to Exeter in 1892 and built the McKey block, the first modern block in town. He can claim the credit of having started the boom for modern business blocks in Exeter.

R. D. Burpee is the leading baker of this section, starting in business in



E. H. Fuller.
Photographer.



Town Hall.

Exeter in 1892, and making a success from the start. He has a large establishment and numbers Exeter's representative citizens among his customers.

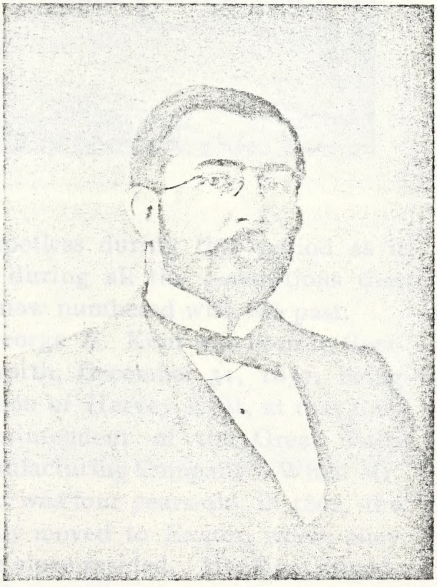
H. Jelna, the boot and shoe dealer, was born in 1855 in Three Rivers, Canada, and came to Exeter in 1886. He has been in his present store thirteen years. He is a member of the Board of Trade and is actively interested in town affairs.

Dr. C. E. Burchstead, M. D. V., is a graduate of Harvard Veterinary school and practised in Boston five years prior to coming to Exeter. He has made a study of surgery and his contributions to veterinary and medical journals have received special comment. He is a member of the Veterinary Society of Massachusetts.

Charles H. Dewhirst, the collegiate barber, is a Lawrence boy, where he was born in 1864. He came to Exeter in 1892 and since his location here he has practically gained a monopoly of the business men of the town.

Other prominent and progressive merchants and business men who have done much to build up Exeter include James H. Batchelder, stationer; H. W. Anderson, coal and wood dealer; A. M. Trefethen, stable and liveryman, and J. E. Manning, the new manager of the Squamscott.

The town has always been fortunate in its near-by shore resorts and since the construction of the electric street railway the patronage of one of these, the Hotel Whittier, has largely increased. This is one of the old-time hostelries of this section, and its cuisine as well as its hospitality has long been noted. Its surroundings as well as its location render it an ideal stopping place. Another popular hostelry is that at Rockingham Junction, conducted by L. E. Chase. It is well patronized not only by Exeter people but also by travelers in this section.



I. A. Herrick.
Publisher of the Exeter Gazette.



Among the industries of the adjoining towns whose business relations are closely connected with Exeter is the Newfields Bottling Works, managed by John Torrey. Mr. Torrey not only has a complete up-to-date plant in every particular including a patent bottle washing machine with a capacity of 1,800 revolutions a minute, but also owns his own waterworks. He has a four-story building with elevator and makes twenty-four different flavored extracts. He employs seventeen people and has a capacity of 400 dozen bottles a day.

No town in the state is more fortunately situated with reference to its newspapers. These are two in number, the Exeter *Gazette*, managed by Israel A. Herrick, and the Exeter *News-Letter*, owned by John Templeton. The *News-Letter* deservedly stands at the head of the weekly journals of New Hampshire and is in fact one of the ablest edited newspapers in the United States. Its influence and friendship is sought on all sides and its character has made a powerful impression on the affairs of the county and of the state.

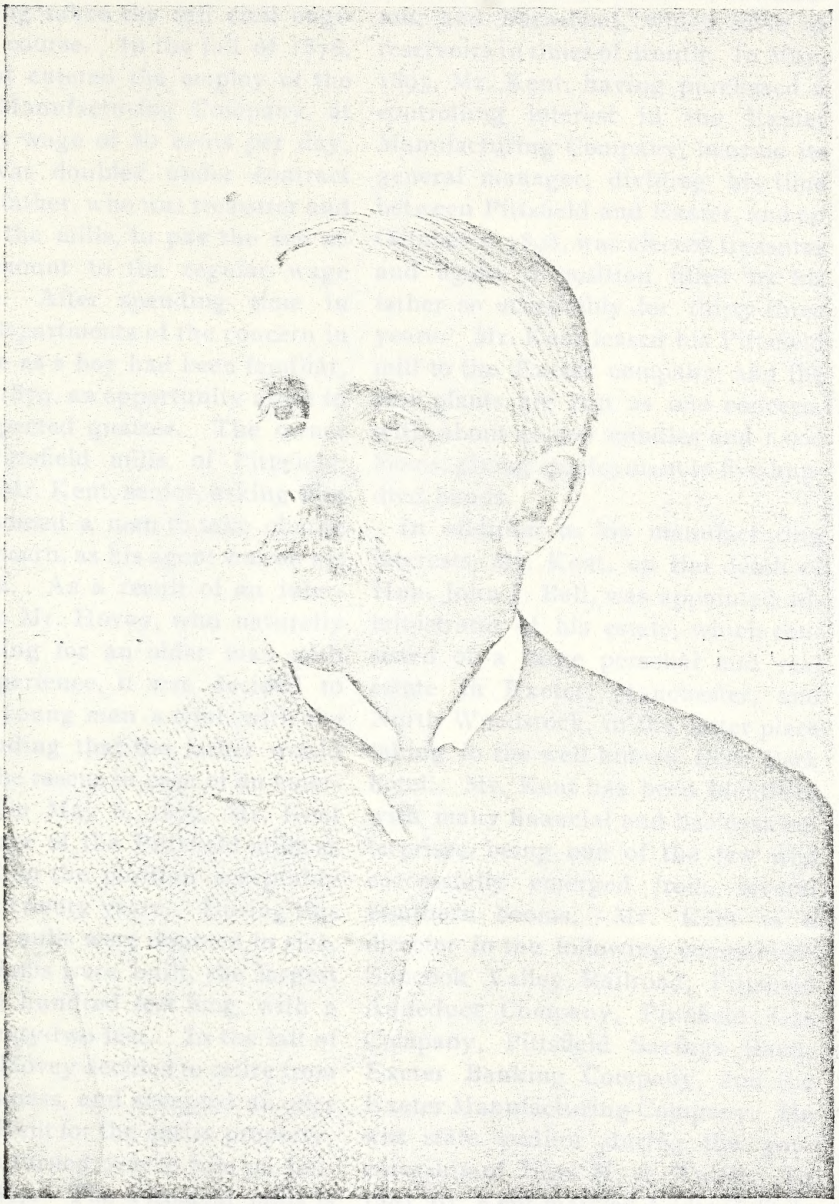
Thus stands Exeter—a model New Hampshire town filled with bright, brainy, progressive men. Looking back on three centuries of growth, it looks forward also to the next one hundred years, determined to keep its record as honorable, as inspiring, and as spotless during that period as it has during all the generations that are now numbered with the past.



High Street.

George E. Kent was born in Somersworth, December 31, 1857, being the son of Hervey Kent, at that time superintendent of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company. When Mr. Kent was four years old, in 1862, the family moved to Exeter, where they have since resided. Mr. Kent attended the public schools in the town, graduating from the High school in





GEORGE E. KENT.



1857, and from the Worcester Polytechnic Institution of Worcester, Ms., in 1878, with the degrees of B. S., C. E., having taken the full civil engineering course. In the fall of 1878, Mr. Kent entered the employ of the Exeter Manufacturing Company, at the daily wage of 80 cents per day, which was doubled under contract with his father, who was treasurer and agent of the mills, to pay the son an equal amount to the regular wage schedule. After spending time in various departments of the concern in which he as a boy had been familiar, in May, 1879, an opportunity arose in an unexpected quarter. The owner of the Pittsfield mills, of Pittsfield, wrote to Mr. Kent, senior, asking him to recommend a man to take charge of his concern, as his agent was on his death-bed. As a result of an interview with Mr. Hovey, who naturally was looking for an older man with more experience, it was decided to give the young man a trial, with the understanding that the father would come to the rescue in case of an emergency. On May 6, 1879, Mr. Kent took charge of the Pittsfield mills as agent, filling the position acceptably for nearly twenty years. During this period the mills were doubled in size, and six dams were built, the largest over three hundred feet long, with a fall of twenty-two feet. In the fall of 1896 Mr. Hovey decided to retire from active business, and accepted an offer from Mr. Kent for the entire property, and it was turned over to him on January 1, 1897. The Pittsfield mills is a cotton factory of 12,000 spindles and 322 looms, making a fine shirting, and giving employment to some 200 hands. Beside the plant at Pittsfield, there are valuable water-powers in the towns of Alton, Gilmanton, and Barnstead, which serve as reservoirs in times of drouth. In May, 1895, Mr. Kent, having purchased a controlling interest in the Exeter Manufacturing Company, became its general manager, dividing his time between Pittsfield and Exeter, and on October 1, 1898, was elected treasurer and agent, a position filled by his father so acceptably for thirty-three years. Mr. Kent leased his Pittsfield mill to the Exeter company, and the two plants are run as one concern, with about 40,000 spindles and 1,000 looms, giving employment to five hundred hands.

In addition to his manufacturing interests, Mr. Kent, on the death of Hon. John J. Bell, was appointed administrator of his estate, which consisted of a large personal and real estate in Exeter, Manchester, and North Woodstock, in the latter place taking in the well-known Deer Park hotel. Mr. Kent has been identified with many financial and business enterprises, being one of the few who successfully emerged from several Southern booms. Mr. Kent is a director in the following companies: Suncook Valley Railroad, Pittsfield Aqueduct Company, Pittsfield Gas Company, Pittsfield Savings Bank, Exeter Banking Company, and the Exeter Manufacturing Company. He was state auditor during the governorship of Hon. H. A. Tuttle. In 1884 Mr. Kent married Addie C. Gale of Pittsfield, and they have a family consisting of one daughter and three sons.



QUARRYMEN DRILLING SMALL HOLES.



NEW HAMPSHIRE INDUSTRIES.

SECOND PAPER.

QUARRYING AND STONE-CUTTING.

By Josiah B. Dyer.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE purpose of this article is not to teach practical men the rudiments or the higher branches of their trade, but, as plainly and concisely as possible, explain to those unacquainted with it, the methods used by practical men in quarrying and cutting stone; so we avoid anything which might confuse the reader, but in as plain language as possible tell the story so that anyone may understand. We might use very different language, as used in the trade technically, but our readers might not understand it and become confused, and our object be lost. That the subject of quarrying and stone-cutting is not understood, we very often find in conversation with parties outside the stone trade, even in stone districts. Some seem to entertain the idea that it is very simple and requires no skill, but we think after reading this article that those who have such an idea will find that to excavate a cutting through a rock is very different from quarrying out a stone for a stone-cutter or sculptor.

Some years ago in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., during a debate on matters connected with stone, one of the speakers said that it required no skill to quarry stone, anybody could blast it out. On being asked if he ever saw a quarry, and whether he knew the difference between random and dimension stones, he acknowledged his ignorance, and that all he knew of quarrying was what he had seen done in blasting out cellars, and clearing away rock in grading the new streets of the city. The extent of his knowledge of quarrying tools was a large drill, striking hammer, pick, shovel, and dump cart, and his idea of a quarryman was that he knew enough to drop his pick and shovel when the whistle was blown to quit work. He was surprised to learn that there is a difference between excavating and quarrying, and that it required skill of no mean order to be a good quarryman. There are others who have similar ideas of quarrying and quarrymen, which those who have lived in quarry sections wonder at when they hear them expressed.

QUARRYING.

The story of a stone in its progress from its natural bed in a mountain to a paving block in a street, a part of a building, or a statue, is a story of skill and patient endurance, danger and anxiety, from the time the first blow is struck on a drill to re-

move it from the mountain until it is placed in the position designed for it.

Quarrying is a lottery. The blanks are more numerous than the prizes. What has appeared to be a sure thing has turned out to the contrary, and an abandoned quarry shows plainly to experienced men the blasted hopes and lost capital of those who have tried and failed to develop what they fondly hoped would prove a bonanza.

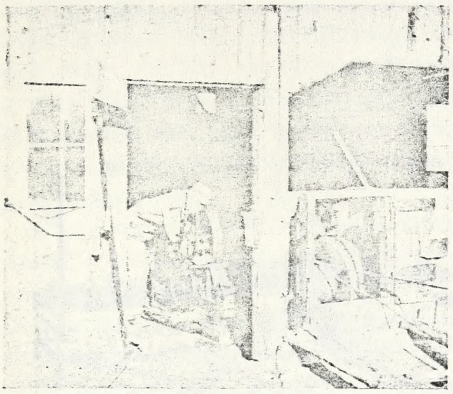
A good quarryman has a knowledge of geology and often gives pointers to professors of geology in their investigations. He is a fearless man, facing danger every day from explosions or falling rocks. He has a knowledge of the stratum and cleavage of rocks from daily study. He understands the use of explosives and is familiar with powder and dynamite, but an enumeration of all the knowledge required to be an expert quarryman would probably be doubted by those who only see him, as they consider, mechanically striking the head of a drill with a hammer, or hoisting on a derrick; so we refrain from enlarging on the skill necessary to become an expert quarryman.



Sheet Quarry, with Modern Steam Drills.

Prospecting for quarries is carried out with as much enthusiasm as prospecting for gold mines. Frequently the owner of a piece of land finds rock on it and gets the idea that he has valuable stone on his property, and brings a small piece to a quarryman for his opinion of it. If the quarryman is not satisfied with its





Hoisting Machine.

appearance, he wastes no time about it; but if he is satisfied that it is worth investigating further, he visits the place where the rock is, taking with him a few necessary tools and makes his tests, either by blasting or splitting off some larger pieces. If the rock is a boulder, it is easy to quarry; but if beneath the surface and in sheets, then the skill of the quarryman is shown, and he proceeds to act in a scientific manner. The earth over the rock, if any, is cleared away, a hole drilled, and a blast made after it has been determined on the best place to make such blast. A derrick is erected and the waste rock dumped where it will not interfere with future operations. Derricks are worked by hand or steam, a hoister where steam is used being constructed so as to operate several derricks. Seams are traced and headings located for future guidance.

The mode of quarrying depends on the stone to be quarried, whether granite, marble, freestone, or limestone, each requiring peculiar methods. Our space being limited, we confine this article to granite alone.

The rock is, in general, first started by holes being drilled and explosives used to dislodge it from its natural bed. There are various methods of blasting and the quarryman decides on which method will best answer his purpose. Where particular care is not necessary, a large hole is drilled by hand or steam power, and when the hole is drilled to the required depth, it is thoroughly dried of the water used in drilling it, the fuse inserted, and powder poured into it, the strength of the charge necessary to accomplish the purpose designed being determined by the good judgment of the quarryman. After sufficient powder has been placed in the hole, the remaining portion of it is filled with sand or loam, allowing for air space, and tamped down tight with the tamping-bar, the fuse is lighted, and the quarrymen retire to a safe place to await the result of the explosion. Dynamite cartridges are also used for blasting. Frequently the charge fails to explode, and again the skill of the quarryman is shown in re-



Quarrymen Drilling Holes for Blasting.



Boulder Quarrying.

moving the old charge so as to insert a new one. This operation is one of the most dangerous parts of quarrying, as a spark of fire caused by friction often explodes the charge, and the quarrymen engaged in the work, having no time to escape, are killed or maimed for life by such explosions. Where there is steam power in a quarry, the holes have been blown out by steam, thus avoiding danger of explosion.

Much depends upon how the blast is made. In the first place the directions in which a blast will break any kind of rock from the drill hole are but three, and sometimes four, unless the explosive be too quick and forcible in its action. The limited number of directions in which the rock is most liable to break is determined by the structure of the rock and the shape of the drill hole. Quick-acting explosives like dynamite have a tendency to shatter the stone. Coarse gunpowder is preferred by many, but this is seldom used further than to detach large masses, which are split into smaller pieces by means of wedges and half-rounds. Sometimes a number of holes are drilled on a line and fired by means of electricity. Some large operations in blasting have been done with tunnels, as at Graniteville, Mo., and Long Cove, Me. In every locality the structure of the rock must be studied to take advantage of the cleavage and natural joints. There must be at least one free end and a front to allow the block to move outwards, and the ends are often cut off by end joints. Hori-

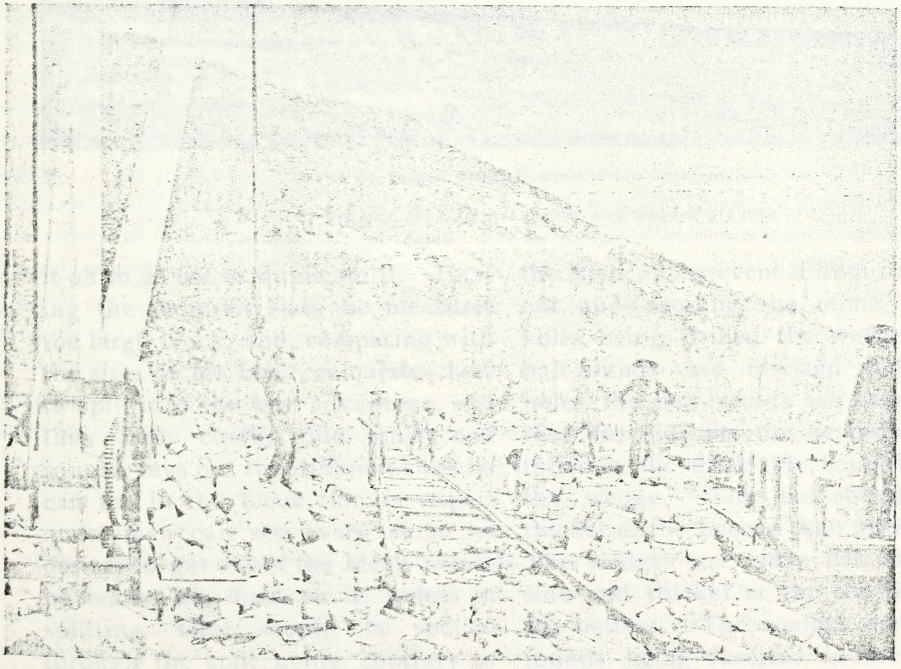


zontal joints called beds occur in most cases. When the cleavage is not very marked it is called the grain, and when it is more decided it is called the rift; there is, also, the end grain, which is the toughest part of the rock.

There are different forms of holes used in blasting. An elliptical hole ensures a straight break. A lewis hole is most commonly used; it is a three-cornered hole, two of the corners being on the line of the desired fracture. The Knox system of blasting, which has been the cause of considerable litigation at law for infringement on patent, is the boring of a hole, and then with a reamer making two V grooves directly opposite each other on the line of the fracture desired, the hole being shaped thus <>.

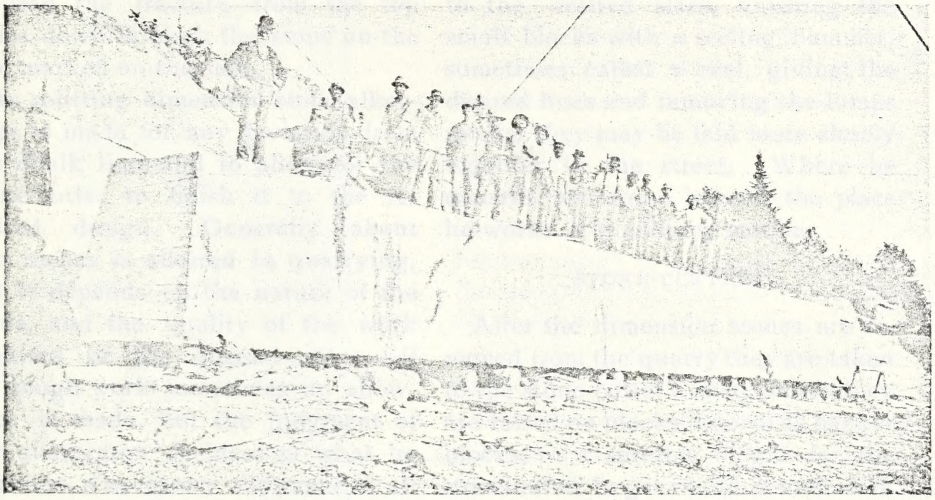
After a blast has been made it sometimes becomes necessary to move a large block without breaking, which it is impossible to move with a derrick. A seam blast is made for this purpose, which is done by charging the crack made by the hole blast with powder and exploding the charge which moves the block without shattering it, owing to the charge not being tamped tight as in a hole. In the invention of the steam drill, where large blocks are needed, they are often channeled out to avoid the risk of spoiling by blasting. In this process holes are drilled with the steam drill on the three sides of the stone to the required depth, as closely together as possible, and the core remaining between the holes afterwards cut away, thus releasing the block at the desired size without shattering it.

After the large block has been de-



Quarry, showing Modern Method of Railroad Track into Quarry.

tached from its bed and it is desired to reduce it to smaller sizes in the most economical manner without wasting more than possible, wedges and half-rounds, sometimes called plugs and feathers, are used. The architect who plans a building of any description to be of stone shows in his plans each stone. The sizes of these stones are given to the quarryman, who enters them in his book, and as he quarries each one checks his chalk line or marked desired curves, he, or his assistants, with hand hammers and small drills, drill a series of holes the length of the line about three inches deep and from two to three inches apart, and where the stone is a very thick one, larger deep holes are drilled between the small holes about three or four holes apart or more according to the quarryman's judgment, to lead the fracture of the smaller ones through



One of the Largest Stones Quarried in this Country.

It was 64 feet long, nearly 8 feet square, and weighed 310 tons.

it off so as not to duplicate it. Having the required sizes he measures the large block, and, comparing with the sizes on his book, calculates how to split it to the best advantage, and then with chalk, line, rule and square, lays out the different sizes he can see in the block, for an expert quarryman can see every stone he desires to get out of the block before he marks his lines on it, unless in splitting some should be spoiled through the split going contrary to his expectations. Having snapped the stone and prevent it from running out and spoiling the stone. The holes being drilled the wedges and half-rounds are inserted into the holes, the half-rounds are shaped so that one side fits the semi-circle of the hole, the other side being flat for the wedge. The half-rounds are thicker at the bottom than at the top. The wedges are made flat on each side and thicker at the top than at the bottom. The wedges and half-rounds being inserted in the hole, the wedges being in line with the

chalk line on their straight sides, the heads of the wedges are driven down by a large striking hammer, the force of the blow is regulated by the quarryman, and the thick part of the wedge being forced down into the thick parts of the half-rounds causes the stone to split open. In splitting stones a line of holes are sometimes drilled down the side also, a line having been marked for the desired fracture. The wedges in the side are driven from the top downwards so as to lead the fracture from the top holes down through the stone on the line marked on the side.

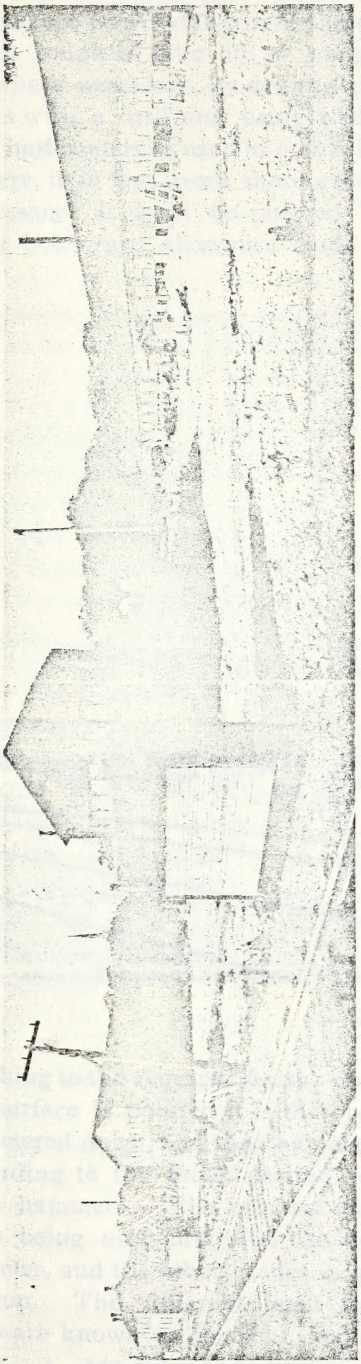
In splitting dimension stone allowance is made for any deviation from the chalk line, and to allow for the stone-cutter to finish it to the required design. Generally about two inches is allowed in quarrying, but it depends on the nature of the stone, and the quality of the work required on the dressed stone,—if for rough work sometimes no allowance is made, but the judgment of the quarryman decides on what he considers a necessary allowance in all cases. To split dimension stone there is often considerable waste, and the skill of the quarryman is often taxed to get out a stone at the required dimension and have it clear of defects of knots, seams, and stripes. The waste is either thrown over the dump, or where the quarry is near a city the waste stone, technically called "grout," is often utilized for foundations for buildings, bridges, worked up into paving blocks or crushed for macadamizing purposes. In splitting random stock the same process is gone through, only the quarryman, not being limited to special sizes, splits the stone to the best advantage with the least possible waste. A poor quarryman often wastes more stone than he is worth, so it can be readily seen how much depends on a thorough knowledge of quarrying to become an expert quarryman.

PAVING CUTTING.

Where paving blocks are made the paving cutter splits the stone by the same process as the quarryman does, and then with hammers breaks it to the desired sizes, finishing the small blocks with a reeling hammer, sometimes called a reel, giving the desired lines and removing the lumps so that they may be laid more closely together in the street. Where he quarries the stone himself the place he works in is called a motion.

STONE-CUTTING.

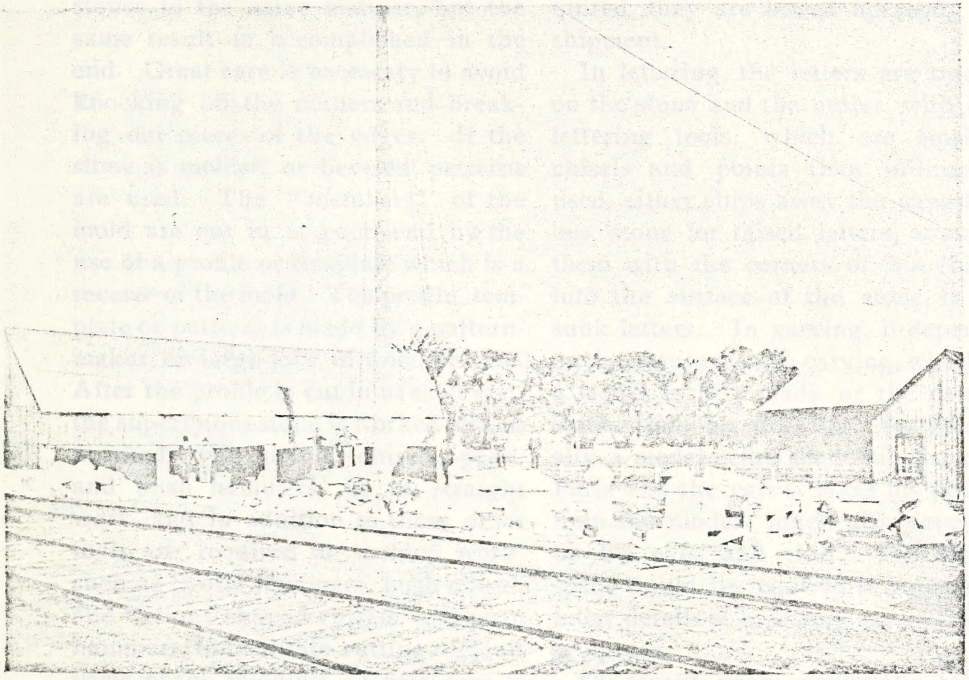
After the dimension stones are removed from the quarry they are taken to the stone-cutter's shed, where they are raised on blocks, known as banker blocks, to a suitable height for the stone-cutter to get round it and work to the best possible advantage. A diagram is given the stone-cutter with the required finished sizes and sketch of design, with name of cutter, time of bankering, numbers or letters of stone, and of "courses" on plan, and blank spaces for time of finishing and cost of cutting marked on it, by which he is guided in his work and a record kept for future reference. He then proceeds to lay out his stone so as to get the desired design out of it with the least amount of labor, which is often a difficult matter from various causes, and requires study through a stone being small or having some defect. This reminds us that we heard



A Modern Plant.

of a Concord school teacher who told her pupils that it required no skill to cut a stone, but it did require skill to build a house. If she had studied a little more, she would have learned that it required considerable skill to cut a stone so that a mason could lay it in a building, and she would not have been considered as an inferior teacher by the parents of the children to whom she claimed to be teaching object lessons. Accuracy of dressing is essential for first-class work so that the pressure may be equalized and cracking avoided. After the cutter has laid out his stone, he finds out the three lowest spots in the surface, and cuts in with his hammer and chisel three plumb spots on the three lowest corners, and then takes it out of wind by lowering the fourth or highest corner to a perfect level with the other three by the use of winding blocks and straight edges placed on top of them, and by sighting them bringing both straight edges on a perfect line with each other. Having got his plumb spots he then snaps chalk lines between the plumb spots and breaks the stone to the line with a hand hammer and pitching tool, or if there is a large amount of waste to be taken off it is broken to the lines with a large striking hammer and bull set, one man holding the bull set to the line and guiding the break, and another man striking its head with the hammer. After the line has been broken as straight as possible he then, with hand hammer and chisel, cuts draft lines connecting the four corner plumb spots, thus forming the outlines of the plane surface, after which, with hammer and point, he roughs off the surface, making due allowance for the work required. If it is a bed

he points it down level with his draft lines, and is not so particular as if it is for face work, and where there is much rough to take off, he plugs it off where necessary, by drilling plug holes with a drill and using wedges and half-rounds as used in quarrying. Where it is face work more care is necessary: it must be pointed free from holes, and allowance made for pieces and screwed firmly together, the stock having holes for the handle and for the screws to hold the blades in position. The blades are of thin sheet steel of different thicknesses, and the name given to the hammer shows how many blades are in a given space, as four or twelve blades to an inch. The first surface being completed the other parts are worked from



A Typical Stone-Yard.

finishing to the required finish. After the surface is pointed it is then pean hammered down, and then hammered according to the finish desired with bush hammers. The coarsest hammers being used first after the pean hammer, and the other grades in succession. The different bush hammers are known as four-cut, six-cut, eight-cut, ten-cut, and twelve-cut. The bush hammer is a tool made in it, and an edge chiseled after being chipped straight with a chipper and straight edge where it is a square side. The stone being turned with the second surface to be worked on top, the cutter then from the chiseled line at the edge cuts plumb spots on the opposite corners, using square and winding blocks, and proceeds in a similar manner as on first surface to get it perfectly level, or with a square



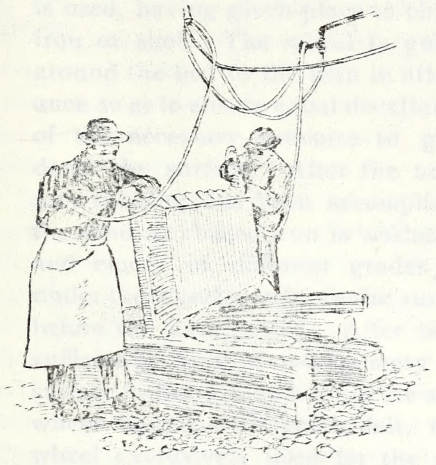
for a guide draws a square line from the edge and chisels a draft line without cutting in plumb spots and using his winding blocks. For marking lines where the chalk and line cannot be used, camwood is generally used. After he has his lines chiseled around the side he proceeds to finish it in the same manner as the other surface. Very often two men cutting the same kind of a stone will not take up the stones in the same manner, but the same result is accomplished in the end. Great care is necessary to avoid knocking off the corners and breaking out pieces of the edges. If the stone is molded or beveled, patterns are used. The "members" of the mold are cut in at each end by the use of a profile or template which is a reverse of the mold. The profile, template or pattern, is made by a pattern-maker, on large jobs, of wood or zinc. After the profile is cut in at each end, the superfluous stone is worked off and finished with points, chisels, pean, and bush hammers, as in straight work, and in addition to these other tools are required on molded work, such as Scotia hammers, bush chisel, and various shaped chisels, and pean hammers, to facilitate cutting difficult parts of the molding. Great care is necessary in cutting in the template or bevel at the ends so that the stones will come together without trimming in the building, but often with the greatest care on the part of the cutter trimming is necessary so as to have the joints show the mold continuously, through the fault of the mason in setting. It may seem to an onlooker that it is a simple thing to chisel a line or bush hammer a stone, but care and skill are necessary from the time the stone is placed on the banker until it has passed inspection, has been "tried up," and the paint mark, with the letter or figures of its position in the building, as shown on the plan, is placed on it by the person in charge.

Stones for polishing are hammered to the desired shape and then sent to the polishing mill, and after being polished are returned to the cutting shed, if more work is to be done on them, but if no further work is required, they are boxed up ready for shipment.

In lettering, the letters are traced on the stone and the cutter, with his lettering tools, which are smaller chisels and points than ordinarily used, either chips away the superfluous stone for raised letters, or sinks them with the corners of his chisel into the surface of the stone, if for sunk letters. In carving, it depends on the nature of such carving, whether a model is first made, or the carver works from his drawing; but generally, a model is first made in plaster of Paris and the carver takes his points from the model; much also depends on his eyes and skill. Too much space would be required to enter into fuller detalls of lettering, carving, and sculpture.

Of recent years pneumatic tools, worked by compressed air, are used to a considerable extent for carving, lettering, and skimmed work, in large establishments. Surfacing machines are also used for cutting a plain surface, which finish and bush hammer it. Saws are also used for plain work by which square, oblong, or beveled blocks are sawn to the required dimensions, and either polished or bushed by steam power. While in freestone and marble, moldings are cut by machinery, entirely supplanting hand

work, up to the present no machine has been invented to cut moldings on granite, except certain forms on columns and circular work. Columns, urns, vases, and circular work are to a considerable extent turned out on specially constructed turning lathes. In some large establishments, where it can be done to advantage, the work is divided into different departments, some men cutting plain work, others molding, others lettering, and others carving; the stone in some cases being taken from the man who squares it up and transferred to the letterer or carver to finish. While in general a carver can take a stone in its rough and complete it, there are those who cannot cut a decent plain stone, their inclination being against plain work, and there are cutters who cannot carve but can cut a first-class plain or molded stone.



Pneumatic Cutting.

TOOL SHARPENING.

Tool making and tool sharpening is a necessary part of the stone trade. An ordinary blacksmith, while he may be able to make the tools required in quarrying and stone-cutting, in general is unable to sharpen and temper them so as to stand the cutting of granite. Tool sharpening is practically a trade by itself, as it requires considerable experience to gain a thorough knowledge of the temper required for the tools to cut the different grades of granite, and to sharpen the different varieties of tools, as for instance, the thin blades of a twelve-cut hammer require considerable skill to sharpen and temper exactly so as to prevent their warping, to have them straight, temper neither too hard nor too soft, and to avoid flaws. Nothing tries a cutter's or quarryman's temper more than to have poor tempered tools; his temper requires considerable previous tempering to prevent his exploding into language more forcible than polite when his tools break or are too soft. An expert tool sharpener saves considerable expense to his employer by his knowledge of steel and tempering it.

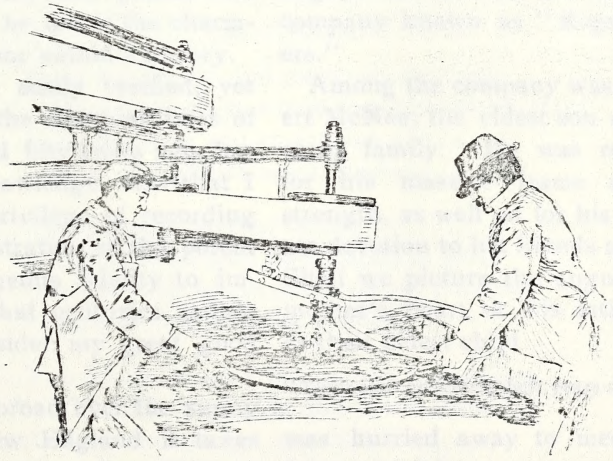
POLISHING.

Where polishing is required the stone, after being hammered roughly, is taken to the polishing mill. Where there are several stones to polish a bed is made by the different upper surfaces being laid exactly level with each other, and all joints or openings filled with plaster of Paris, and firmly bound together so that no shifting may occur while it is being rubbed down. This requires considerable nicety of adjustment as the rubbing must be equal on each stone, for if any of the stones shift the rubbing will be unequal, and such inequality might spoil a stone. Where a stone is large enough to be polished by itself, the adjustment can be more easily accomplished. After the bed is prepared it

is first rubbed down to bring the surface free from tool-marks and holes, either with sand or chilled iron, and water being placed on the bed; then either a revolving iron wheel or a large iron bar with a rubbing plate of iron attached, is placed on the chilled iron or sand and worked by steam power. Sand was formerly used entirely, but of late years very little of it is used, having given place to chilled iron or shot. The wheel is guided around the bed by the man in attendance so as to ensure equal distribution of the necessary pressure to grind down the surface. After the necessary rubbing has been accomplished the sand or chilled iron is washed off and emery of different grades put under the wheel to smooth the surface before the final polish. After being sufficiently rubbed with emery the surface is cleaned, and either the same wheel bound with thick felt, or a wheel exclusively used for the purpose bound in felt, is placed on the surface and putty powder placed under it and wetted with water to the consistency of a paste. The wheel is used the same as before, and as the friction produces heat so the polish is brought out, and when in the judgment of the polisher no more can be done, the stone is removed from the bed. As in other stages skill and good judgment are necessary to determine when the stone has been sufficiently rubbed down and all "starts" removed, otherwise they will show through the final polish; and to know when the stone is sufficiently rubbed and polished before washing off the chilled iron and putty powder, requires considerable experience to avoid wasting the materials. Some parts of a stone which machinery cannot reach are polished by hand, and also some small work, such as bands, etc. The principle of hand polishing is the same as steam polishing. Some men make a specialty of hand polishing.

BOXING.

After a stone is finished and ready for shipment it is boxed up in lumber, strips being placed around the edges and firmly bound with hoop iron nailed to the lumber, so as to protect the corners and edges from being damaged in transit.



Polishing by Machinery.

A LEAF FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE'S UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

By Carrie M. Nay.

THE fact is deplored by the historian that a fund of interesting and valuable legendary lore is being lost past recovery by the impossibility of discovering just how and where to seek the hidden treasures which would so enrich the archives of history.

Men and women, famous in literature, come out from the disturbing elements of city life, living weeks and months in country homes, seeking and hearing quaint incidents which they weave into charming stories, yet they rarely strike the keynote inducing the loquacity of a New Englander to give away the family legends of the valor and courage of his ancestors,—an inheritance of which he is justly proud—to any stranger within his gates. Hence it is an indisputable fact that ere another half century has passed but slight trace will be left of the charming romance of our nation's history.

That a story, easily verified, yet dating back to the Colonial times of one hundred and fifty years ago, has come to my knowledge, also that I can have the privilege of recording so noble an illustration of the potent power of courageous fidelity to impress itself so that centuries cannot erase it, I consider my great good fortune.

As we look abroad over the sunny hillsides of New England it taxes our imagination to realize that our ancestors, who once lived where we now dwell in plenteous comfort, were surrounded by dangers dire, from savage beasts, and yet more savage men. Not in vain was the discipline. Their environment gave them nerves of iron and muscles of steel, with a knowledge of woodcraft which made them well-nigh invincible.

Although the inhabitants of the little township of Peterborough had enjoyed singular immunity from the hardships and cruelty from Indian warfare which had harassed their neighboring townships, yet they dwelt in the midst of alarms and were keenly alive to the sufferings which beset their less fortunate neighbors; hence when a call came to organize a company to proceed against the Indians nine young men, the very flower of the youth of Peterborough, enlisted with the unfortunate company known as "Rogers' Rangers."

Among the company was one Robert McNee, the eldest son of a numerous family. He was remarkable for his massive frame and great strength, as well as for his affectionate devotion to his friends and home. Shall we picture the anguish of his mother's heart or his father's grief as their eldest child

"Their staff on which their years should lean,"

was hurried away to meet an unknown peril?

Among his comrades was one whom he loved and trusted,—not a Hercules as was McNee, but lithe and nimble, and their friendship was as that of David and Jonathan. Hence the hours were not altogether unpleasant as they struggled forward through forest and morass on their dangerous mission. But the time came when their love was to be tested, even as gold cast in the furnace, for, caught in deadly ambuscade by their foes, naught but flight could save their lives.

Robert McNee could easily have saved himself, but his friend faltered and weariness overcame him; without assistance he could go no farther. Would McNee leave him? Never! Possibly he could save both; just a little help, then both might escape. Thus he reasoned, and, with here and there the double burden of bearing him forward with compelling arms, McNee pushed onward. But, alas, exhaustion had seized even his powerful frame, and their vindictive foes were close upon them! But his friend was restored only to realize with breaking heart the sacrifice which had been made for him on the altar of Love, and could he accept the offering? No, they would perish together! He was now in advance, and as he reached a hilltop he turned. McNee seeing the act, with ringing voice, called "Go forward!" just as the tomahawk of a pursuing savage was buried in his brain. With a sad heart the lonely man plodded on his dangerous homeward way. With one other he lived to reach Peterborough, and to the friends so anxiously awaiting them told of the nobility of heart and mind of Robert McNee, gone forever from their forest home, but with the noble record that he feared death less than disloyalty. Was not the commendation justly his, of One who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend?"

NEW HAMPSHIRE SENDS GREETING TO-DAY.

[Andover Old Home Week Celebration, August 30, 1899.]

By C. E. Carr.

From her forests and meadows supernal,
From her shores where the wild waves play,
From her hills and mountains eternal,
New Hampshire sends greeting to-day!

Restless with myriad fingers
Her streams clap their hands in glee,
And her hills where sweet memory lingers
Re-echo her greeting to thee.

The winds through her valleys are calling,
They are singing in maple and pine,
And voices of sweet waters falling,
Are summoning thee and thine.

Silent and hushed are her spindles,
  Her factories, looms, and wheels,
But her breast with the old love kindles,
  And swells with the pride she feels.

To her children all she sends greeting,
  Where 'er through the world they may roam,
For them is her loving heart beating
  While to-day she welcomes them home.

"Nursed at her bosom of granite,"
  With a hand of love and steel
Their duty she 's marked on the planet,—
  To work for their country's weal.

She stands for the Spirit of Progress,
  She stands for the Spirit of Right,—
Her journey lies forward not backward,
  Her march, toward the clearer light.

About her she gathers her children,
  But leaves each his own work to do:—
Some will make laws for the nation,
  Some "carry water and hew,"

Some will be heard in the forum,
  Some found on the tireless sea,
Some in the turmoil of battle,
  And some ever silent will be;

But whatever in life be their calling,
  With her they have only one test,—
'T is not the world's rising or falling,
  But, "Son, are you doing your best?"

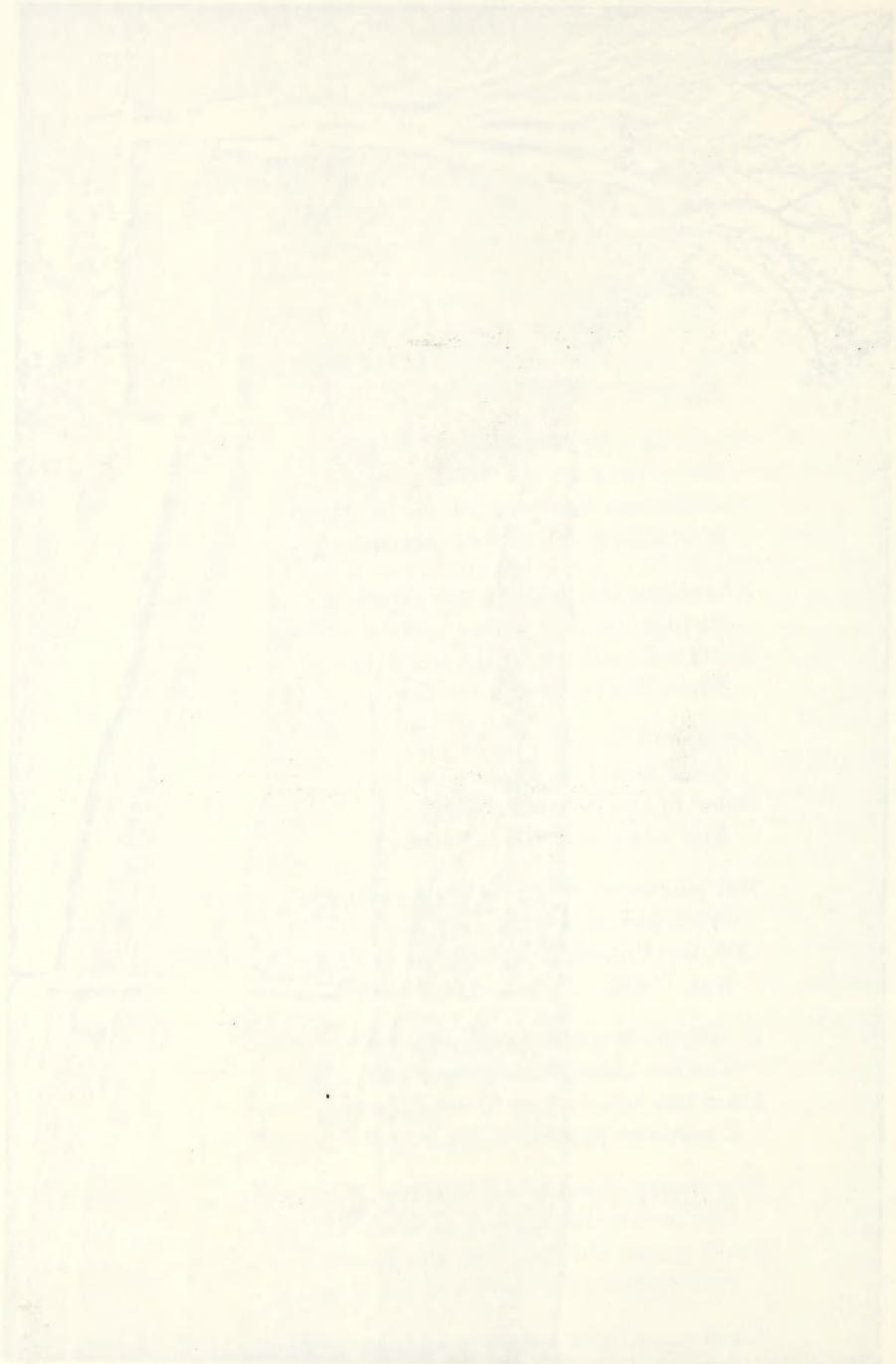
Is Liberty's spirit found with her?
  Try her children wherever you will,
Hear the voice of her Daniel forever,
  Count her dead at Bunker Hill.

Her breezes forever are blowing,
  Her mountains forever shall stand,
Forever, her children's hearts glowing
  For freedom, for God, and for land.

Then come back to her mountains and waters,
  Come back to hamlet and glen,
Come back, oh, ye sons and ye daughters,
  And greet your mother again!



MONADNOC, FROM PETERBOROUGH.



THE SMITHS AND WALKERS OF PETERBOROUGH, EXETER, AND SPRINGFIELD.

By F. B. Sanborn.

WILLIAM SMITH, of Moneymar, in northern Ireland, on his father's side Scotch, and English by his mother, emigrated to New Hampshire with the Scotch-Irish who settled Derry and Londonderry, Nutfield (now Manchester), and the Monadnoc townships, round the mountain of that name. He was in Peterborough (named for the gallant earl of that century) before 1750, and there married, December 31, 1751, Elizabeth Morison, granddaughter of Samuel Morison and Margaret Wallace (of Sir William Wallace's race), who had suffered in the famous siege of Derry. Elizabeth herself was born in Londonderry, N. H. She inherited and transmitted from her mother, according to family tradition, "all the wit and smartness of the Morisons and Smiths." Her most illustrious son, Jeremiah Smith, son of William, was born in a log house, near the present Smith homestead (which was built in 1770), Nov. 29, 1759; he was one of a large family, very few of whose descendants now remain in Peterborough, which they almost founded, and long controlled, or shared its control. His elder brother, James Smith, of Cavendish, Vt., was the father of Sarah, who married James Walker, Esq., of Rindge, and was the favorite niece of Judge Smith; a younger brother, Samuel Smith, built the first factory in Peterborough, and drew down the scattered village from the hilltops to the lovely valley where it now nestles, around the windings of its two rivers.

Jeremiah, who lived to be called "the handsomest old man and the wittiest wise man" in New Hampshire, was early designated for a studious and distinguished career. Without neglecting the rude labors of his father's great farm, he read and remembered everything that came in his way. At twelve, when he "could reap as much rye in a day as a man," he began to study Latin with an Irish hedge-schoolmaster; at seventeen he entered Harvard college, but was drawn away for two months to fight under Stark at Bennington. His captain, Stephen Parker of New Ipswich, the next hilltown, on the morning of the fight ordered the lad upon some duty that appeared to be safe, not wishing to have his neighbor's boy killed in his first campaign. But when the battle was hot, and Stark was charging the Hessian intrenchments, Captain Parker saw Jerry Smith by his side. "What are you here for?" "Oh, sir, I thought I ought to follow my captain." His gun was disabled by a British bullet; he caught another from a dying comrade, and

fought on till night; and then helped guard the Hessian prisoners in the Bennington church. Remaining at Cambridge two years, he was so little pleased with his instruction under Dr. Langdon (a wise scholar, but with no gift for managing a college), that he migrated to Rutgers college in New Jersey, and there



The Smith Homestead, Peterborough.

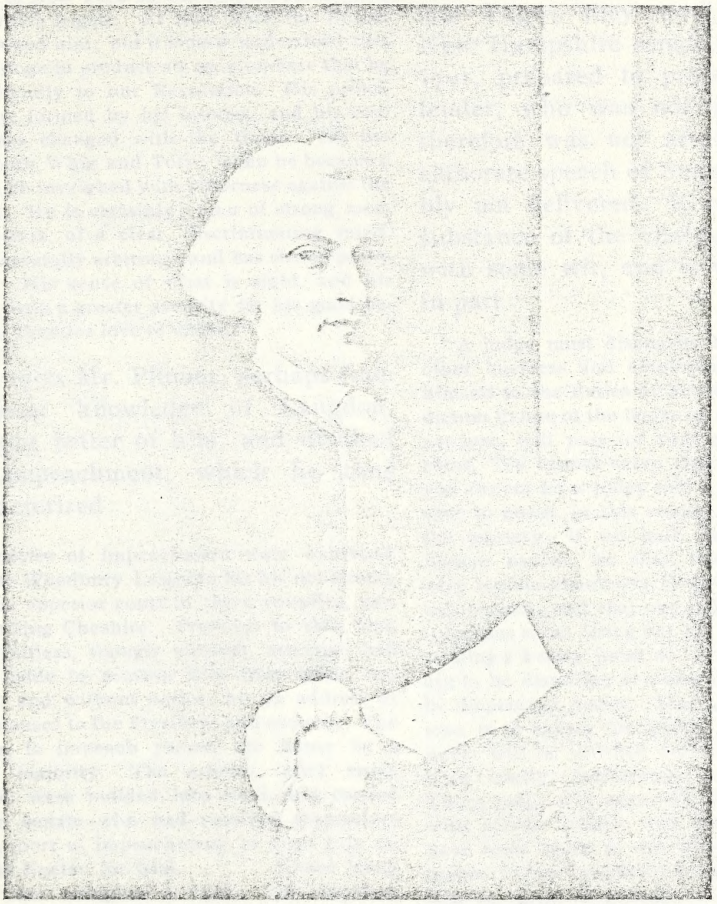
graduated in 1780, about the time (August 30), that Dr. Langdon withdrew from his thankless labors to the little parish of Hampton Falls, where he spent the last seventeen years of his worthy life.

Leaving college in debt, Smith remained at home for two years, and in that time, while driving cattle for Washington's army to Peekskill, he there met for the first time, the brilliant young Hamilton, to whose party in Congress he finally attached himself, when sent from the Hillsborough district in 1790 to represent New Hampshire at Philadelphia, where Washington was then carrying on the government. In the interval between 1781 and his congressional life he had studied law at Barnstable and Salem, had private pupils, taught in a young ladies' school, and in Andover had among his pupils Dr. Abbot, afterwards of Exeter, and Josiah Quincy; been admitted to the bar at Amherst, N. H., in 1786, against the wish of Joshua Atherton, grandfather of the democratic senator, and for three years, 1788–'90, represented his native town in the state legislature



at Concord. Such rapid promotion for so young a man—he was not quite thirty-one when chosen to Congress—would have been remarkable, had he not been well known and won the confidence of his townsmen and constituents by his integ-

At the age of thirty, then (June 17, 1790), Smith was a member of the legislature for the third time, and was to conduct an impeachment against Hon. Woodbury Langdon, one of the handsomest and ablest men of the time in New Hampshire,



Judge Woodbury Langdon.

rity, wit, eloquence, and good looks; the last a thing never to be despised in the contention for popular honors. It was this confidence which caused him to be chosen for the prosecution of his old college president's cousin, the elegant and influential brother of Gov. John Langdon of Portsmouth.

and then a justice of the highest court. Of Judge Langdon's character, William Plumer, afterwards United States senator and governor, has given a varying opinion, but at the impeachment, he favored the accused, and voted against it. Four years earlier, Plumer made this con-



tribution to Judge Langdon's biography, which, in its main facts, was probably correct:

"In the commencement of the Revolution, Woodbury Langdon, Esq., was a Tory; one of the five who signed a protest against the war. In 1775 he embarked for England, and was often closeted by the British minister. On his return to New York he was well accommodated in a British frigate. At New York the British imprisoned him; but it is now understood that it was done to produce an opinion here that he was friendly to our Revolution. His principles are formed by his interest, and his conduct has changed with the times. He has been both Whig and Tory; when he became a Whig, he inveighed with bitterness against the Tories. He is certainly a man of strong mental powers, of a clear, discriminating mind. He is naturally arbitrary, and has strong prejudices. His sense of what is right, and his pride, form a greater security for his good behavior, than his love of virtue."

In 1790, Mr. Plumer, perhaps from a closer knowledge of Langdon, thought better of him, and disliked the impeachment, which he thus characterized:

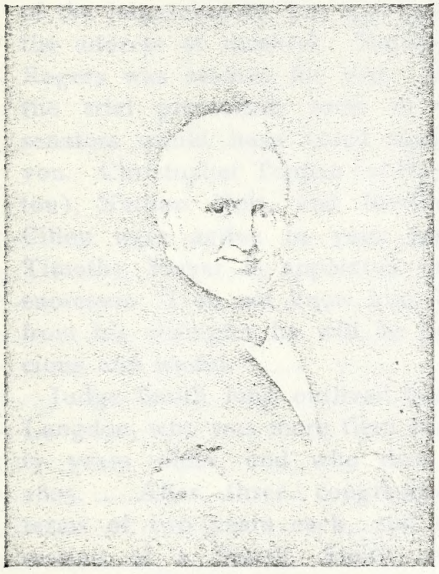
"Articles of impeachment were exhibited against Woodbury Langdon for his not attending the superior court in three counties, particularizing Cheshire. Previous to this, long and fruitless, though virulent, attempts had been made to remove him from office, unheard, and without notice, by an address of both houses to the President and council. The resolve to impeach passed the house by a small majority. The articles, after much debate, were molded into form, and carried to the senate who had resolved themselves into a court of impeachment, to meet July 28, 1790, at Exeter, for trial. . . . I have lately paid Mr. Langdon a visit. His intuitive genius enabled him to give a more accurate account of the proceedings of the legislature at their last session, than nine tenths of the members present are able to do. He appeared to have a perfect knowledge of the part each member acted respecting the address and impeachment; the cunning and duplicity of Sherburne was insufficient to veil his conduct from the discerning eye of the judge. The more I see and know of Langdon, the more I admire his wit, penetration, judgment, and decision; few men exceed him. If he considers an object worthy of his attention, he pursues it with such unremitted attention as seldom fails of success. Those who have the best means of information, and are accustomed to think for themselves, are not satisfied with the impeachment; they consider it as flowing from motives not honorable."

The associates of Smith in the conduct of this impeachment were Edward St. Loe Livermore and William Page; they went before the New Hampshire senate, January 28, 1791, prepared to prosecute the offender, who was not present, and therefore was not arraigned. The elaborate speech of Smith was probably not delivered; it contained the substance of the charges, expressed with some wit, and is worth citing, in part:

"A judge must disengage himself from all other business and employment, and devote himself to the duties of his office. There is a dictum in one of the books of reports, which, I suppose, will pass for very good law in this court, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' you cannot be a judge and a merchant. 'T is easy to guess, in this contest, which will get the mastery; if we look into the book of human nature, we shall find it written in very legible characters (Page 1) that interest will prevail; and that our judge will be more solicitous about fitting out his brig, than about settling a knotty point of law. He will be too apt to be disposing of a cargo, when he should be dispensing justice. One end of legal decision is to satisfy the parties; but the parties never will be satisfied unless their cause has been coolly, deliberately, and fully heard. This a judge will never do, if he is entangled with private affairs; the parties think, and have been heard to say, that when the Honorable Judge Langdon's brig goes to sea, he will be more at leisure. . . . If the brig sails, or arrives, in term-time, the inhabitants of Cheshire and Grafton need not expect to see the honorable judge. These are facts I do not mean to exaggerate."

The truth was that Woodbury Langdon, like his brother, the illustrious patriot, John Langdon, who was so many times governor of New Hampshire, was a prosperous merchant, owning and sailing vessels

from Portsmouth, and had more regard to his own ventures, at times, than to the public convenience. But he was a fair judge, notwithstanding, and was not to be discredited by a conviction and dismissal from office. He had just been appointed by Washington as federal commissioner of accounts, at Philadelphia, by reason of his acquaintance with financial affairs, and he sent in his



Judge Jeremiah Smith.

resignation as judge in New Hampshire before his opponents could try him. Accordingly, late in January, 1791, Mr. Livermore, one of the managers of impeachment, offered, in the House at Concord, of which he and Smith were members, this vote, which passed:

"*Resolved*, That the Managers appointed by and in behalf of the House of Representatives to manage the impeachment exhibited by this House against Woodbury Langdon, Esq., be instructed to enter a *nolle prosequi* to said impeachment."

The Senate, meanwhile, which was to try the impeachment, had been thinking better of it, and on the 17th of February, 1791, informed the house that "Ebenezer Smith, senior senator in the chair, and Nathaniel Peabody, Ebenezer Webster" (father of Daniel), "John Bell, Amos Sheppard, Peter Green, Nathaniel Rogers, Sandford Kingsbury, and Joseph Cilley, Esqs., being present" (nine senators out of twelve), "when the Senate for a moment reflect that the full force of a resolve or address, if carried into execution, can operate no further than to effect a removal from office; and that Mr. Langdon hath accepted of an important appointment under the authority of the United States, which renders it inconvenient for him to execute, and highly improper that he should any longer hold said office as a justice of the superior court; and that Mr. Langdon, impressed with these sentiments, *or some other motives*, hath, by a letter of the 17th of January, actually resigned said office,—the Senate, taking all circumstances into consideration, unanimously voted, That it is not their duty to concur with the honorable House in their resolve or address asking for Mr. Langdon's removal."

Commenting upon this whole affair, Plumer, in a letter to Judge Langdon, said (March 26, 1791), "Thus ended this mighty fuss,—disgraceful to the state, and vexatious to you. John Sam Sherburne, who last summer considered the prosecution as a popular measure, has lately been more cautious; in the house he has voted with your friends, though he has manifested too much indifference to be considered as one of them. George

Gains has been friendly, and did everything a man of his feeble intellect was able to do. George Wentworth, your other Portsmouth representative, always voted with us, and that was as much as he was capable of doing. Col. William Page and James McGregor were the most bitter and persecuting; they dealt in slander and calumny, both in public and private. The President (Josiah Bartlett) was in favor of the impeachment, but opposed to the address of removal. Nathaniel Rogers was zealous for you. Had the trial proceeded, some of the senators would have voted against you. Christopher Toppan (of Hampton), Nathan Hoit, and Bradbury Cilley were active in your favor. Timothy Farrar is appointed your successor. I do not know him, but from his character he will be judicious and useful."

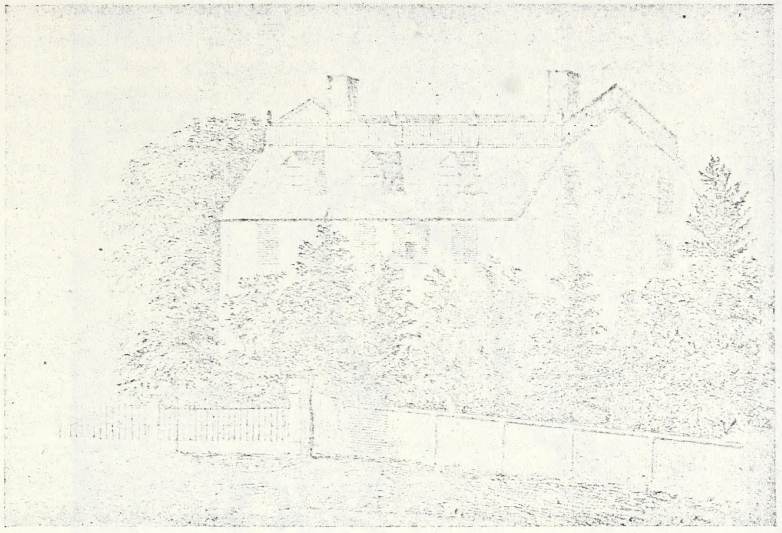
Judge Smith long outlived Judge Langdon, who was more than twenty years older, and who died in 1805. After three congressional terms of two years each, and one session of a fourth, Smith, who had married in Maryland Miss Eliza Ross, daughter of Mrs. Ariana (Brice) Ross, of Bladensburg, at the end of his third term, and visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, removed with his bride to Exeter, N. H., where much correspondence was had as to what house he should occupy. Writing to his friend Smith, January 12, 1797, William Plumer of Epping said:

"Yesterday I was at Exeter, and conversed with Parker, Peabody, Conner, etc., upon procuring a house for you. The mansion-house of the late General Folsom, with eight or ten acres of land, may be rented for $135 per annum. The house in which Dudley Odlin lived may be had cheaper; 'tis about 80 rods west of Lamson's tavern, a pleasant, healthy situation. It needs considerable repairs, but may be purchased cheap; the governor (Gilman) has the care of it. The houses in which Conner and young Odiorne lived may be had on reasonable terms; they are west of Emery's office, but I think they would not suit you."

In a letter to Miss Ross, a month before the wedding, Smith said, "My correspondent at Exeter has just written me that we can have a house, which he thinks will answer our purpose, for $40 a year. From the price I conclude it must be a very ordinary house; but perhaps it will serve our purpose for a year or two, till we can accommodate ourselves better, either in buying or hiring."

He failed to get the Folsom "mansion," and yet did not content himself for a dozen years with so cheap a house as he thus mentioned. Finally, in 1809, after holding the important offices of district attorney, United States circuit judge, judge of probate for Rockingham, and chief justice of New Hampshire (1802 to 1809), he purchased the fine estate, a little west of the village, on the road from Exeter to Epping and Nottingham, which is associated with him in the recollections of his friends.

The house, a large and substantial one, built by a Captain Giddings and represented in the next view, was much improved by the judge, and beautified by trees and gardens, while a magnificent wood of primitive pines, oaks, and maples covered the rear of his farm of 150 acres. He first occupied this during his single year as governor, when he defeated the brother of his predecessor on the bench, the impeached Judge Langdon, by the small ma-

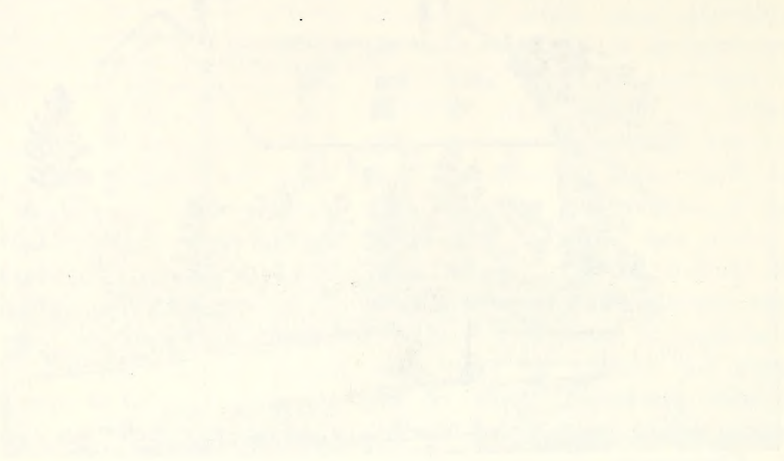


Exeter House of Judge Smith.

jority of 369; but in the following years he was defeated by Governor Langdon with majorities of 1,157 in 1810, and 3,045 in 1811. These increasing negatives were hints to Judge Smith that he should withdraw from politics, and he devoted himself afterwards to the law, to literature, and to the social and family affections, by which he is now best remembered.

His eldest child, Ariana Smith, was the charm of his Exeter home, and the unqualified delight of her father and friends. Born December 28, 1797, and dying of consumption, June 20, 1829; she was of a gentle and accomplished nature, as unusual as her name then was in New England. She had inherited that from a Bohemian branch of her grandmother's family, the Brices of Maryland; and her cousin, Mrs. James Walker of Peterborough, who was with Ariana Smith in her last illness, gave this cherished name to her own daughter born in the following November. Something of the same character must have gone with the name from the description which Dr. Morison, the cousin and biographer of Judge Smith, gives of this ever-lamented daughter:

"Existence was to Ariana Smith a continual romance. Her personal appearance was peculiar to herself,—a clear, white complexion, contrasting with her long black hair and eyelashes, —large, blue eyes, looking out with animation from a countenance always calm, indicating both excitement and repose,—all were such as belonged to no one else. She laughed, wept, studied, went through the routine of household cares,—was not without some portion of feminine vanity,—loved attention, and was not indifferent to dress,—and yet she was like no one else. Her voice, subdued and passionless, contrasted singularly with the fervor of her words. Her enthusiasm might have betrayed her into indiscretion, but for her prudent self-control; and her rare good sense might have made her seem commonplace but for her enthusiasm. She had a feminine high-mindedness. She was equally at home among different classes of people; with the most eminent she betrayed no consciousness of self-distrust, and with the humblest no pride or condescension. Her cook she regarded not merely as a faithful servant, but as a sister; the poor student, unformed, bashful, and desponding, soon felt at ease with her, looked with more respect on himself, and began to feel new powers and hopes. The charity which thinketh no evil was not in her so much a cherished principle, as an original endowment; disturbed sometimes by momentary jealousies and rivalries, by wrongs received or witnessed, but quickly recovering itself, and going cheerfully along its pleasant path."





An American Portia.

In the absence of any adequate portrait of this lady, or of her elder cousin, Mrs. Sarah Walker, I have found, among the types of English beauty and grace, a face and presence which recalls both to my fancy, —the lady of whom Charles Howard wrote these verses:

Here is there more than merely common spell
Of rosy lips and tresses darkly streaming;
O thou, by fairy Nature gifted well,
What is it in thy picture sets me dreaming?
Thee, fair as Portia in her beauty's prime,
And true, or Beauty's smile hath lost its meaning,
Thee may Regret, that sullen child of Time,
Pass, as she goes her sad tear-harvest gleaning!

Surviving his wife and all the children of his first marriage, Judge Smith married again at the age of seventy-two; and this second Mrs. Smith, mother of Judge Jeremiah Smith, now a law professor in Harvard University (born in 1837), kept up the hospitality of the Exeter home, and, after her husband's death in September, 1842, of the still larger estate in Lee, N. H., where many friends will remember visiting her. During her residence in Exeter, which the Smiths left in the spring of 1842, the

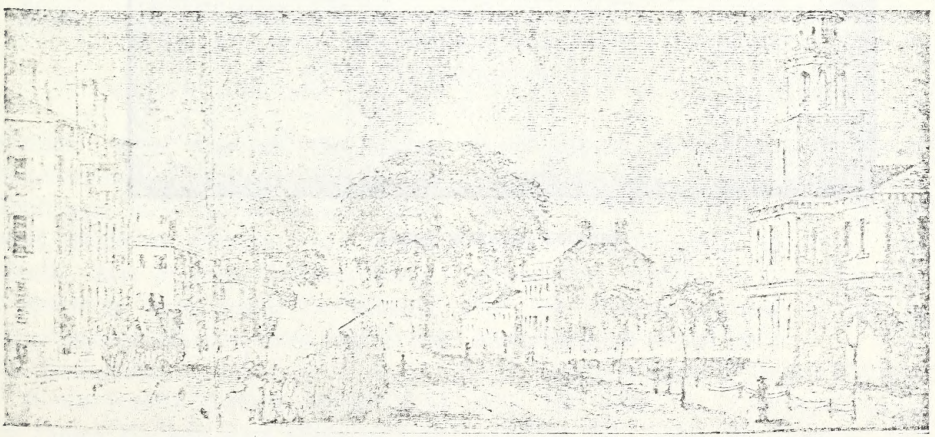


Walkers of Peterborough, to be near their kinsman, Judge Smith, and the youths, James and George Walker, there fitting for college, took a house not far from the Judge's, where they lived two years. Mrs. Sarah Walker, born at Cavendish, Vt., in 1795, and married to James Walker in 1819, was, as Dr. Morison says, "A woman greatly beloved by all who knew her. There was no one out of his immediate family to whom Judge Smith was more tenderly attached. They died of the same disease, and within a few weeks of each other." Writing to her from Virginia in 1836, he said, "You were always dear, and now, in the midst of the Alleghanies, are dearer than ever. The higher we ascend, the better we love one another. So be it, for this is the greatest earthly good." Writing to another niece, Ellen Smith, in 1839, he said, "Have you heard that your friend, Miss A., is going to instruct in an academy at W.? and it is said the situation was procured for her by Mrs. Walker. Is there to be no end to the good deeds of that woman?" She was indeed one who lived for the good of others, and whom those who knew her could not praise enough; as her husband said, "Everybody in Peterborough loved her, and most of them were under some obligation to her." Few of her letters have been preserved; but her daughter cherished the last she received, on her birthday in 1841:

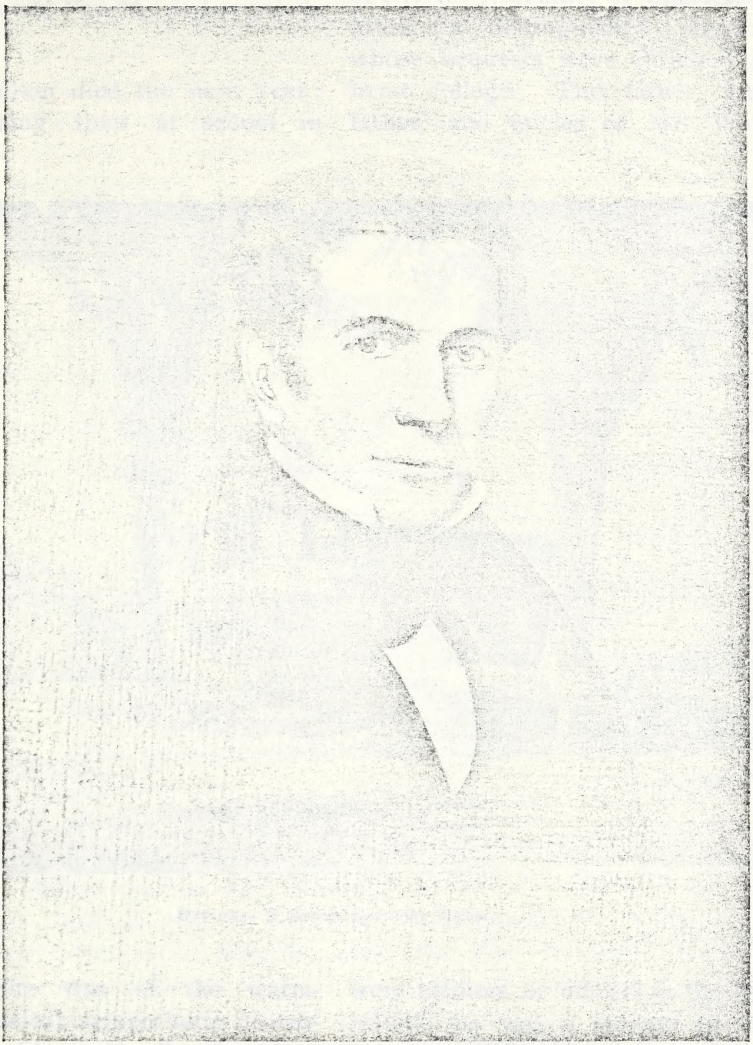
"MY DEAR ARIANA: Twelve years ago this very evening I first pressed you to my bosom, fervently thanking that Good Being who, in answer to my prayers, had given me a daughter. O, I shall never forget the joy which filled my heart when your happy brothers first greeted their little sister, how their eyes glistened with joy and love when they were permitted to take you in their arms! Your father, too, looked with delight upon his infant daughter; I believe he nursed you more than both your brothers. I was feeble during your first year, and very often went to bed too weary to sleep, but your smiles paid for all; and I looked forward to the time when you would be my companion, friend, and helper.

"The world was bright to me then, but sorrow came. My poor mother died; then my dear brother John, and to fill my cup of bitterness, my darling James was taken from me.[1] Can you wonder that I am changed? Oh, no! But though our kind Father in Heaven has seen fit to afflict me, He has not left me comfortless. Though he has taken one dear child from me, two others, equally dear, are yet spared to bless and comfort me.

[1] In August, 1840.



Exeter Street in 1838.



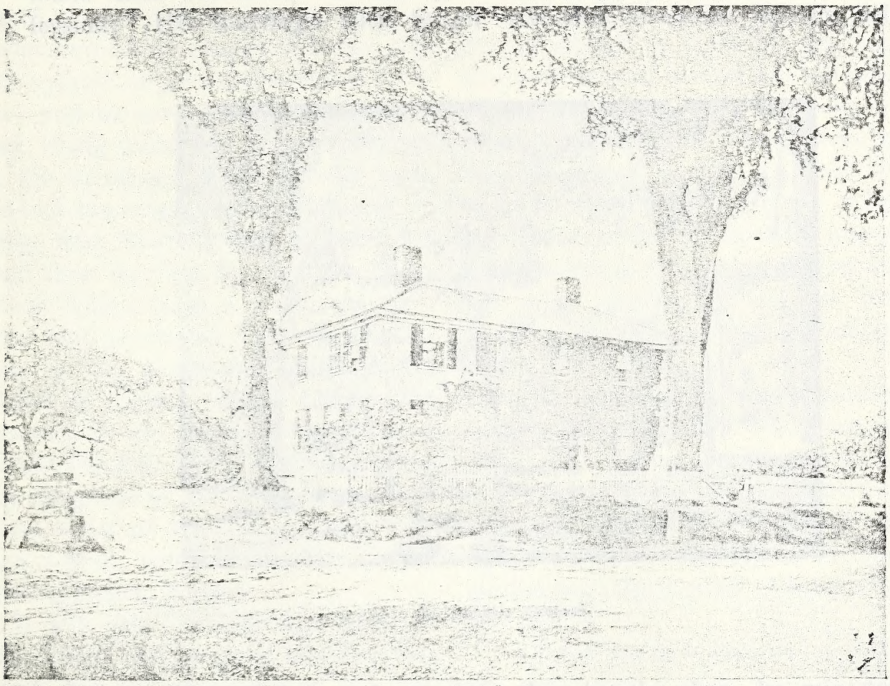
JAMES WALKER, ESQUIRE.



"O, my dear Ariana, if you knew how very anxious I am to see you grow up a good and useful woman, you would, from this time forward, try to amend every fault, and, by a careful attention to the happiness of others, secure your own.

"[Peterborough] Nov. 8th [1841], 11 o'clock, Eve."

Mrs. Walker died the next year; Ariana being then at school in



Birthplace of George and Anna Walker.

Keene. She was of the warm-hearted, musical, sympathetic Scotch-Irish race, akin to the Smiths, Morisons, Wilsons, Moores, etc., of that stock. Her brother, William Smith, I knew in later years, the kindest, most amiable of men, born and living in Cavendish.

James Smith Walker, oldest child of James Walker, died while in Yale college, at the age of nineteen. His father (born in 1784, died Dec. 31, 1854), was a native of Rindge, and a first cousin of Dr. James Walker, president of Harvard university, and of Dr. W. J. Walker of Charlestown, Mass., a distinguished physician, whose bequests have enriched Amherst college. The father, grandfather, and uncles of Mr. Walker were soldiers or officers in the Revolution; he was a student in Dartmouth college along with Daniel Webster, graduating in 1804, two years after Webster. He chose law for his profession, and settled in Peterborough about 1814.

A brother, Rev. Charles Walker, was for years a Congregationalist minister in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, dying in Groton,

Mass., in 1847. 'Squire Walker, as he was generally termed, soon acquired the confidence of the people of his native region, as Judge Smith had done, though a very different man, with few popular qualities. His innate justice, sterling integrity, and firm opinions won respect, and his management of causes and of property entrusted to him made him successful in his profession. His marriage with Sarah



Dr. Abbot's Orchard.

Smith, whose uncles and cousins were the leading men in Peterborough, gave him social standing, and his simple way of life suited the habits of that town of "plain living and high thinking." In his early married life he occupied one of the older houses of the present village,—the Carter house, on the steep hillside overlooking the Contoocook from the northeast, and commanding that noble prospect of Monadnoc which (with a slight variation for the point of view), appears in our engraving. In this house his two younger children, George and Anna, were born, and from it they tripped, hand in hand, to the foot of the hill, near the mansion of Samuel Smith, the Judge's manufacturing brother, to attend the private school of Miss Abby Abbot (now Mrs. H. Wood). She was a niece of the village pastor, Dr. Abiel Abbot (born 1765, died 1859), whose lovely garden and orchard, by the riverside, overseen by the belfry of the church where he ministered so long, appears in our engraving. This was the noontime playground of Anna and her cousin, Abbot Smith, who lived with his grandfather Abbot, and from this hill town went to Exeter, Harvard, and the Divinity School before taking pastoral charge of a church at Arlington, where he died. The two cousins studied and read French and German together in later years, but in the decade from 1832 to 1842 were learning the English branches, under the direction of that

famous Abbot family, who all seem to have been destined for the education of the young. Dr. A. Abbot was a first cousin of Dr. B. Abbot, for fifty years the head of Exeter academy, where, among his later pupils, were James and George Walker,[1] as among his earlier were Webster and General Cass. It was Dr. Abbot of Peterborough, then preaching at Coventry in Connecticut, who persuaded Jared Sparks, the future historian, but then a carpenter in Mr. Abbot's parish, to go to the school at Exeter; and he carried the young man's box, slung under his parson's chaise, to the academy, while Sparks went on foot the whole way. This was in 1809, and Abiel Abbot was on his way then to visit his brother, Rev. Jacob Abbot (also a good teacher), who had succeeded President Langdon in the parsonage of Hampton Falls in 1798. Miss Abbot, the teacher of the Walker, Smith, and Abbot children at Peterborough, was the daughter of Jacob Abbot, and the elder sister of Miss Mary Anne Toppan Abbot, who became the second wife of James Walker.

It was this intermarriage between the Abbot and Walker families that gave me the privilege of my first acquaintance with Ariana Walker. Her stepmother had a sister, Mrs. Porter Cram, married in her father's old parish of Hampton Falls, and the eldest daughters of that family became the dear friends of Ariana, who often visited them, as well as her friends at Exeter and Lee, sometimes spending weeks in the quiet rural scenery of the Hamptons, which she had loved when a child at Exeter.

[1] James entered at Exeter in 1833, and George in 1836, both at the age of 12.

In the winter of 1849–'50, Miss Cram (now Mrs. S. H. Folsom of Winchester, Mass.) had visited Peterborough, and told her friend, always interested in poetry and romance, about a boy-poet at Hampton Falls — a schoolmate of hers, — giving some samples of his verses at the age of seventeen. Miss Walker, then just twenty, took a deep interest in this youth from his verse and prose, and in the following summer, returning her friend's visit, she expressed a wish to see him. The two sat and looked at each other across the little church (July 22, 1850), and Miss Walker wrote on her fan the favorable comment she wished to make for the friend beside her. The youth of eighteen was no less affected at this lovely vision, and the next evening called on Miss Walker at the ancient farmhouse where she lived.

As it happens, I know exactly, from Anna's own pen, what was her attire when I first saw her, at church in Hampton Falls, in her white bonnet, and the same evening in her "pink barège." Writing to her stepmother from Springfield in June (1850) she said, —

"I have two new dresses, — a morning dress and a *pink* barège! The latter is very *pretty;* I am doubtful if it will be becoming, — but *no matter.* My bonnet is a French lace, trimmed with a white watered ribbon; in the inside a 'ruche' of white lace, dotted with blue, and with blue strings. So you have me, — dress, bonnet, and all."

(Later.) "Do you care about the *vanities?* and would you like to know of *my dress* at Mrs. Day's party, where I had a pleasant evening? I wore my pink dress, made low in the neck,

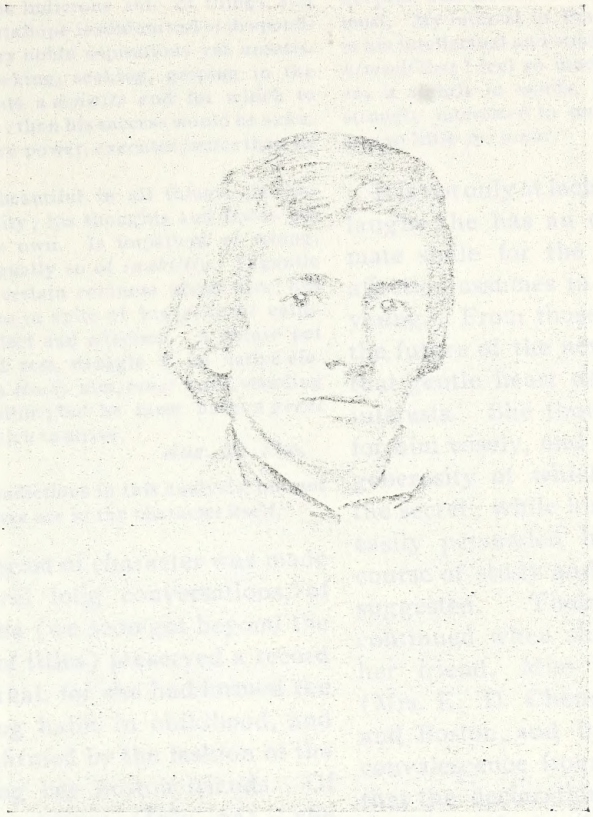


Yours truly
Anna Walker

with a lace jacket coming close up to the throat,—short sleeves, with *short* undersleeves of lace, made like a baby's,—white gloves and my 'wedding' shoes." (That is, the shoes she had worn at her brother's wedding, the previous November.) "I had white and scarlet flowers in my hair, and a beautiful bouquet on my arm. They *say* I looked my *very prettiest*,—which is n't saying much; and even I agree that the pink dress is decidedly becoming,—which Sarah Walker considers a 'little triumph' for her. So much, Mother dear, for the outward, which Father may pass over if he pleases."

I saw her in the pink, without the flowers and the white slippers, and soon after in blue, which she more commonly wore, and with which she is most associated in my memory.

The date was July, 1850. The impression on both our hearts was instantaneous, and never effaced; it led to memorable conversations in the summer evenings, and two weeks later to the remarkable analysis of a nature not easy to read, and which only time could unfold to the general comprehension, or even to the youth himself; but which was strangely open to the sibylline insight of this fascinating person.



F. B. Sanborn at Twenty-one.

THE CHARACTER OF F. B. S. AT EIGHTEEN.

Mind analytic, the intellect predominating and governing the heart; feelings do not often obtain the mastery. Intellect calm and searching, with a keen insight, equally open to merits and demerits. Much practical ability and coolness of judgment. He is unsparingly just to his own thought, and is not easily moved therefrom. With great imagination he is not at all a dreamer, or if he *is* ever so, his dreams are not *enervating* and he has power to make them realities. He is vigorous, healthy, strong. *Calmness* of feeling as well as of thought, is a large element in his nature; but there is fire under the ice, which, if it should be reached, would flame forth with great power and intensity. Imagination rich and vivid, yet he is somewhat *cold*; wants hope, is too apt to look on the dark side of things.

Has great pride. It is one of the strongest elements of his character. Values highly independence, and thinks himself *capable* of standing alone, and as it were *apart* from all others; yet in his inmost soul he would be glad of some *authority* upon which to lean, and is influenced more than he is aware by those whose opinions he respects. There is much religion in him. He despises empty forms without the spirit, but has large reverence for things truly *reverenceable*.

He is severe, but not more so with others than with himself: yet he *likes* many, *endures* most, and is at war with few. His feelings are not easily moved, *loves* few— perhaps *none* with *enthusiasm*. He is too proud to be vain, yet will have much to stimulate vanity. He fancies himself indifferent to praise or blame, but is much less so than he imagines. He is open, and yet reserved; in showing his treasures he knows where to stop, and with all his frankness there is still much which he reveals to none.

Has much *intellectual* enthusiasm. Loves wit, and is often witty; has much humor too,

sees quickly the ludicrous side of things, and though he wants hope is seldom sad or desponding. Has many noble aspirations yet unsatisfied. Still seeking, seeking, groping in the dark. He wants a *definite* end for which to strive *heartily*; then his success would be SURE. Much executive power, executes better than he plans.

Loves the beautiful in all things. He has much originality; his thoughts and tastes are peculiarly his own. Is impatient of wrong, and almost equally so of *inability*. Is gentle in spite of a certain coldness about him; has strong passions in spite of his *general* calmness of intellect and affection. A nature not likely to find rest, struggle is its native element; wants a *steady* aim, *must* work, standing still is impossible; but he must have a *great* motive for which to strive.

Aug. 5th, 1850.

Many contradictions in this analysis, but not *more* than there are in the character itself.

This forecast of character was made after several long conversations, of which Anna (we soon got beyond the formality of titles) preserved a record in her journal, for she had formed the journalizing habit in childhood, and had it confirmed by the fashion of the day, among her Boston friends. Of our first evening (July 23), she wrote:

"F. stayed until eleven, and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, but rather refreshed and invigorated. He excused himself for staying so late, but said the time had passed rapidly. Cate seemed very much surprised that he had spoken so freely to a stranger; I think he himself will wonder at it. The conversation covered so many subjects that I could not help laughing on looking back upon it; he might have discovered the great fault of my mind, a want of method in my thoughts, as clearly as I saw his to be a want of hope. But talking with a new person is to me like going for the first time into a gallery of pictures. We wander from one painting to another, wishing to see all, lest something finest should escape us, and in truth seeing no one perfectly and appreciatingly. Only after many visits and long familiarity can we learn which are really the best, most suggestive and most full of meaning; and then it is before two or three that one passes the hours. So we wander at first from one topic of conversation to another, until we find which are those reaching farthest and deepest, and then it is these of which we talk most. My interest in Frank S. is peculiar; it is his intellectual and spiritual nature, and not *himself* that I feel so much drawn to. I can't say it rightly in words, but I never was so strongly interested in one where the feeling was so little *personal*."

It is not only at locksmiths that Love laughs; he has an especial and intimate smile for the disguises which affection assumes in the minds of the young. From those happy evenings the future of the new friend occupied that gentle heart more than all other interests. She thought and planned for him wisely, and with the tact and generosity of which she alone had the secret; while his affection for her easily persuaded him to adopt the course of study and of life which she suggested. Their correspondence continued when she went onward to her friend, Miss Ednah Littlehale (Mrs. E. D. Cheney), at Gloucester and Boston, and it was at Ednah's convalescence from a severe illness, that the declaration of youthful love found her, in her friend's apartment.

So early and so bold an avowal fixed the fate of both; they could never afterward be other than lovers, however much the wisdom of the world pleaded against a relation closer than friendship. But the world must not know the footing upon which they stood; even the father and brother must imagine it a close friendship, such as her expansive nature was so apt to form, and so faithful to maintain. One family in Hampton Falls and one friend in Boston were to be cognizant of the truth; and it was not clear, for years, to the self-sacrificing good sense of the maiden, what her ultimate answer to the world might be. Hence misunderstandings and remonstrances from



Peterborough in 1854.

those naturally dear to her, but not the dearest; and on her part the most complete and unselfish devotion to the lover who would not renounce her, when she set before him illness, and the sacrifice of worldly success as the dower she must bring him. She had been suddenly attacked, in March, 1846, with a painful and ill-understood lameness, which kept her for years from walking freely, and was accompanied by nervous attacks which often seemed to threaten her life. This affliction had interrupted her education, and made her more dependent on the service of others than her high spirit could always endure; it also drew forth from her brother George, five years older than herself, a tender regard and constant care which, since the death of her mother, before she was thirteen, had inspired the most ardent sisterly affection. Her need of love was enhanced by her limitations of health, and these also tended to develop in her character that patient sweetness which her portrait so well presents. Yet all this made it more difficult for her to decide the issue of betrothal and marriage.

After nearly four years of this pleasing pain of the heart,—this striving to satisfy every claim of love and duty,—when betrothal had been publicly declared, and marriage was only waiting upon time, she thus gave her allegory of the past and the future of our relation to each other:

THE STORY OF THE BOY AND HIS PIPE.

"In a lonely valley among the hills, where there were but few people, lived a beautiful boy; he tended his father's sheep among the



The "Little Lake Near By."

hills, and labored for him in the fields. These people led very simple lives, and the boy had only one treasure, which he loved above all other things,—a sort of pipe, curiously carved with beautiful figures, and furnished with many silver keys. When he was a babe at his mother's breast, an angel had one day come and laid this pipe in his cradle, and from that time he had kept it constantly near him. While he was a child he loved it because of its silver keys, which shone so bright in the sunshine, and seemed to light up all the room, and for the many curious figures carved upon it, among which he was always finding something new and wonderful. But, as he grew older, he discovered that by breathing into this pipe he could produce strange and sweet sounds,—sweeter and more beautiful than any he had ever heard, even from the birds who sang in the forests among the hills. When he had made this discovery, he said nothing of it to any one, but took his pipe up into the most distant hills, where he kept his father's sheep, or out into the far-off fields, and there played over and over again these notes which had so much delighted him, adding new ones thereto, until at last he could play many most sweet strains of music, which he now perceived lay hidden in the pipe the angel had brought him. At first, and for a long time, he did this only when among the distant hills, or far off from all neighborhood of men, but gradually, as he became more confident in his own skill, and more accustomed to the music which he made, he used to play more openly, wherever he might chance to be, and especially at evening, sitting before his father's cottage, or, still oftener, by the shores of a little lake near by, on whose banks grew many flowering shrubs and waving trees, and which bore white water-lilies upon its bosom.

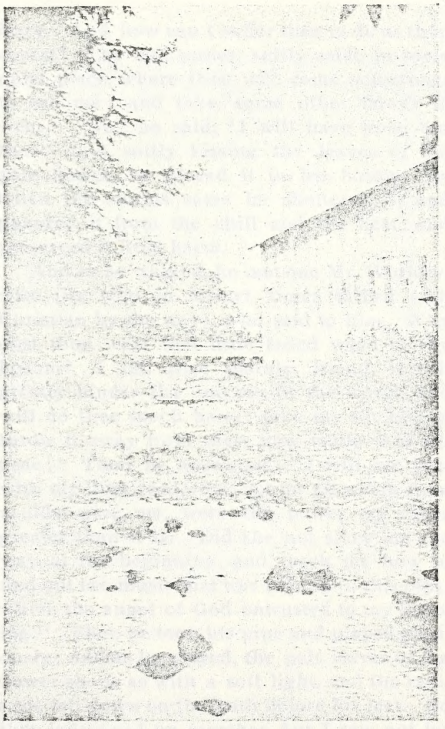
"Here he would often sit and play until late in the night, and all who heard his music loved it, and praised him much for the skill which brought it forth out of this little wooden pipe. To them it was neither beautiful nor wonderful, and not different from any common shepherd's pipe, except for its silver keys. But one day as he sat playing among the hills a bird stopped to hear him, and when he had ended she said: 'Who gave thee thy pipe and taught thee how to play upon it?' 'When I was a child,' he answered, 'an angel brought it and laid it in my cradle, and I have taught myself to play on it.' Then the bird said, shaking its head wisely, 'What thou playest is indeed very sweet and pleasant to hear, but there is far nobler music hidden in thy pipe, and thou canst not find it until thou hast learnt the use of all the keys.' So saying, the little bird flew away. The boy looked at his pipe and was sorrowful, for there were many keys which he knew not how to use, nor could he discover, though he tried often and often and played more than ever before in his life. And at times all the sweet strains he had prized so much before became as nothing to him, so much did he long for the nobler music concealed in his pipe, which he could not draw forth.

"Filled with these thoughts, he went one

evening down to the shores of the small lake, and sat there dejectedly, leaning his head on his hand, with his pipe lying silent by his side. When the flowers saw him so sad, they were grieved in heart, and said to him, 'Why art thou sad; and why dost thou no longer play as thou hast been used to do, coming down to us?' But he said, 'I do not care to-night to play upon my pipe, for I know there is far sweeter and nobler music hidden in it, and I cannot find it because I know not the use of all the keys. Why should I dishonor it by playing so imperfectly on it?'

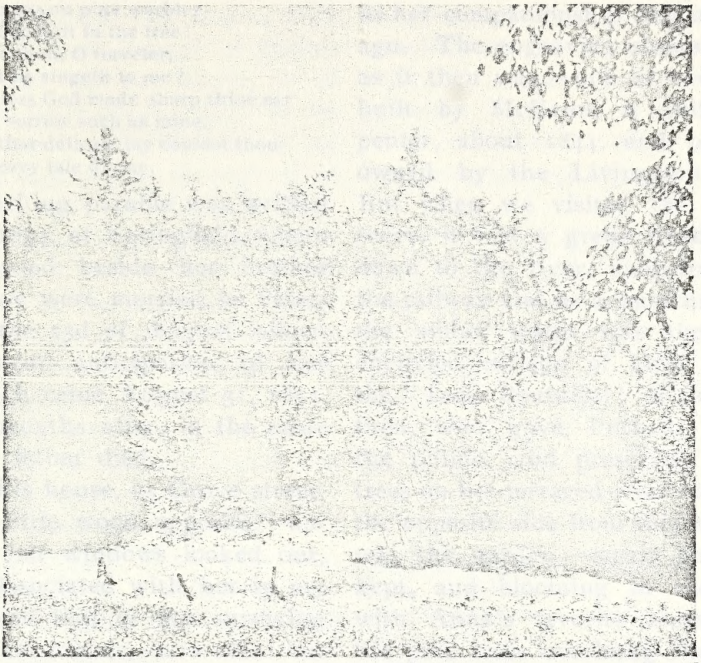
"Then the flowers all spoke to him, comforting him, and some praised the music he had made, and 'did not believe there could be any so much sweeter hidden in the pipe;' and they spoke so flatteringly of what he had done, and so lauded his skill, that he might well have been in some danger of forgetting (for a time, at least) all that the little bird had told him of the nobler music he had yet to learn. But when there was a silence, a little reed that grew close down to the waterside, and bore pale white flowers, some of whose leaves were torn or broken by the wind, began to speak. 'Yes,' she said, 'it is true that thou playest very sweetly, and we have all loved to hear thee, and have kept the tones in our hearts; but it is also true that far nobler and sweeter music is hidden in thy pipe. And since the angel of God has entrusted it to thee, thou canst not find rest in thy soul until thou hast learned the use of all the silver keys, and can call forth all the hidden power of melody which is shut up within it.' This she said in a quiet, calm voice; and when she had ended the boy raised his head from his hands. 'Thou art right,' he said, 'I believe that thou art right; but how shall I find a way to do this?' 'To him whose will is fixed,' answered the flower, 'there is always a way; but listen, and I will tell thee. I am only a little reed, but I know some things which are hidden from thee, and that which I know I will tell thee. Bid farewell to thy father and thy mother, take thy pipe in hand and follow the little path which leads southward out of the valley, over a high mountain. Beyond that mountain is a country very different from this, where many people dwell together, and among them thou wilt find some who will teach thee the use of the silver keys; but the hidden music thou must find thyself, for this pipe is thine own, and thou only canst play upon it. Be faithful and brave, and all shall be well with thee!'

"Then the boy's face flushed with feeling, and his eyes gleamed. 'All that thou hast said to me I will do,' he said, and rising, walked with firm steps to his home. When morning had come, he bade farewell to his father and mother, and, taking his pipe in his hand, prepared to set out on his journey. But first he went down again to the shores of the little lake, and said, 'I will take with me at the beginning some flower which I will wear in my bosom all the way, to keep me from the evil;' and, bending down to the little reed, he said, 'Wilt *thou* go with me and guard me from the evil? I will shelter thee in my bosom from every storm, and will cherish thee most tenderly.' Then the little reed trembled as if a sudden wind had shaken her, and drops like dew stood in her eyes. 'Would'st thou indeed take me with thee?' she said, in a voice made sweet by some inward emotion. 'In the country to which thou art going thou wilt find many beautiful flowers; I am only a pale reed, bent by the wind and rain.' But he said, 'I will have none but thee.' 'I will go with thee,' she said, bowing her head, 'but thou shalt not wear me in thy bosom, but shalt carry me in thy hand; only so will I go.' 'If I do not wear thee in my bosom, how can I shelter thee from the storms and the fierce wind? nevertheless, it shall be as thou wilt,' and, stooping, he gathered the little, pale blossoms, and, taking them in his hand, he set out on his journey.



The Contoocook in Peterborough.





The "Little Wood Opposite."

"When he was come to the top of the mountain, he saw below him, as the little reed had said, a new and strange country where dwelt many people; and as he went on his way, or when he rested for a time, as he often did, dwelling in many towns and cities, he found those who knew the use of some of the silver keys, and so learned more and more of the hidden music shut up in the heart of the pipe. His own heart was glad within him, and he rejoiced daily. Wherever he went, and in whatsoever place he dwelt, he kept his little reed always with him, carrying it when possible in his hand, and when it was not, laying it tenderly aside in some place where he could return to it again when his task was ended. But one day, as he walked holding it fast, there came a sudden fierce wind, and bent the frail flower, and had nearly broken it from its stem. Instinctively he put it in his bosom then, and shielded it from the storm. And he said, while he mourned for its pain, 'Why wilt thou not let me shelter thee thus in my bosom? only so can I shield thee from the fierce wind and the rain; and if thou refuse me, I will tell thee this surely,—that I will wear no other flower upon my breast all my life through.' But she answered, 'I am bent and faded, and the little beauty which I had at the beginning is gone from me; if thou shouldst now wear me in thy bosom, I should be no ornament, but the contrary. And how can I suffer thee to do as thou sayest? Lay me, rather, softly aside in some quiet place, where thou wilt come sometimes to see me; and take some other flower to wear.' 'No,' he said, 'I will have none but thee,'—and softly kissing the leaves of the pale flower, he placed it in his bosom. So when the storms came he sheltered it, and guarded it from the chill and the heat, and preserved it from harm.

"And as he walked, he met one Mr. Worldly-wise (he who in former times talked with Christian by the way), who said to him, 'Why dost thou wear that little faded weed in thy bosom? I tell thee plainly, friend, it will greatly hinder thy success in the world, and will do thee much harm; take my advice and throw it away from thee, now while it is yet time!' Then he answered,—'I will not part with my little reed,—no, not for all which thou couldst give me, were thy power ten times greater than it is. Did she not show me the way at the beginning, and teach me how to find out the music that was hidden in this pipe, which the angel of God entrusted to my keeping?' Then he took his pipe and played gloriously; and as he played, the pale leaves of the flower shone as with a soft light, and the radiance fell down on the path before his feet. So they journeyed on together, but I saw not for how long, nor whether it was into joy or pain."

Harken to yon pine warbler
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveler,
What he singeth to me?
Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine.

The touching parable was written in April, 1854, at Springfield, where she is buried beside her brother George; we were married in Peterborough, the 23d of August following, in near anticipation of her death, which came August 31, 1854. Just four months after, in the same house, her father died.

It was this house, in Grove street, with its "little wood opposite" upon which her windows looked out, which is associated with her in my memory, and that of her surviving sister and her friends,—now alas! but few, out of the many who rejoiced in her companionship half a century ago. The engraving shows it much as it then was,—one of two houses built by McKean, a skilful carpenter, about 1844, and both now owned by the Livingston family. But when we visited the Walkers there, it had a green bank sloping down to the river, unobstructed by the railway and its apparatus; across the amber water was the flower-encircled cottage of Miss Putnam, the "Lady Bountiful" of the village then, who gave Putnam Park to the public, and preserved the fine trees on her terraced river-bank. On the opposite side from this west front was the garden,—small but neatly kept, and blooming in the season with Anna's favorite roses; while the pine trees overhung the narrow street, and waved a sober welcome



Residence of Anna Walker, Grove Street.



to their lover in the house, who could never have enough of gazing at them and the sky above, or of walking in their alleys, whatever the season. Her best-loved walk was up along the mill-stream, through what is now the park, to the little foot-bridge, commanding a romantic view of the waterfall and the forest-circled pool, shown in the engraving. How she idealized the pine may be seen in her early poem, long since printed, but here copied.

In looking over the journal of a friend, Miss A. C., she found and copied some verses on the pine tree; she writes (September 7, 1848): "I also had a thought of the pine tree, and, poor as it is, I will write that here also. It stood looking up into the sky, as if saying,—

"Upward and ever upward,
While the storms pass me by,—
Up through the lightning flashes
Longingly look I."

Yet when the storm-wind bloweth,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thine arms in protection
Leanest thou o'er me.

"Upward and ever upward,
While the sun rideth on high,
Fearing not his bold glances,
Longingly look I."

Yet when the sun's glance is boldest,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thy poor child to shelter
Leanest thou to me.

This thought of the down-leaning of the trees is often with me, and it always gives me loving strength."

Many descriptive sketches of the scenery in Peterborough are found in her letters and journals; but I will only quote here those which picture the Contoocook river from her orchard-bank, looking across towards Miss Putnam's cottage; and the glen and forest leading up to the waterfall of the Nubanusit ("little waters" in the Indian's musical speech). They are from her unfinished romance of "Alice Easterly," written at the age of twenty:

"A March night. Dark and wild, not a single star in the clouded heavens, nothing but the impenetrable gloom. I like such nights, especially when there is this life-full murmur in the air, which makes me constantly long for the overwhelming tumult it seems to portend. I will go out into this mystery. . . I went down to the willow tree, all there was wildly beautiful. The wind blew so that I could scarcely stand, and the willow bent beneath it until it touched the black waters at its feet. The river rolled on sluggishly, not noisily, calm, because it was too much swollen for foam or ripple. I clung to the old elm on its bank, and looked down into the depths. I was perfectly, exultingly happy, and yet felt as if I should like to throw myself into the waves, that I might never wake out of that feeling. The distant clock in the village sounded twelve, and I hastened back to my room."

"May 7. I went out to-day into the deep, pine woods, striving to escape from the world, perhaps from myself. I lay down in the depths of the wood's heart, and looked up into the thick branches of the shadowing trees. Not one of your clear, mild days, but a fine mingling of storm and sunshine which did my heart good. Everything in the Dingle was finer than I had ever seen it, the little brook now dashing and foaming over its rocks, now stopping to rest and curdle in the hollows, and then on, on, on, wild, free, glorious. I rose and clambered up the rocks, with an ease that astonished and delighted me, higher, higher, higher yet, until I stood on the very summit. That was truly fine, the torrent beneath me, half-hidden by a veil of mist and vapor, which a sudden gleam of sunshine changed to gold; the dark shadows on the distant mountains, and changing and beautiful clouds above. Nature in her freest, her loveliest forms! again the feeling of overwhelming life! . . . After a time, a storm seemed gathering upon the mountains, and I descended into the ravine; it came on so fiercely that by the time I reached the bottom, the rain was falling in torrents, and thunder rattled fearfully in the narrow gorge. The tempest came, swift, terrible, rejoicing in its strength. The lightning flashed through the gloom of the ravine, and the thunder echoed with almost deafening roar. Suddenly it ceased raining, and then the clearing

to their lover in the house, who could never have enough of gazing at them and the sky above, or of walking in their alley, whatever the season. Her best-loved walk was up along the mill-stream, through what is now the park, to the little rush bridge, commanding a romantic view of the waterfall and the lonely-reed pool, shown in the engraving. How she idealized the pine may be seen in her early poem, long since printed, but here copied.

In looking over the journal of a friend, Miss A. C., she found and copied some verses on the pine tree; she writes (September 7, 1859): "I also had a thought of the pine tree, and, poor as it is, I will write that here also. It stood looking up into the sky, as if saying,—

"Upward and ever upward,
While the storms pass me by,—
Up through the lightning flashes
Longingly look I."

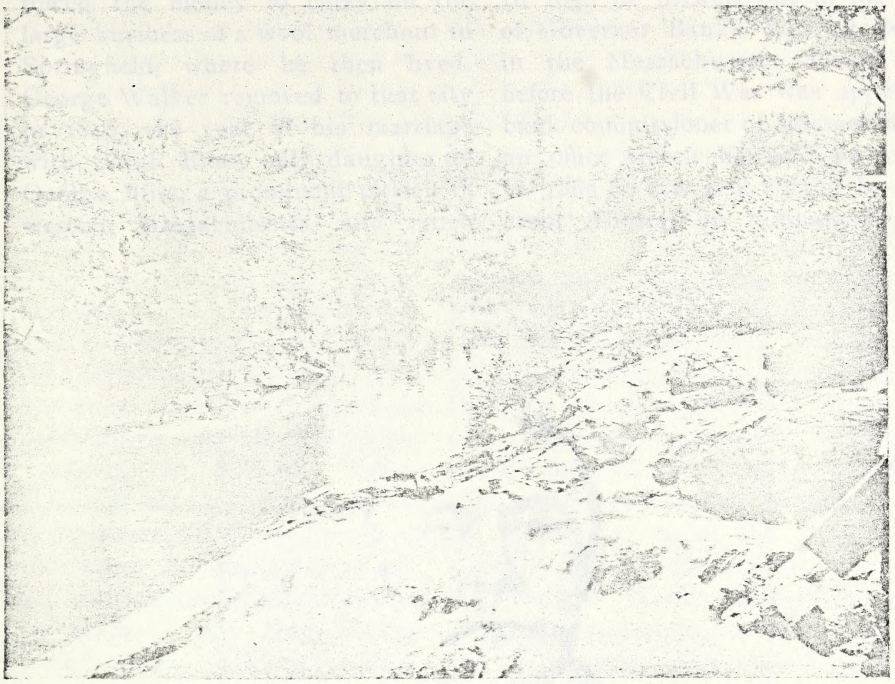
Yet when the storm-wind bloweth,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thine arms in prostrate
Leanest thou o'er me.

"Upward and ever upward,
While the sun flieth on high,
Resting not his bold pinions,
Longingly look I."

Yet when the sun's glance is hidden,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thy pose could to shelter
Leanest thou to me.

This thought of the down-leaning of the trees is often with me, and it always gives me loving strength."

Many descriptive sketches of the scenery in Peterborough are found in her letters and journals, but I will only quote here those which picture the Contoocook river from her orchard-bank, looking across towards Miss Putnam's cottage; and



Ravine and Cascade, Peterborough.

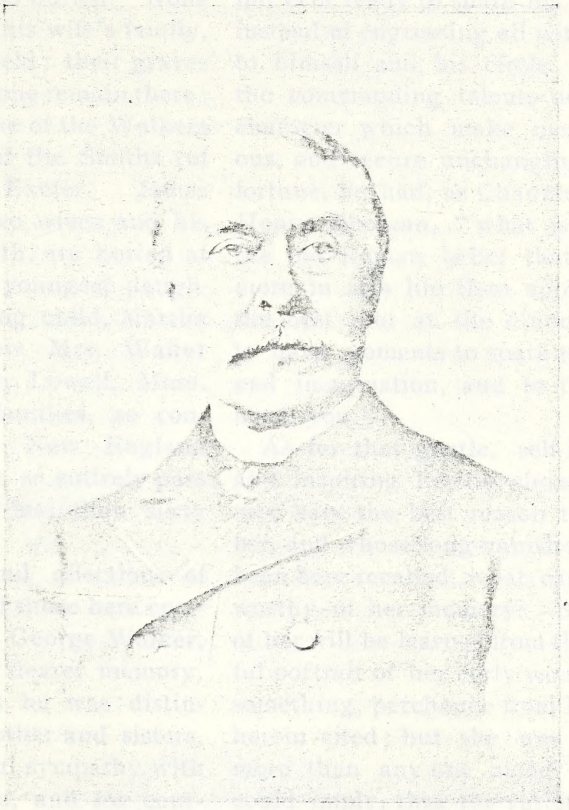
away of the mists was glorious. The little brook, swelled by the storm, changed the aspect of its beauty. It tumbled now over the stones without pausing, yielding to no obstinate rocks or hollows, but sweeping over them with a deep, resistless force. There was less of foam and spray, but a blue mist enveloped its course, and rendered it almost invisible from above. . . . When the tumult was over, I threw down my book and pencils, and, resting my head upon the soft, cool turf, lay watching the changing, beautiful clouds, and listening to the song of the waterfall, with a sort of dreamy pleasure which does not will itself into words."

James Walker had come to Peterborough in 1814, married in 1819, had two sons born in 1820 and 1824; in 1826 was active in the formation of a Unitarian religious society, which, in 1827, invited Dr. Abbot to be its pastor, in the present church, which was dedicated in February, 1826, with a sermon by Dr. Walker of Charlestown, Mass., afterwards president of Harvard,—a first cousin of James Walker. In 1833 he was active, along with J. H. Steele, afterwards governor, and Dr. Abbot, in forming a town library, believed to be the oldest free municipal library in the world. From 1828 Mr. Walker was town treasurer four years, and again five years, beginning in 1843; he was in the state legislature in 1833-'34 and 1844.

These public trusts show how he was regarded by his neighbors. His son George, graduating, like his father, at Dartmouth, but studying law at Harvard, held more and higher offices in Massachusetts and in Europe. He began active law practice in Chicopee in 1846, and was counsel for the Cabot Bank, from which John Brown, not yet a soldier in the army of the Lord, bor-



rowed the money to carry on the large business of a wool merchant in Springfield, where he then lived. George Walker removed to that city in 1849, the year of his marriage with Sarah Bliss, only daughter of George Bliss, a prominent citizen of western Massachusetts, and much connected with the extension of railroads from Boston westward. Mr. Walker entered actively into politics on the Whig side, but when that party died in 1855, he became one of the early Republicans, and was chairman of the Hampden county committee which raised funds in 1856 for aiding the freedom of Kansas. In 1858 he became one of the staff of Governor Banks, was afterwards in the Massachusetts Senate, and before the Civil War was appointed bank commissioner of Massachusetts, an office which he held for years. In 1865 he was sent abroad by Governor Andrew on a financial mission—being reckoned one of the persons best acquainted with the theory of finance—and was for many years afterward concerned in large banking and telegraphic business, which caused him to remove from Springfield to New York.



George Walker in Paris.

In 1880 he was appointed consul-general of the United States at Paris,



where he remained seven years in office, returning to America in 1887, to establish himself in law practice at Washington, but died there in March, 1888, after a short illness. He is buried in the lovely cemetery of Springfield, which he was active in laying out and adorning, and where his wife and infant children, and his sister Ariana, are also buried. None of his family, or of his wife's family, now live in Springfield; their graves and their memory alone remain there; and the same is true of the Walkers in Peterborough and the Smiths (of this branch) in Exeter. James Walker, with his two wives and his infant daughter Edith, are buried at Peterborough; his youngest daughter and only surviving child, Martha Cotton Walker, now Mrs. Walter McDaniels, lives in Lowell, Mass. It is seldom that families, so conspicuous in three New England towns as these three, so entirely pass away from all, in less than sixty years.

In the graces and affections of domestic life, none of those here commemorated excelled George Walker, and few have left a dearer memory. From earliest years he was distinguished, like his mother and sisters, for tender and helpful sympathy with those related to him, and for courtesy and kindness to all. His relation to his sister Anna, after the death of their mother, and in the feeble health and engrossing occupations of their father, was peculiarly admirable and devoted; and when she found herself more closely bound to another, this new tie was not allowed to weaken the fraternal affection. He adopted the youth who had so unexpectedly become dear, as a younger brother; and his delicate generosity in circumstances which often produce estrangement was never forgotten by those who experienced it. In his public life he was the same considerate and high-minded gentleman; not regardless of the advantages which social position and moderate wealth give, but ever ready to share his blessings, instead of engrossing all within reach to himself and his circle. Without the commanding talents or decisive character which make men illustrious, and secure unchanging worldly fortune, he had, as Channing said of Henry Thoreau, "what is better,—the old Roman belief that there is more in this life than applause and the best seat at the dinner-table,—to have moments to spare to thought and imagination, and to those who need you."

As for that gentle, self-forgetting and inspiring Person whom I of all men have the best reason to remember, and whose long-vanished life has been here recalled, what can be said worthy of her memory? Something of her will be learned from that graceful portrait of her early womanhood; something, perchance from her words herein cited; but she was so much more than any one mood or aspect could imply, that the variety and vitality of her genius will hardly be suspected from its partial expression. As Chaucer says of his poet,

> Certes, it was of herte all that she sung.

Affection and humility were her constant traits; they led her to undervalue that nature which none could regard without love and admiration; but along with them went a serene courage and a high spirit not always

known to dwell with humility. She claimed silently by her steady affection what she was apt to renounce by her magnanimity,—the devotion of hearts too much possessed with the magic of her vivacious thought and romantic sentiment ever to forget her. Needless, therefore, were her verses, addressed in moments of sadness to him who lived for nothing but her:

Oh, leave me not alone ! I cannot brook
The winter winds, the cold and gloom of life;
I need the sunlight of a loving look
To shine amid the darkness and the strife.
Then leave me not alone ! some hope as fair
As the pale windflower nestling in the shade,
Shall live within my breast, and hiding there,
Smile out for thee when brighter joys shall fade.

When the venerable Alcott, her friend and mine, was composing his Sonnets, in tender recollection and spiritual recognition of the companions of his life, young or old, he gave me the first two lines of the poem which follows, and desired me to complete it, in memory of her whom we had lost till the light of a fairer world should shine. With this shall the chapter be closed :

Sweet saint ! whose rising dawned upon the sight
Like fair Aurora chasing mists away ;
Our ocean billows, and thy western height
Gave back reflections of the tender ray,
Sparkling and smiling as night turned to day ;
Ah ! whither vanished that celestial light ?
Suns rise and set ; Monadnoc's amethyst
Year-long above the sullen cloud appears ;
Daily the waves our summer strand have kist,
But thou returnest not with days and years ;
Or *is* it thine ? yon clear and beckoning star
Seen o'er the hills that guarded once thy home ;
Dost guide thy Friend's free steps, that widely roam,
Toward that far country where his wishes are ?

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

He comes ! victorious, yet serene !
The modest hero of Manila bay ;
And while flowers bloom and mother earth is green
We 'll laud his valor as we do to-day !

THOSE WHO HAVE COME HOME TO-NIGHT.

[Rendered at an evening observance in honor of Old Home Week, at the Perkins Inn, Hopkinton, August 30, 1899.]

By C. C. Lord.

What gladness claims the hour! The face
Of beauty smiles; the manly grace,
Exultant, beams with smiling cheer;
The fireside gleams anew; the clear,
Bright luster fills the room; the time
Bespeaks some rapt, supernal clime.
O thankful scene! O joyful light!
For those who have come home to-night.

Spread the rich board! The feast of soul
Make manifest! The wassail bowl
Fill to the brim! Let wisdom take
Its rarest moods! Let music wake!
Let the dance whirl! There is no zest
Too glad when hearth and heart are blest
With richer life and rarer light,
For those who have come home to-night.

Thus speed the time, and when the hour
Has fled with all its golden dower
Of favor, let our thoughts take heed
Of memory in choicest meed;
And, in the sweet, transcendent lore
Of peace on love's diviner shore,
Let splendors glow in endless light,
For those who have come home to-night!

TO THE SPHINX.

By Fred Myron Colby.

Face of woman, heart of stone,
There thou standest all alone
Like a Niobe of woe;
And the centuries come and go,
Still thou keepest ever mute.
Turk, and Copt, and Mameluke,
Pagan priest and Jewish seer,
All have sought thy listening ear;
All have turned away unheard,
Never could they win a word.
Well hast thou thy secret kept,
Stony mouth and eyes unwet.

Thou couldst tell us of the time
When great Rameses sublime,
Brought his captives to thy feet,
And his Lybian coursers fleet
Bore him up the Sacred Way,
Prouder than victorious day.
Thou hast gazed on Thotmes' face,
On Cleopatra's regal grace;
And a thousand pageants rare
Have passed beneath thy stony glare.
Still thy lips are locked as fast
As if thou never hadst a past.

Pulseless, bloodless, without life,
Deaf to either love or strife,
Still thou gazest ever there
In the sultry, tropic air,
With that aspect calm and cold,
As if all the centuries old
Hid their secrets in thy breast,
Vowed to an eternal rest.
Oh, ye riddle of the ages
Wiser than the ancient sages,
With that store of hidden lore
Locked behind thy forehead hoar.

So thou standest, ere will stand,
Gazing o'er that ancient land,
Where the march of Time has swept
With his chariot crimson-wet.
Empires, kingdoms, rise and fall,
Thou hast triumphed o'er them all.
Pharaoh's glory, Ptolemy's pride,
Greek dominion spreading wide,
Cæsar's purple, Ahmed' stripe,
Byzantine and Fatimite,
Were but milestones in thy path,
Symbols of Osiris's wrath.

Oh, ye silent shape of fate,
Void of love and void of hate;
Open but thy lips a space
As we gaze upward at thy face,
Tell us what we long to know
Of that mystic long ago.
Is thy being but a dream
There beside the storied stream,
Where the palm trees murmur low,
And the shadows come and go?
But thy stony lips are mute
As are Greek and Mameluke.

NECROLOGY.

HON. JAMES W. WEEKS.

James Wingate Weeks, son of James Brackett Weeks, born in Lancaster July 15, 1811, died in that town September 5, 1899.

When a young man Mr. Weeks taught a number of terms of school, learned the trade of carpenter, studied land surveying, and was employed in many difficult cases of land litigation. In 1834 he entered the employ of the Fairbanks Scale Company of St. Johnsbury, Vt., as agent and salesman, and traveled extensively in what was then the West. In 1840 he returned to his native town, and for a while was interested in the manufacture of furniture, where the present hardware store of L. F. Moore stands. In 1847 he bought the farm on which he has since lived and where he died, which he improved and always cultivated with intelligent thrift. From the time he returned to Lancaster he was closely identified with the interests of the town, and because of his strict integrity and business capacity, he was called to many positions of trust and responsibility. He was county road commissioner two years from 1844. He was also engaged in the survey of the Pittsburg lands, and in 1845 assisted in the boundary survey between the United States and Canada, and because of the accuracy of detail, his work was highly commended. He served as railroad commissioner from 1848 till 1854, when he was appointed Judge of Probate for the county of Coös, holding the office until his removal upon the advent of the Republican party to power, for political reasons. He also served many years as a member of the Lancaster board of selectmen, and for a term as county commissioner. He was prominently connected with the educational and financial institutions of the town, and enjoyed in the highest degree the confidence of his fellow-townsmen. Judge Weeks was an earnest Democrat in politics and a Unitarian in religion. He was twice married —first in 1842 to Martha W. Hemenway, who died in 1855, leaving four children, Sarah (Mrs. Oxnard), who died in 1871; George, James W. Jr., and Clara H., who died in 1881. In 1859 he married Mary E., a daughter of Dr. Robert Burns of Plymouth, who also died in 1879.

HON. CHARLES A. PILLSBURY.

Charles A. Pillsbury, born in Warner, N. H., October 3, 1842, died at Minneapolis, Minn., September 18, 1899.

Mr. Pillsbury was the son of the late Hon. George A. and Margaret Sprague (Carleton) Pillsbury. He passed his youth in Concord, and graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1863, having largely paid his way by teaching. He was subsequently for several years engaged in mercantile life in Montreal, but

in 1869 went to Minneapolis where he bought an interest in a small flouring mill at St. Anthony's Falls, and applied himself to the task of mastering the business, which he did so thoroughly that some years before his death he was known as the head of the greatest flour manufacturing establishment in the world, having himself devised and perfected some of the most important improvements known in the business. On account of ill health he had retired from active labor some time since, but retained his vast interest in the great syndicate controlling the Pillsbury-Washburn mills. Like his father, he was a decided Republican in politics, but his only public service was that performed as a member of the Minnesota state senate for ten successive years, from January, 1877.

Mr. Pillsbury was united in marriage, September 12, 1868, with Miss Mary A. Stinson of Goffstown, by whom he is survived.

REV. HARRY LAWRENCE VEAZEY.

Rev. Harry Lawrence Veazey, a brilliant young clergyman of the Universalist faith, who was accidently drowned with his fiancée, Miss Ellen F. Calhoun of Oak Park, Ill., while boating on Caspian Lake, at Greensboro, Vt., August 16, although not a native of the state was essentially a New Hampshire man. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., July 25, 1870, his parents being natives of the town of Brentwood to which they returned when he was a small child. He was a remarkably precocious child, and at seven years of age could read and understand anything printed in the English language. He obtained his preliminary education in Kingston academy, pursued his theological studies at St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., and commenced preaching at Harriman, Tenn., where he was ordained to the ministry July 25, 1891. In December, 1898, he took the Universalist pastorate at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and had already greatly endeared himself to the society and community. Mr. Veazey was an earnest worker in, and the president of the National Young People's Union of, the Universalist church. During the absence of Rev. F. L. Carrier, as chaplain of the First New Hampshire regiment at Chickamauga, he supplied the pulpit of the latter at Woodsville, where he also made many friends.

REV. JAMES THURSTON.

Rev. James Thurston of Dover, the oldest member of the New Hampshire Methodist Episcopal conference, and long among the most prominent clergymen of that denomination in the state, died at his home in Durrell street in that city, on Friday, September 15.

Mr. Thurston was a native of Buxton, Me., born March 12, 1816, his paternal ancestors being among the earliest settlers of Newbury, Mass. He received his education mainly at the famous Kent's Hill school in Maine, and commenced his life-work as a preacher at the age of twenty-one years, remaining in Maine until 1848, when he was transferred to the New Hampshire conference, with which he has since been connected, being stationed as a preacher in various cities and towns, and serving as presiding elder in three different districts. For the last quarter of a century he had been in impaired health, and had no regular charge. Since retiring from active duty in the ministry, he had been somewhat prominent

in politics as a Republican, and represented Ward 2, Dover, two terms in the legislature, of which body he was also twice chaplain. He was also a member of the last constitutional convention. In 1840 he married Mrs. Clara A. Flint of Lubec, Me., who died some years since.

REV. G. F. EATON.

Rev. G. F. Eaton, D. D., presiding elder of the Cambridge district of the New England Methodist conference, who died at his home, 118 Oxford street, Cambridge, Mass., Sunday, September 3, was born at Hillsborough Bridge, in 1837, and early entered upon his studies at the Crosby Literary Institute, and completed them at the Concord Biblical Institute. He was admitted to the New Hampshire conference in 1860. He was pastor at Ipswich, during the years 1863, '64, and '65, and at Brookline in 1866 and '67. He was then transferred to the New England conference and went to Massachusetts. He remained the then limit of three years in each of the following churches in that state, beginning in 1868: Cherry Valley, Ware, Winchendon, South Street, Lynn, Milford, and Gloucester. In 1886 he went to Waltham, where he remained five years, and in 1892 was made presiding elder of the Springfield district. In 1894 he was called to the Lafayette Street church, Salem. The next year he was recalled to the work of a presiding elder, and assigned to the Cambridge (then called the North Boston) district. It was in this work that the last four years of his life were spent.

JOSIAH H. WHITTIER.

Josiah Herbert Whittier, son of Addison S. and Susan F. (Robinson) Whittier, born in Deerfield, April 25, 1860, died at his parental home in that town, September, 13, 1899.

Mr. Whittier had been in the employ of the Cocheco Woolen Manufacturing Company, at East Rochester, as bookkeeper, for seventeen years. He was well known throughout the state as the secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Library Commissioners, and the author of the law requiring annual assessments for library purposes. Largely through his untiring efforts the whole state, with the exception of fourteen towns, has been brought under the operation of this beneficent law. He has written several valuable articles on library work, and his time and talent were freely given that New Hampshire might stand in the front rank in the establishment of free public libraries.

CLARENCE HENRY PEARSON.

Clarence Henry Pearson, born in Ossipee, N. H., February 21, 1859, died in Sequachee, Tenn., August 31, 1899.

Mr. Pearson was a son of John L. and Elizabeth Pearson who removed from Ossipee to Belmont in his early childhood, where he attended the Ladd Hill district school, and subsequently the Laconia High school. He evinced a strong taste for literary work in youth, publishing an amateur journal for a year, at an early age. Later he was for a time city editor of the *Saginaw Michigan Herald*, but returned to New Hampshire and pursued the study of law in the office of Jewell & Stone at Laconia. Subsequently he again went to Michigan where he

was admitted to the bar, and located in the town of Gladwin in that state, where he was in practice several years, but was forced to give up his practice and come back to New Hampshire on account of ill health, being severely afflicted with rheumatism.

He resumed practice for a time in Laconia, but in 1890 removed to Sequachee, Tenn., hoping by the change in climate to secure relief from the rheumatism by which he continued to suffer. The hope was a vain one, however. He never regained his health, and for the last few years his sufferings were most intense, leaving him completely helpless for the last two years or more.

Despite his sufferings he cultivated his literary tastes and had long been favorably known as a writer of prose and verse of more than ordinary merit. He contributed for many years to various publications, and the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have been among the most ardent admirers of his poetic gems.

In 1893 he published a volume of poems, "The Prayer Cure in the Pines," and other poems, and up to and including the present year in part contributed to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines, his wife writing from his dictation, while he was suffering acutely, and unable to move hand or foot. His productions have withstood the blighting blast of criticism, and are all of the highest order, full of thought and depth and delicacy of feeling. In writing he wielded a keen and trenchant pen, and his language was equally terse and vigorous. He was thoroughly familiar with the works of the best authors of the past, and with an insight that was truly remarkable kept pace with the trend of modern thought.

He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Flora O. Bean of Belmont, with whom he was united July 24, 1884, and who accompanied his remains to Laconia for interment.

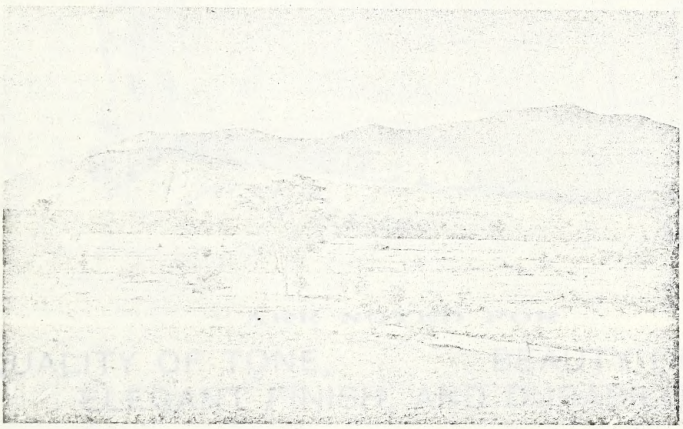
BRADLEY TRUE.

Bradley True, one of the most prosperous farmers and prominent citizens of Lebanon, died in that town August 31, 1899. He was born in Plainfield, March 21, 1815, but had resided in Lebanon for sixty years or more. He served the town three years as a selectman, and was twice a member of the legislature.

olume XXVII NOVEMBER Number 5

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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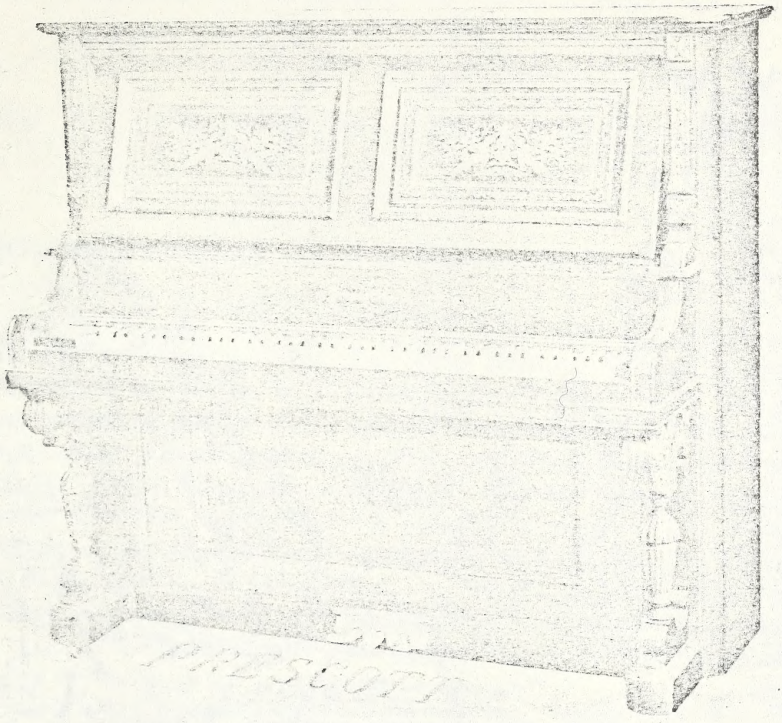
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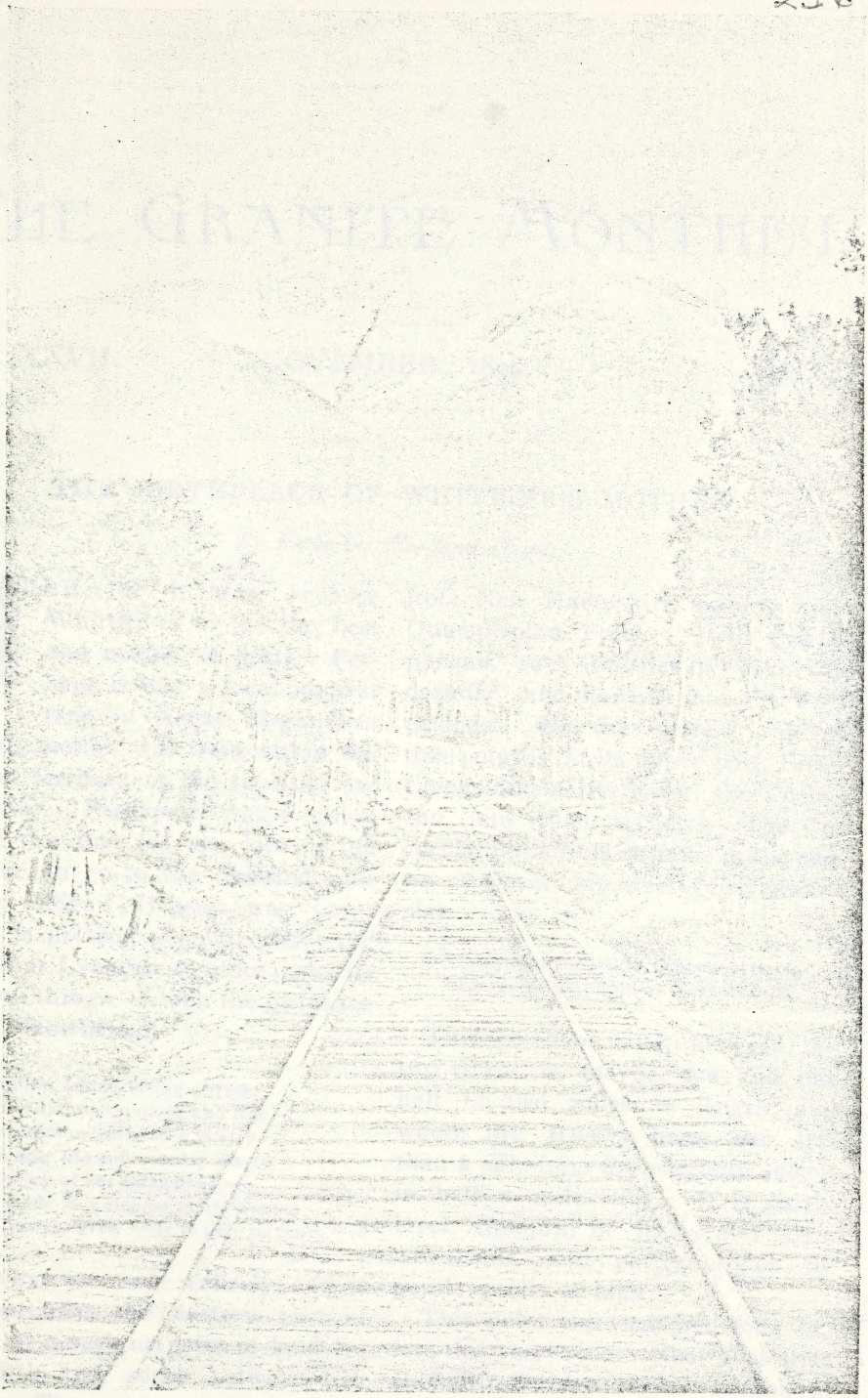
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 5.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER'S MOTHER.

By Katherine Mordantt Quint.

PERHAPS it was because Whittier is to me the best and nearest of poets. Perhaps it was a local interest when I read in recent biographies that his mother was born within the ancient territory of the town of my residence. Perhaps it was a union of the two that led me, late in the summer, to go to the deserted spot where Abigail Hussey was born. There is nothing peculiar about the place, but I venture to write down its common things. I took the guidance from "Snowbound."

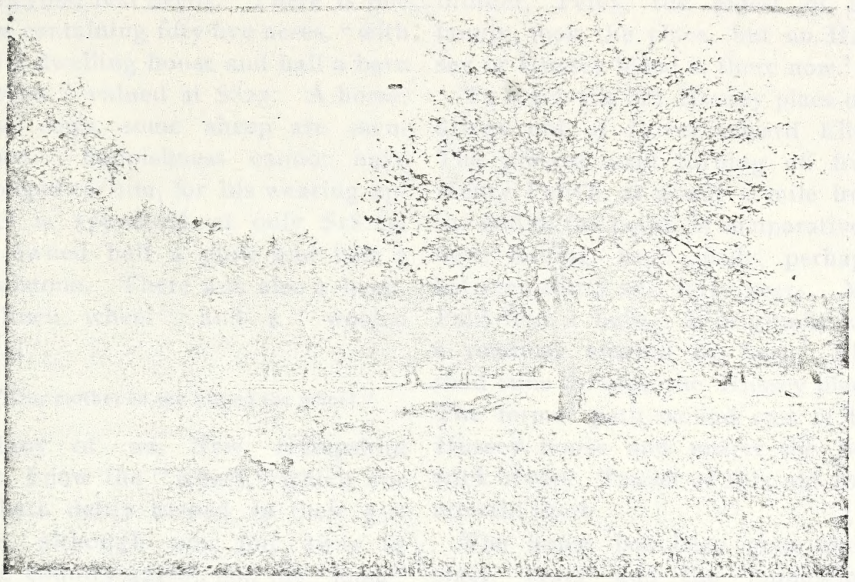
> "Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
> So rich and picturesque and free,
> The common unrhymed poetry
> Of simple life and country ways,
> The story of her early days,—
> She made us welcome to her home;
> Old hearths grew wide to give us room."

In what was once entirely, and is now partially, the eastern part of Dover, is a neck or point of land lying north and south between two rivers. The eastern river is the Newichawannick, separating Maine from New Hampshire, coming from Quamphegan Falls,—"swift Quamphegan," says Whittier in "John Underhill," and flowing into the Pascataqua. On the western side of this point is, at its upper part, Fresh Creek, and at its lower, the Cochecho, into which it flows. The Cochecho flows from its falls, in the centre of Dover, into the Newichawannick.

> "Tear from the wild Cochecho's track,
> The dams that hold its torrents back."

This point of land, between the two rivers, is, maybe, one and one half or two miles in length, and where the Hussey home was, less than a mile from the southern end, it is half a mile wide. It is partly level, tranquil, of farms and some woodlands, and partly broken by gentle swells of land.

This point was occupied long before the year 1700. Near that time Richard Hussey owned a farm of some hundreds of acres lying across this point. Portions of it came to



The Site of the House.

his son Joseph who married a granddaughter of that cruel constable, John Roberts, who whipped the Quaker women out of Dover in 1662, and thus, by a peculiar fate, made that man of stripes an ancestor of the Quaker poet.

"Joseph Hussey, husbandman," made his will, January 27, 1762, and it was proved two months later. After the death of his wife, the farm was divided, in 1785, between two sons, Daniel and Samuel,—or rather Daniel's heirs on one part, as Daniel was dead. Samuel received half the land and the eastern half of the dwelling house. Samuel was the poet's grandfather. It is a little remarkable that some of the biographies which I have seen wrongly call him Joseph, and also that all misstate as to the date of birth of Abigail Hussey, the poet's mother, which a family record, which I was fortunate enough to find, makes September 3, 1779.

Samuel Hussey's wife was a gentle Quaker, Mercy Evans. Her uncle was that John Evans of Dover whom the mother tells in "Snowbound," from one of the legends of Dover:

> "And how her own great-uncle bore
> His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore."

Samuel Hussey here had born to him twelve children. The Scripture names of Elizabeth, Mary, Susanna, Ruth, Abigail, Anna, Phebe, Sarah, are in the list, and Peter, Samuel, Joseph, and there is Mercy, of whom "Snowbound" says:

> "The sweetest woman ever fate
> Perverse denied a household mate.
> * * * * * * *
> Called up her girlish memories,
> The huskings and the apple-bees
> The sleighrides and the summer sails."

Samuel Hussey was dead in 1815. The inventory of his little property is interesting. It is that of a New Hampshire farmer living by honest labor, wanting nothing, but with lit-

tle beyond real needs. There is one farm containing fifty-five acres, "with half a dwelling house and half a barn thereon," valued at $825. A horse, some cows, some sheep are mentioned. Foppishness cannot have belonged to him, for his wearing apparel is appraised at only $18.25. He owned half a plow and half a grindstone. There was also a loom, a "linen wheel" and a "woolen wheel."

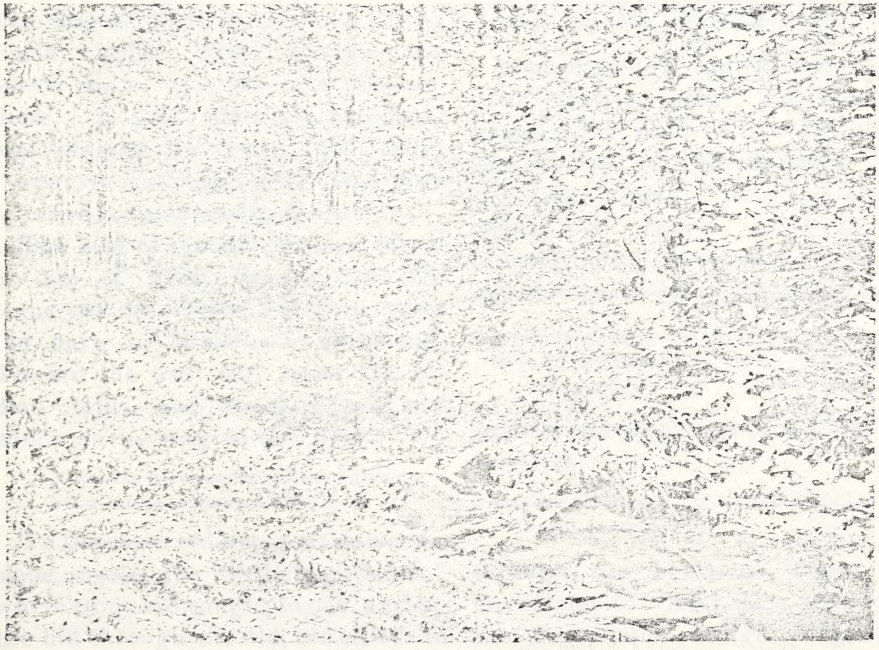
"Our mother as she turned the wheel."

Many of us, New Hampshire sons, know the "wheel," which our mothers deftly turned in their girl days, although now put away in some country garret, and the "loom" whose dainty products are heirlooms in our homes. But Abigail had been gone to her new wedded home nearly a dozen years when the father's inventory was made, and Abigail's brother, Peter, the eldest of the family, took the place, but no Hussey or Hussey blood is there now.[1]

To reach the old Hussey place one drives out of Dover toward Eliot. The present road turning off from Henry Paul's, at about a mile from the end of the point, is comparatively new, having been made, perhaps, between thirty and forty years. Mr. Paul had it built. It originally was a roadway entered by bars. This road runs through the Hussey place. The former path wound east of the Hussey house and nearer the Berwick river. Traces of this old road are still there.

The house has been gone about sixty years and the foundations thrown into the field, but a slight depression, once the cellar, is still to be seen. Occasionally old-fashioned

[1] Written thus far by Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D.



The Brook and the Path up the Hill.



A Pool in the Brook.

sunburnt brick are ploughed up, and once the plough ran into an old well. The Hussey land on the west ran to Fresh Creek. Peter Hussey, the poet's uncle, was the last Hussey there. A great elm, still standing, was planted by Peter, but Peter "went to the eastward" and only returned on an occasional visit.

The site of the old Hussey house is one of quiet beauty, and the scene can be altered but little since the days of Whittier's childhood. Toward the west still stand the Indian Hills, and Fresh Creek still winds on its way to the river.

> "Noiseless between its banks of green
> From curve to curve it slips."

To the eastward one goes down the slope, crosses the "little trout-brook" where trout are caught to-day, and up the hill through the old, old woods to the river which

> "By greenest banks with asters purple-starred
> And gentian bloom and goldenrod made gay,
> Flows down in silent gladness to the sea
> Like a pure spirit to its great reward."

Somersworth is not far from Whittier's boyhood home, and one can imagine the visits at the old homestead where his grandmother lived until her grandson John was nearly twenty-one. There would be the leisurely drive up through the pleasant Hamptons where the ocean lay

> "A luminous belt, a misty light,
> Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray,"

past the rocky promontory where the travelers

> "Saw the Head of the Boar toss the foam from tusks of stone,"

through the Seabrook woods and Greenland to Great bay, then over the Pascataqua bridge, long since borne away by the crashing ice floes

in a memorable spring freshet, up the hill, from whose crest the view of the bay, dotted with island and encircled by woodland and meadow, is remarkably picturesque, on to Dover, the earliest New Hampshire settlement, with glimpses during the latter part of the journey of

> "Agamenticus lifting its blue
> Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er."

Moses Cartland (the son of the poet's mother's cousin, Elizabeth Austin, who was the daughter of Phebe Hussey) of whom Whittier says

> "In love surpassing that of brothers
> We walked, oh friend, from childhood's day,"

lived in Lee, less than fifteen miles from the grandmother. Whittier often visited the Cartland place. Doubtless, a visit to one included the other.

That the boy Whittier thoroughly knew his mother's girlhood home is evident from "Snowbound." This knowledge could have been obtained from his mother as she told "the story of her early days," from the tales of "the dear aunt," who wore

> "through all the poor details
> And homespun warp of circumstance
> A golden woof-thread of romance,"

supplemented by visits to the grandmother.

Whittier tells us that the children

> "knew
> What flowers in wood and meadow grew."

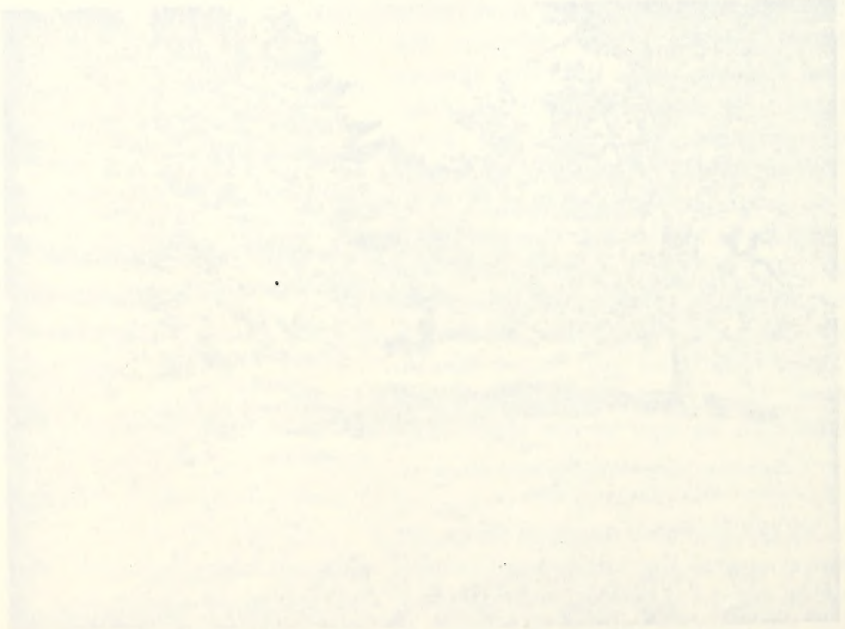
Here is such a place as would delight a nature-loving lad, and that the "shy still boy" found pleasure in wood and field we know. This love for "Nature" continued through his life.

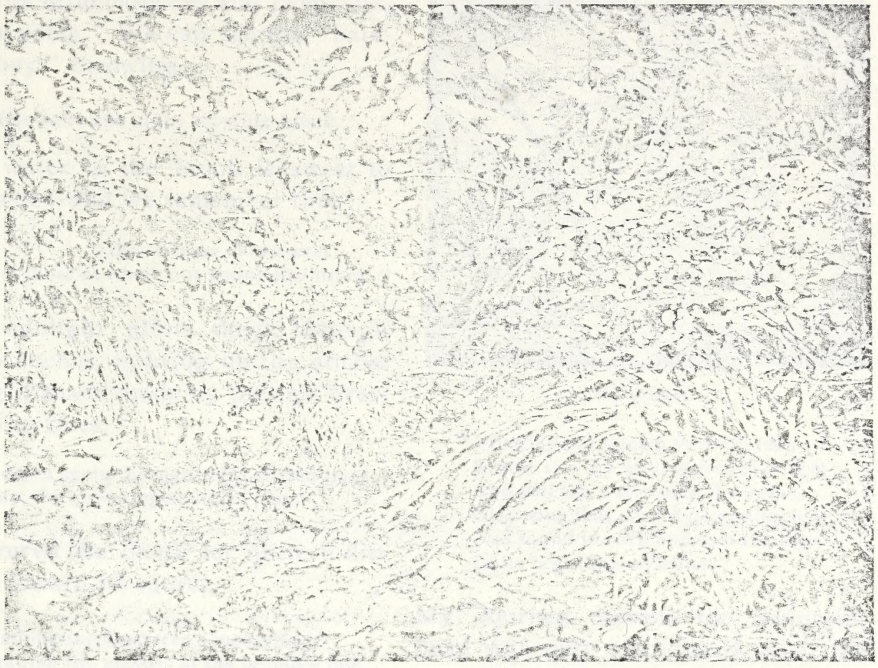
> "The years no charm from Nature take,"

he says.



The Old Roadway.





The Hussey Spring.

In my visit to Abigail Hussey's home, I especially noted the trees and flowers, thinking that traces of his early knowledge of the spot could be seen in the poet's writings. Things seen by "childhood's wonder-lifted eyes" are never forgotten. Whittier likes

> "To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
> Or listen, at Life's noonday chime
> For the sweet bells of Morning,"

and he says of himself in "My Namesake" that

> "On all his sad or restless moods
> The patient peace of Nature stole;
> The quiet of the fields and woods
> Sank deep into his soul."

The house stood on a high bank above the brook and a path still winds downward through the trees. Near the old site is a horseradish plant which for many years has come up in the same spot. Early settlers often had these in their dooryards. By the path I saw alders, the "birch's graceful stem," the clematis with its feathery blossoms climbing from tree to tree, the jewel-weed, ferns in abundance, and on decayed limbs the velvety moss.

> "And ever upon old Decay
> The greenest mosses cling."

Toward the south down by the brook are several enormous willows "wet with dew," which, judging from the size of their trunks, have been growing for many years. They, or those from which they sprung, must have been there in Whittier's childhood.

The brook with the "balsam-breathing pines" on either side was a source of never-ending delight,

with its little cascades and deep, still, rocky pools. We can see the "barefoot boy" throwing

"His light line in the rippling brook."

The water of the brook is sweet to the taste; and we remember that

"the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank."

The sunlight glints down through the branches, lighting up the almost twilight shade made by the tall, overhanging trees,

"And down again through wind-stirred trees
He saw the quivering sunlight play."

I followed the brook for quite a distance toward its source,

"Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,
Breaking the meshes of the bramble fine,
Turning aside the wild grape vine"

where "wood-grapes were purpling," and finding it true that



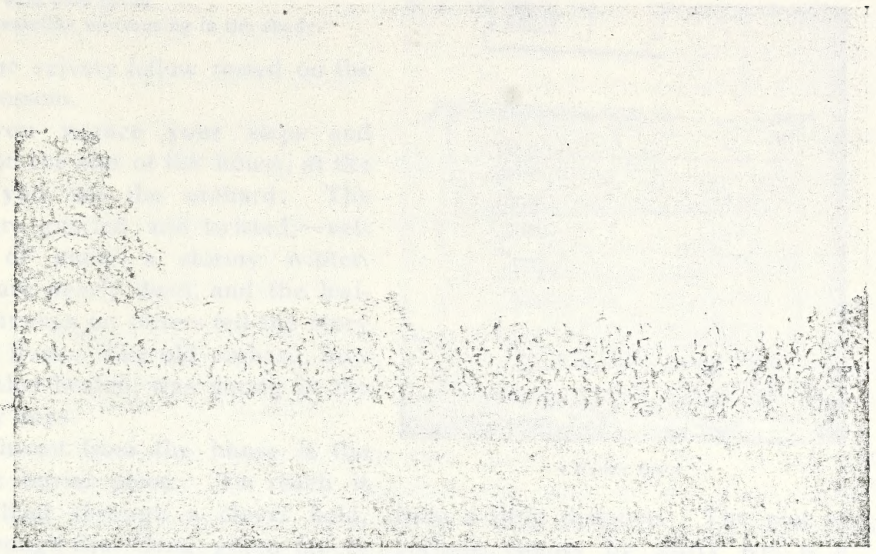
The Willows.

"Fringing the stream at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
And still the water sang the sweet
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies."

My journey toward the fountain-head was only abandoned when the tangled undergrowth seemed too thick to easily penetrate. Across the brook a well-worn path leads up the hill to a broad wooded plateau.



The Old Orchard.



The Graveyard.

"Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths."

Verily, these are woods "that dream of bloom."

"Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet oak and goldenrod
With blushes and with smiles
Lit up the forest aisles."

Here are wild strawberry vines, buttercup leaves, the wood-ferns, the dainty milkweed ready to fly, frost-daisies, just coming into bloom, the iron bush with its pink spires, and all around "the breath of the sweet fern."

"And Nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sunlit censers still."

There are maples, pines, and hemlocks with their "cone-like foliage." It was midday when I stood there

"and the great pine trees laid
On warm noon lights the masses of their shade."

A few sunken stones still mark the old roadway east of the house. Following the road where

"Like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought
Heavy with sunshine droops the goldenrod,"

then turning to the right down the hill and crossing a log bridge we come to the "Hussey spring." The water runs out directly from a steep hillside under tangled roots and then through vines and mosses trickles down to the brook.

"The wild brier-rose skirts the lane"

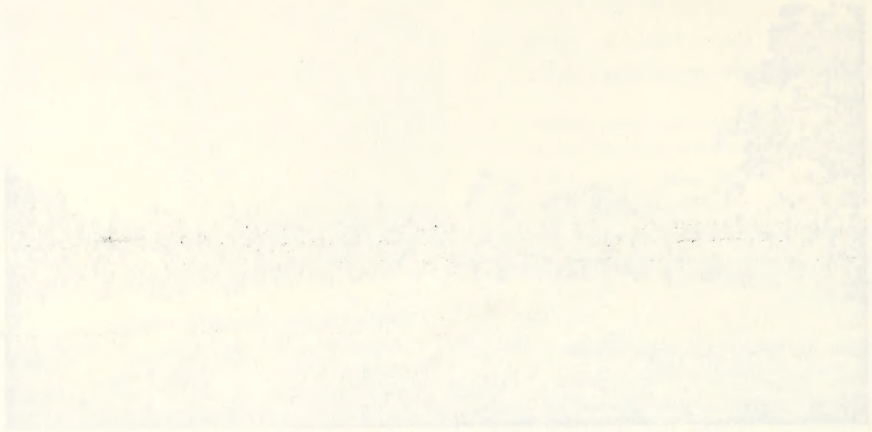
and berries tinged with scarlet "tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose," but only one blossom was left.

"In lovelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweet brier on the hillside shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!"

The low white everlasting is there and

"the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running."

The long pennons of the flagroot bend over the water which is clear and cold.



" The wild bees made
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,"

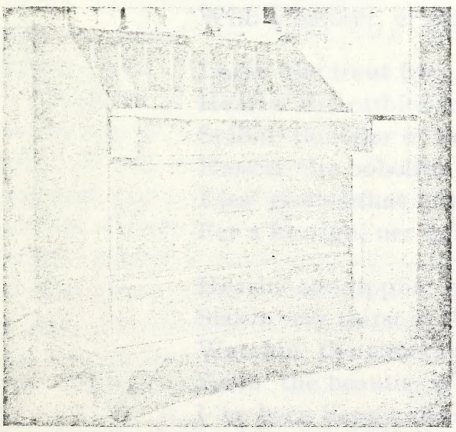
and one velvety fellow rested on the rose blossom.

If you retrace your steps and stand on the site of the house, at the south you see the orchard. The trees are gnarled and twisted,—veterans of many a stormy winter. Some are nearly dead, and the leafless branches on others tell the story of long lives. The old orchard, now so weather-beaten, was young in the Hussey days.

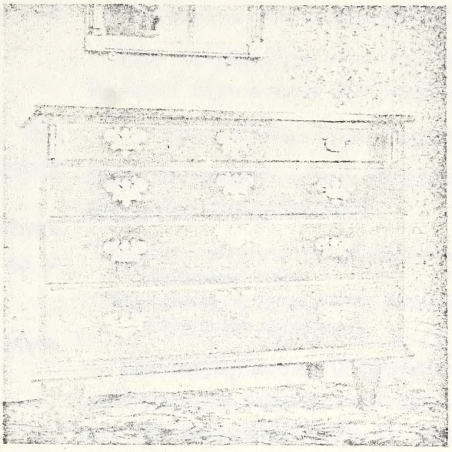
Southwest from the house is the ancient burial place. To reach it we walked through a clover field, and through the "long, green lances of the corn," stirred by the gentle summer breeze. The spot is an ideal God's Acre. The land is high. To the west lies Fresh Creek like a silver ribbon in the sunlight and beyond the Indian Hills are blue. At the south a grove of walnut trees skirts the edge of the plateau.

" And the rough walnut bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves."

A "tree-perched squirrel" who "fed where nuts fell thick," chattered



The Maple Chest.



A Hussey Chest.

from a little distance. The plot of perhaps twenty by thirty feet is a little knoll.

" They laid her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock gently swelling
Her fitting mound of burial made."

Five or six graves are easily discernible. The mounds are still somewhat rounded, but the stones are sunken almost out of sight. The stones are the common field rock. Here is the dust of Whittier's maternal ancestors. His great, great grandfather died in the early part of the eighteenth century, and his great grandfather Joseph was buried in 1762. There lie the brave, true men and women who spent their lives on the quiet farm, and then were laid for their final rest on this beautiful western slope.

Fortune favored me in that one, who has done much in genealogical research, lived near. She showed me two old chests which are known to have come from the Hussey estate. One is of curly maple with old brass escutcheons. It has quaint pigeon holes. This has been modernized simply by the addition of

some top shelves. The inventory of Samuel Hussey mentions

"1 Maple chest with drawers."

There is also another set with the top gone. This is of "mahogany maple."

I spent all day on the farm where the mother of the poet played as a child. Many times she saw

"How flamed the sunrise through the pines,
How stretched the birchen shadows,
Braiding in long wind-wavered lines,
The westward sloping meadows."

Her love for the old place she took with her to her new home, and that her children shared this affection we know from "Snowbound." We can well believe that the beauty of the old homestead wrought its way into the heart of one to whom

"The common air was thick with dreams."

The descending sun was sending its level rays across the fields while

"Now and then a bird song gushed"

from the woods, when I turned from the quiet, forsaken spot.

"From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and retouch the faded lines.

The birthplace of Whittier's mother will soon be only a tradition. There are no ancestral halls to mark that early home. But the allusions of the poet to the sweet lives lived there, and the happy incidents of his boyhood visitations, preserved in his works, will keep the tradition green in hearts which hold near and dear the gentle Quaker poet.

THE ANGLER'S JOYS.

By Clarence Milton Smith.

Creepin' along in the medder, fol'rin' the ramblin' brook,
Totin' a branch of alder with twine an' a home-made hook;
Out in all kinds o' weather an' never carin' a mite,
Hearin' voices o' Nature an' learnin' a mighty site;—
I takes comfort in the summer an' would n't swap my place,
With a banker, er prince, nary one o' the human race.

Lurin' the trout from the waters, hidin' in darkness cool,
Hearin' the catbird in the trees, tryin' his mates ter fool;
Sniffin' the odor o' the grass, cut an' turnin' ter hay,
Hearin' the bobolink trillin', the shrill shriek o' the jay;—
I jes' glories that I 'm livin' an' would n't care a rap,
Fer a kerrige, ner bank account, an' all thet sort o' trap.

Hearin' the ripplin' of water, flowin' down through the dell,
Slakin' my thirst at the founting, drinkin' from fairies' well;
Watchin' the clouds up above me, driftin' across the blue,
Seein' the beauties o' Nature, learnin' His goodness, too;—
I 've been happy all my lifetime, an' would n't swap my place,
With a banker er prince, nary one o' the human race.

AMONG THE SANDWICH MOUNTAINS.

By Rev. George L. Mason.

IN the words of my friend who shared these delightful trips with me "the confused mass of ranges, peaks, and groups covering an area forty miles square in northern New Hampshire, and collectively known as the White Mountains, has for its southern wall the Sandwich range, trending east and west through the towns of Albany and Waterville." This is a correct description regarding the range, though, if we reckon Mt. Israel and the small Sandwich range proper among this greater range, extending from old Chocorua to Sandwich Dome, the town of Sandwich comes in for a share. But old Israel, with its 2,880 feet above the brine of the Atlantic, is really detached from the main range, and the smaller mountains called the Sandwich mountains proper, and a few lesser peaks, are, perhaps, outposts or sentinels to guard the paths into the mighty wall of the Sandwich range.

The town of Sandwich is the largest in area of any in the state, being laid out ten miles square. So then the area is one hundred square miles, or one sixteenth of the area of the entire White Mountain group, and if the group were arranged into a square Sandwich's four sides would each equal one fourth of the sides of the White Mountain square. Like many other New England towns this town has lost much in population, but its natural scenery remains as beautiful as ever, and is becoming more and more appreciated. Indeed, Black mountain, the local appellation, or Sandwich Dome, the more dignified name, four thousand feet above sea level, forms, according to good judges, one of the three finest views in the state.

Less than a mile from the quiet village of Center Sandwich, with its two churches ringing out their peals each Sabbath in the year, less than a mile out on the stage road to West Ossipee, is a rock or boulder by the roadside called Sunset rock. Let us seat ourselves on this rock a short time before old Sol shoots his hot August rays behind Sandwich notch. Soon we realize the apt local appellation of Sunset rock. Worthy of an artist's inspired brush, indeed, is the picture of God's painting before us! He is to be pitied, indeed, who has no eye for the deep shadows, rosy glow, and purple tinge to follow! Gradually the deep shadows creep up the sides of the mountains, the dark maple, spruce, and fir forests of sombre and frowning Black mountain first going into mourning because of the retreating disc of the great source of terrestrial energy, the sun, which Sandwich notch too soon receives in her loving embrace. In a little while the white and almost perpendicular cliffs of Whiteface—some of them fully perpendicular—

catch the deepening gloom from frowning Black mountain, but old Chocorua's bold and piercing brow still escapes the gloom, a rosy tinge lingering "lovingly," as my friend expressed it, upon his peak. This rosy tinge dies away and is succeeded by a purple tinge. After a little all is gloom, the mountains are to slumber through the night to smile upon us with refreshened brow in the dewy morning.

My friend and I determined on a few trips of mountain climbing. A Sunday-school picnic is to be held on the shores of Squam or Asquam lake. What is a picnic of that description to us? But the minister must not "cut" a picnic of his own Sunday-school. Full well he knows the consequences, and full well, too, he knows that such a picnic to the professor is but a sorry attraction compared with a certain fine lake and mountain view in the vicinity. A compromise is effected. The two schemers will attend the picnic and have the climb up the spur of Red Hill, too! Accordingly, they drive as far as the team can be taken, take the horse out, unharness it, hitch the animal in a shady place, and forthwith proceed to climb the spur, very steep the latter part of the trip. We cross the steep sides of the pasturage land of the hill, enter the woods nearer the summit—having a little sport with a porcupine up a tree in the brief forest—scale the cliffs, and one of the most soul-satisfying views in New Hampshire is before us. Asquam lake is at our feet, neither at too steep an angle or too near the parallel, but at just the right angle of vision for us to enjoy the beauties of the silvery sheet.

On the whole I think Asquam lake superior in beauty to Newfound lake. So, at least, it seemed to us. The placid sheet of silver lay calm and smiling below us, the bays, inlets, shores, and many other features of the lake were attentively studied, the course of a little pleasure steamer toward the picnic grounds was watched, and the exclamations of delight from the usually undemonstrative pair on the ledge constantly disturbed the air. The mountain view, as far as visible, was not neglected either, but the lake view, especially held us to the spot till fleeting time admonished us that it was necessary to descend.

On our return the same porcupine occupied the same tree. He was in a perch of safety, and brief was our interview with him. The horse we found safe where we hitched it, and soon the rough and primeval-appearing picnic grounds were found. While the horse, hitched to a tree, munched oats, we joined in the picnic with the happy children and their guardians for the day. Dinner over, we drove a roundabout way home in order to get a long range view of the entire Sandwich range from a field near Sandwich village proper. Long did we study the succession of peaks from great caterpillar, sprawling Ossipee range—that requires the towns of Sandwich, Ossipee, Moultonborough, and Tuftonborough to hold it—to Chocorua, Paugus, Passaconaway, Whiteface, Flat mountain, a glimpse of Tripyramid, the Dome, Israel, Sandwich mountains proper, Red Hill, the Belknap range.

The whole area of Sandwich—except the small portion back of us—was laid out before us. Lake, val-

ley, lesser mounts or hills, the most of the dwelling-houses in town, all before us. We reached the parsonage in good season. Israel, the Dome, and Whiteface were destined to receive our visits. These trips will now be noticed, but not with a design to preserve the chronological order. So old Israel will do to begin on. It was told us that he would give us a pleasing view. Such it was truly. Saturday was the day. No sermon prepared for the morrow! Never mind. An old one will do this time. Sermons come every Sunday, but the minister had not climbed Israel for twenty years the very month. Off we start afoot, accompanied this time by a guest of black complexion, a genuine son of Africa, of sterling worth, highly educated at one of our New England colleges, and soon to return as a missionary to his native land. We arrive at a farmhouse right under the mountain at morning milking time, drink a quart of warm milk, take a gallon maple-syrup can filled with the same liquid, a can without any handle and awkward to carry. Never mind. There is no path up Israel, hence it is a sort of a go-as-you-please arrangement. The kind farmer, however, gave us sundry directions concerning sundry stone-walls, a "gut" in the mountain side caused by descending streams, etc., all of which directions we followed as faithfully as we felt inclined. The minister took the can of milk without any handle, and other articles, including a "mess" of raw potatoes to roast on the summit. *We* were pretty nearly roasted after our two-hours' climb. But it paid. Black mountain close by jealously guarded the view to the north of him, frowning down from a summit more than eleven hundred feet above us. The northern view is denied us, but in other respects the view is "pleasing." Asquam and Winnipesaukee smile up at us. Red Hill, however, is jealous and so denies us the view of certain features that might have pleased us. The gallon of milk in a wonderfully short time was transferred from the can with a small mouth to larger mouths and still larger stomachs.

Reader, this is the solid truth about that liquid fluid! Five quarts were disposed of by the three pedestrians that blessed day, to say nothing of the solid food taken with us. Did the roasted potatoes taste good? Never did potato served by any art in a palace taste so supremely good as did those tubers pulled out of the hot ashes of the fire 2,880 feet above sea level. Three tired pedestrians reached the parsonage that night. An old sermon sufficed for the morrow. Rather hard on the summer boarders in the audience, perhaps, but yet warmed-up articles are not wholly unknown to them probably in more ways than one.

Our first trip up the Dome was a failure for sightseeing. A good path clear to the top, two springs of water on the way that slaked our thirst as no beverage of man's device could do. Our second trip, successful this time, deserves some description. It is some eight miles to the foot of the mountain. We start before light. The day is unpromising, but we hope it will "clear off." We put up at a hospitable farmhouse a mile from the base of the mountain, the nearest, however. It rains. We feel

rather blue. But like a true Yankee, the minister makes up for his abbreviated sleep of the night before by a long nap on the haymow. The professor sleeps for a shorter period. Along in the afternoon there are signs of "clearing off."

A bright thought occurs, for once, to the minister. We will ascend to-night, sleep in the log cabin near the summit, and be up with the birds in the morning. Three miles to the telephone he goes, explains things to the lady of the house and returns; the farmer promises to take care of the team; the good woman of the house puts us up additional food in the way of doughnuts right out of the fat, a pie, etc.; for a nominal sum the son takes us in the wagon to the base, and up we start. A guide board tells a true tale, doubtless—they say the distance is measured—three miles and twenty-two rods to the top. We knew that on our first trip. We noticed also that some wag had placed a one before the three, making the distance thirteen miles and twenty-two rods. It almost seemed so the first trip, but this time our three hours were shorter than on the first trip. Our collateral is a little heavy, but the hospitable hut receives us before dark. Spruce and fir logs were employed in its structure, the edifice hardly being a specimen of the highest modern architecture, and not very elaborate in equipment. A few rusty, tin cooking utensils, a primitive fireplace in one corner made of a few stones piled up, a hole in the roof for the escaping smoke, a bed of fir boughs on the bare earth, logs for a pillow, our blankets for covering. It is the last of August, a cold, damp night. A fire is needed to warm us. We start one. No view from the summit that night. We eat our supper, with spring water to wash it down, enjoy our romantic situation, and, about nine o'clock, go to bed. The preparations for slumber required little preparation. The stick of wood for a *pillow* was hard enough for a *pillar* in any climate. Nothing soft about it, especially the sharp knots trying to jab into the right ear, then into the left. We keep the fire going for warmth and company. A thunder storm comes up outside, and soon some of it comes inside. A pail cleverly fixed above our heads catches the more numerous drops, but we are literally between fire and water. The minister slept next to the fire. Our sleep was the sleep of the tired, if not of the just, but about three o'clock the cold compelled attention to the fire. We thought it would not pay to go to bed again, so partook of an early breakfast nearly four thousand feet above the Atlantic ocean.

It did not "clear off" till about nine o'clock, though we shivered on the summit, off and on, from five o'clock. Then the view, magnificent, grand, sublime, all around us! A pole on the summit, from which floated "Old Glory," placed there by some patriot, indicated the points of compass. The strong northwest wind carried off the clouds. We thanked the wind for its kindness, and really felt grateful to the Divine Architect who controlled it. Among the hundreds of peaks visible we identified partly, with the aid of a map, the following: Tecumseh, Osceola, Cannon, Liberty, Lincoln, Lafayette, Garfield, Fisher, Hancock, Tripyr-

amid, Lowell, Anderson, the two Kearsarges, Passaconaway, Whiteface, Wonalancet, Paugus, Flat, Israel, Red Hill, Moosilauke, Chocorua, Whittier, Ossipee, Belknap, Fort, Uncanoonucs, Monadnock, Sunapee, Cardigan, Cari, Kineo, Cushman, Waternomee, Green mountains, and many others. But the Presidential range was covered by clouds all the three hours of our stay on the summit. The lake views vied with the mountains. The villages of Center Sandwich, Plymouth, Campton, Meredith, and the city of Laconia were discernible.

Once in seven years the town lines must all be surveyed. We soon became aware that this was the year, because, already knowing that the line separating Sandwich from Waterville runs directly over the summit where we were standing, and also seeing the blazed trees and narrow path cut by the surveyors, we at once jumped to the logical conclusion. One foot in Sandwich, 1,400 inhabitants, in Carroll county, and the other in Waterville, only 39 inhabitants, in Grafton county, was the *feat* we performed. The Appalachian Mountain Club register, which we found in an iron cylinder, told us quite a story. From August 4, 1897, to August 26, 1898, the day of our ascent, 321 names were registered. Of course we registered. The noon hour saw us on our return.

Whiteface is about four thousand feet in height, and disputes with the Dome a few paltry feet of elevation. The exact altitude of the Dome has been given as 3,999 feet, and of Whiteface 4,007, a matter of eight feet in favor of Whiteface. Our ascent of Whiteface was made in three hours, that is, after we spent a half hour in trying to find the first end of the trail. The journey up was even then partly a matter of judgment and of the balancing of probabilities; but both of us being Yankees, we "guessed" right every time, when a pair of paths occasionally disputed with each other for our entrance. The summit reached, a dense cloud hung over it during all our stay. While disappointed, nevertheless, there was much of local interest. On the rocks could be traced the course of the glacial march of many thousands of years ago. My friend, versed in botany and geology, was delighted continually with his examinations. We learned later, how, many years ago, a cloudburst caused the memorable slide, taking thousands of tons of rock, dirt, trees, and all in its path, leaving the precipitous ledges, cliffs, or framework of rock, at a distance the white face presented, suggesting the name the mountain goes by.

A party had preceded us but a day or two before, as a loaf of bread, some plums, and other articles, in a fair state of preservation, found on the ground near the remains of a camp, indicated. If we had decided to remain all night, no doubt that food would have been utilized, as we had but a moderate supply of our own. A huge rocking stone six feet long we found. This was not a discovery equal to the one on a branch of the Bear Camp river, however, near the path up the Dome. At any rate we claimed the priority of discovery. This discovery, or rather the three discoveries, might as well be described now. My friend really made the discoveries, and I helped

do the naming. We found a deep pool, which we called "The Pool," a charming bit of deep, placid water near the junction of two branches of the Bear Camp. Looking calmly down into this pool was a face of rock, a real resemblance to a human face, which we called "The Sphinx." Near by was a curious pot-hole, in which was a small round stone. We took out the stone, but felt condemned as we might to rob a nest of an egg and replaced it. It seemed too bad to rob that pot-hole of its smooth companion. We cut out a path to these natural curiosities, placed up signs, the date of discovery, the name of the intrepid explorers who discovered them, braving the Bear Camp wilderness as they did, in a town that killed five bears a year or two ago, as per the annual report of ye selectmen. Within a year two bears have been killed in Sandwich, and in this town the professor and minister made the discoveries mentioned.

A good chance for a simple outing, family picnic, and general good time, is afforded by White Ledge, the same hill where gold was discovered years ago and where there is an abandoned gold mine full of dirty water. Our party of six, including an eight months old baby belonging to the wearer of the cloth, passed a day on this hill. It looks down upon the entrance of Sandwich notch, affords a beautiful view of Asquam lake, of the Sandwich range from a westerly point of observation, and other objects of interest. We had a picnic dinner. The air was in motion sufficiently to be denominated a wind. We realized this fact when we set the oil stove going to warm some appetizing stew. The table-cloth was spread upon the uneven surface of the soil, a clean, all-wool horse blanket served as a seat, and we fell to with great relish. Delmonico is cast into the shade by a picnic dinner such as we had among the maple trees on White Ledge.

Of course we visited the abandoned gold mine. It looked about the same as it did twenty years before this time to the very mouth, or in August, 1878, when the writer visited it as a twelve-year-old boy. The water in the deep hole was just as dirty. It looked like the same water. As to this I am not sure. It might have been a brand new supply, but the yellow, dirty color had a familiar appearance that twenty years had not changed. We threw stones in to hear the water splash. I did the same twenty years before. Whether others have done so or not the deep hole is not yet full of stones. The dirty water still remains.

A ninety-nine-cent telescope came into use on the north side of this hill, but the wind blew the sight out of it. It is pretty hard to see anything with a ninety-nine-cent telescope that came all the way from New York to use on a windy day. Do not use a ninety-nine-cent telescope from New York, patient reader, especially on a day when the wind blows. Pay, at least, a dollar for a telescope if you have to send to Philadelphia for it. A cheap one does not pay. Pay more if you have to send further.

Our picnic day passed without a thunder-storm. A short time before this "my wife and I" were on the ledge when a sublime thunder-shower came up, either via Sandwich notch or Asquam lake, or both. At any

rate we did not linger. The writer was put in mind of another August day in 1881, when he and two other boys were caught on this lake in a thunder-storm. He was then fifteen years of age; the sight was sublime to him then; he enjoyed it as a boy would. We put for an island, tipped over the boat, crawled under it, and escaped a wetting. Another time when we came down Black mountain, or the Dome, in a thunder-storm, on one of our trips before mentioned, we reached home in a perfect shower bath from the heavens. There was not much sprinkling about it, I can testify, and so can my friend, the professor. He is a Presbyterian.

All too soon the day of parting came. That day, however, was long to be remembered as the one of our round trip ride on Lake Winnipesaukee, bidding farewell at Alton Bay and returning to Center Harbor, thence with our team to Center Sandwich via shores of Asquam. A sixty mile ride on this lake in the steamer *Mt. Washington* for only seventy-five cents afforded a fitting close to that season's enjoyment with our companion. Now, after another winter, another glorious season has also come and gone, and many from other parts have breathed our mountain air, gazed upon the grandeur and sublimity of the Sandwich range, and once more concluded that life is worth living if one can only feast his eyes upon God's handiwork in these mountains.

STORM ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

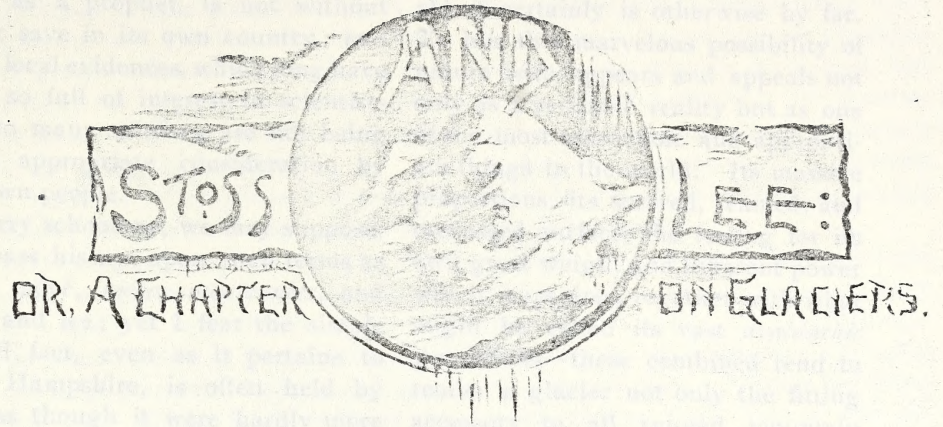
By Frederick Brush.

A golden sun in the piney west
  Makes ships of gold on the eastern sea;
And they ever go sailing and sailing by,
Into the night where great hopes die,
  And never come in to me.

Silver moon high out in the west;
  Silver ships on a shimmering sea
Go sailing and sailing all trim and true,
While I am awaiting a word from you—
  And never one comes to me.

Weird lights figure the blackened west;
  Storm and night meet over the wave,
And his ship out on that starless sea
Is fighting for life and love and me—
  Oh, that a prayer might save!

Morn is streaming out of the east;
  Blackest night and the storm's low moan
Are over my soul forever more,
The village-folk gather about my door,
  But I am alone—alone.



By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.

I.



DONALD, a rock pyramid towering 8,000 feet, stands like the warder of his clan among the mountains of the Selkirk range. A veritable Highlander is Sir Donald, in bonnet and kilt; and the broad glacier which he never throws back from his huge brown shoulders is unsurpassed among the plaids of all his kith and kin.

To the traveler, glaciers are always striking objects of curiosity and delight, and the great Pacific Mountain system, of which the Selkirks are part, affords very many excellent opportunities for the study of them. Some of these, it seems to me, must eventually prove in no wise less inviting to the earnest student of nature than do the more noted streams of the Pyrenees, the Swiss Alps, or the Juras,—certainly in some respects they far surpass them.

For some time prior to the year 1840, Louis Agassiz had studied glacial phenomena in Europe, especially in Switzerland, his homeland. From close observation of existing forms he had prepared himself to defend the then almost astounding proposition that all northern latitudes, even including our fair New England, were once for a long time covered by deep, moving, grinding fields of ice.

Think of it—that the very spot whereon we now stand should ever have been buried thousands of feet and for thousands of years under the crushing weight of dense moving ice! Yet of this there is evidence.

It was while resting beside a rapid, milky, snow-fed torrent, high among the Rockies of Canada, at the very foot of Sir Donald, that I first clearly realized how nearly identical are the visible effects of a living, active glacier with those ancient traces which are, even to this day, so readily to be recognized all over old New Hampshire's granite hills.

It was these ancient traces that early drew Professor Agassiz into our state, into the "Alps of America," for the further prosecution of his own profound and indefatigable researches. Many others have followed him. But a phenomenon, as

truly as a prophet, is not without honor save in its own country; and these local evidences, which long have been so full of interest to scientists and to many tourists, are not being given appropriate consideration by our own people.

Every schoolboy, we may suppose, can pass his test upon such terms as striæ, névé, *roches moutonnées*, and stoss and lee; yet I fear the simple glacial fact, even as it pertains to New Hampshire, is often held by him as though it were hardly more than problematical. Commonly, too, I judge, glaciers, whether of the ancient or of the recent sort, are looked upon as abnormal, or, at least, as unessential, within the realm of nature; while to many they are suggestive only of catastrophe and ruin, in the self-same category, let us say, with cyclones, earthquakes or—defeat of the party.

To a person, however, who chances to stand, say, at the base of Sir Donald, it certainly is otherwise by far. To him this marvelous possibility of nature both appears and appeals not only as a veritable reality but as one of the most reasonable and appropriate things in the world. Its massive proportions, its scarred, seamed, and crevassed surface, the feeling for its own great weight and inherent power which it inspires, together with what might be called its vast *avalanchic possibilities*—these combined tend to render a glacier not only the fitting accessory to all rugged mountain scenery, but a quite essential feature of it. One is led almost to regret that the familiar old home peaks, Washington, Jefferson, and Lafayette, were ever denuded of that hoary crest which still might serve for them as the proverbial crown of glory.

II.

Glaciers are frequently defined as rivers of ice, a term which applies very well to the comparatively small



At the Base of Sir Donald.



valley or Alpine form; but there are glaciers and glaciers, and the other, or great continental form, if we would extend the metaphor, must be spoken of as a sea of ice, and this definition is not nearly so fortunate.

Local or valley glaciers, among the Rocky Mountains to-day, as has been indicated, are common enough. One often meets them high among the mountains of the northern ranges and far into Alaska. Essentially, they are huge masses of compressed snow and ice. While some of them are very large indeed, within the United States such as exist at all are quite small and are correspondingly unimportant.

The origin of all such glaciers is to be sought in that accumulation of snow which often occurs in high altitudes. This has always been the occasion for them, similar conditions must always produce them.

If seen at a distance such ice streams, with their tributaries, look not unlike our own snow patches as they appear in spring. How those white masses incline to linger upon the summits of Kearsarge and Chocorua, lying prone like some monster ophiuran that spreads its long tentacle-like arms far down the sloping valleys to sweat and ooze and melt away on plains below. Yet they are quite different, in this especially, that they move; besides, the true valley glacier is vastly larger than these caps and is permanent. Its source is within the realm of perpetual snow. No heat of summer is sufficient to melt it entirely away—only to reduce it; while in winter it creeps resistlessly forward, inch by inch, an advancing front of solid ice pushing everything before it. Huge rocks accumulate within its sides and upon its surface. Its outlines are obscured by snow and rubbish at the base, but weird sounds proclaim its stealthy approach, and soon all the important geological processes usually ascribed to its far grander primeval progenitor are on once more.

The valley glacier is both a sample and a type. It illustrates its own class and it refers to larger things. Historically, such glaciers are relics of a remote past. Within the great realm of life, those absurd and degenerate marsupials, now to be found only in Australia, remain to typify an old-world fauna. So these abortive ice forms remain to evidence an old-time geological condition. Conceive of that condition, if you can, and then marvel at results even now visible in rounded hills, deep and fertile valleys, smiling intervales and productive soil.

Like the mills of the gods, glaciers, even valley glaciers, grind slow, but "they grind exceeding small." They are the very embodiment of power. Hence at no season of the year, in the presence of any one of those plastic yet almost resistless stone crushers of the mountains, can there be any doubt as to the possibility of that old-time condition or any question as to whether the accrued energy of those vaster prehistoric forms was sufficient to accomplish all that is claimed for it. One sees the same kind of work going on before his very eyes. Hence the question becomes but a simpler one of time. But, fortunately, is not time plentiful?

Glaciers might not have been the only agency at work in those earlier ages, one may say—probably they were not, but if they existed at all



An "Indian Mound."

and were of this sort, that is, if this same agency could have been multiplied a million-fold, as it doubtless was both in extent and power, why, then, with but a modicum of time, they could have done all that is claimed for them. Certainly they could, and more and more.

They could have rended these ledges, transported these boulders, ground these rocks, formed these clays; they could have rounded these flinty out-crops, planed these perpendicular cliffs, scored these massive stones, reduced to powder this granite and gneiss. Together, with the water of melting, they might successfully be brought to account for all the materials of these sand beds, these level reaches of dèbris, these "horse backs," "Indian mounds," and hummocky hills, these river terraces, deltas, and dunes. Glaciers could have done all this, we say, and—is it not needless to affirm?—they did do it.

It is precisely this fact that the New Hampshire schoolboy is asked to prove from the results of his own observation. To the careful eye the surface of New Hampshire everywhere discovers their ancient and altogether unmistakable imprint. Their former presence here is clearly revealed in the fullest display of every possible phase of glacial action. Mountains and hills, valleys and plains, alike confirm the same stupendous probability of their own not over-distant past. Thus, verily and verily, that long, that mysterious glacial age of the world's more recent history is not a dream. Neither is it a myth. While the results of that far off labor are now being acted upon by other and constant forces, or are being appropriated for subsequent ends, and while many of the effects of that ice period already have become obscured or lost, yet there can be no shadow of doubt that a broad, deep, continent-spanning gla-

cier, the mighty agent of Creative Intelligence, did here at one time perform its own divinely appointed work, and that it lacked no essential element for the prosecution of its great and beneficent purpose. That purpose, ultimately, we must plainly see, was the preparation of the north temperate zone, by the grinding and distribution of soil and rock material, for the important mission which it is to-day fulfilling. That mission is the furnishing of an acceptable home for the hardiest manhood, the sturdiest personal character, and the stoutest virtue that the world has ever yet sustained.

III.

With Mars at perihelion and Earth at aphelion, the telescopic vision of the astronomer has to span a dis-



Mars.

tance of only 36,000,000 miles in order to look directly upon the surface of our next door neighbor in the heavens.

Much is still conjectural concerning the physical conditions upon that planet, yet Mars should have his seasons much as Earth does, and there is no doubt that ice patches surround both his northern and southern poles. It is a most interesting matter of observation to see those gleaming white caps slowly spreading down over the twenty-seven degrees of his frigid zone during the Martian winter. It is quite as pleasing to see them slowly melting back at the approach of his summer solstice.

Unless we are greatly deceived, broad dark borders and torrents and pools of melted ice can also be distinguished during the warmer season, draining across rusty colored land and emptying their floods into a blue-green sea. To an observer, the sight of all this makes the fact of somewhat similar terrestrial ice-sheets seem far more tangible to the mind—certainly more definite in the thought. It furnishes a touch of nature whereby all worlds may seem akin.

Now all broadly extended masses of snow and ice of this sort, whether of the past or of the present, and wherever seen, are called by geologists continental glaciers.

To an imagined inhabitant of Mars, who, from his great distance should view our own arctic snow fields, especially if he could see them as they existed in ancient times, the phenomenon would be quite accurately explainable by reference to facts of his own; that is, he would regard them as monstrous accumulations of congealed moisture.

Planets of the solar system superior to Mars are known to be too highly heated to admit of any approach to glaciation. As planets they are far too immature. Planets inferior to Earth are doubtless as much too old —whatever experiences we may conceive them to have had during earlier eons. Our spectral old moon may not have escaped,—at least we are not

sure that she has not felt the pressure of the same icy hand. But her glacial age must have occurred, if at all, a very long time ago, or, manifestly, before she had experienced that inevitable world-calamity, the loss of all her atmospheric air and moisture. We must infer that the presence of glaciers is evidence of planetary prime.

Upon the earth, although fast losing many an ancient outpost of his once broad dominion, King Glacies retains relentless sway over several enormous realms. Arctic explorers tell us that nearly all of the vast island of Greenland, for instance, is still permanently covered by an ice sheet having a probable area of more than 500,000 square miles. At the seashore this continental glacier has, in places, a sheer depth of a thousand feet at least, while farther inland, where the surface of the earth is never bared beneath the rays of even a summer sun, those interminable snow fields must sometimes attain to a thickness of fully one mile.

The buoyant force of ocean water lifting the protruding edge of the Greenland glacier wrenches off huge masses, which fall and topple over into the sea and go floating down as pinnacled icebergs to melt and disintegrate in the waters of warmer climes. Many coastal shallows have been formed by the transported dèbris of these icebergs.

The Antarctic continent also is said to consist of hardly more than one great, deep, monotonous waste of snow, not to mention smaller areas in different parts of the world.

The source of any such *mer de glace*, like that of the valley form, is always to be found in some cold region of great annual precipitation where more snow falls in winter than can possibly be disposed of in summer. Year after year the snow increases. It piles up, partially melts, and, by reason of its own mass, is compressed into ice. Because of its ponderous weight and plastic nature, it spreads itself widely out from its geographic centre, conforms to topographic conditions, yields to gravity, flows slowly down hill and pushes up slopes, expands with heat, contracts with cold, wrinkles, splits, cements again, wears, tears, erodes, severs pinnacles from headlands, drags along dèbris, removes every possible object, and then, at last, its force expended, dumps all its rocky rubbish, pell-mell and helter and skelter, wherever most convenient—unto itself.

There are some remarkable fields, possessing hardly any movement, that are so conditioned as to support a considerable vegetation upon their surface. But, as a rule, the foregoing phenomena of the continental glacier have always attended it. They are identical in kind, if not in degree, with those of the vestigial valley glacier of our day. Traces of former valley glaciers are not at all uncommon among the hills of New Hampshire, and are deserving of careful study, yet there is good reason for believing that these marks are the work of some comparatively recent epoch.

The true and all comprehending ice age of our latitude, whose effects more deeply concern us, must have come to its somewhat abrupt close many thousand years ago.

[*To be concluded.*]

VINDICATION OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA

(OR EIGHTH CORPS), AT THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, OCT. 19, 1864.

FOR a third of a century the Eighth Corps has rested under the suspicion that the totality of the surprise on the left at the Battle of Cedar Creek was due to lack of vigilance, or neglect of proper precautions on the part of the corps commander, or division commander, or officer of the day, or to lack of watchfulness or of wakefulness on the picket line, or gullibility of pickets, by which they fell victims to the stratagems of the enemy, or to an unwarrantable feeling of security in that corps, or to neglect of phenomena presenting themselves to the pickets in the night, but which were not investigated, or to an illy performed reconnoissance from that corps on the preceding day, or to some undefined, unsoldierly quality that had suddenly possessed some of the best soldiers of the Union armies.

General Wright devotes one fifth of his report of the battle, dated November 27, 1865, to an explanation of, and apology for, the surprise of that morning, and tries to trace it to the extreme feeling of security resulting from the reconnoissance from this corps of the day before, which, he intimates, was not carried to a proper distance to the front, the reconnoitering party reporting that the rebel army had retreated up the valley. But such a defense could not exonerate; it could only confirm existing suspicions.

The suspicion that all was not right on the picket line of the Eighth Corps has led to romantic and weird stories of pickets silently seized after stealthy and cat-like approaches in the dark, of the relief of pickets by rebels in Union garb, of mysterious consciousness of invisible human presence beyond the lines, and the muffled tramping of marching hosts near the pickets in the impenetrable gloom, all of which may be passed by as idle imaginings in view of the fact that the night was so bright that at 3:30 Early and Kershaw could see the Union camps in the moonlight. Besides, at the hour of the alleged mysterious sounds the rebels were not within a mile of the Union pickets. What happened to the pickets will be told in another place.

The fact that Early succeeded in his purpose of surprising the First division cannot be seriously questioned, but the extent of that surprise, and the manner of it, and how it was met, and its real consequences are worthy of investigation.

But it is not amiss to commence this part of the discussion with a reference to the completeness of the agreement of historical writers in the statement that the men of the Eighth Corps were caught in their beds and captured in their blankets, or com-

pelled to flee undressed, or half dressed, a swarm of harmless fugitives, less dangerous than a disorganized mob. *In all researches made, the writer has failed to find one historian who does not revel in the idea that the Eighth Corps was asleep when the Rebels went in over the breastworks of the First division.*

Charles Carleton Coffin, in "Freedom Triumphant," page 49, says, "It was five o'clock. Gordon had crossed the Shenandoah, seized the Union pickets, formed his brigades by Mr. Bowman's house, and had crossed the fields to the breastworks thrown up by Thoburn's division. They swarmed over it with exultant yells. The soldiers in their tents thus suddenly awakened found themselves prisoners. Some, half dressed, seized their guns. Before the regiments of Thoburn's division could form, the Confederates were upon them."

The following histories convey substantially the same idea,—George E. Pond, Lossing's Civil War, Pollard's Lost Cause, Harper's History of the Great Rebellion, Greeley's American Conflict, Nicolay and Hay's Abraham Lincoln, and many accounts by military writers.

General Horatio G. Wright, who was in command of the army that morning, but who was not within a mile of the spot, says in his report: "The surprise was complete, for the pickets did not fire a shot, and the first indication of the enemy's presence was a volley into the main line, when the men were at reveille roll call, without arms."

We learn from this report that the general did not credit the story of the firing into the tents of the sleeping men. But he alone introduces the idea of reveille roll call. General Wright does not agree with the officers of Thoburn's division in any particular as to details. As participants in the affair, these officers are entitled to greater credence.

General Crook, commander of the Eighth Corps, in his report, dated November 7, 1864, page 365 of part I, volume 43, Rebellion Records, who was no nearer to this part of his lines that morning than the position of the Second division, omits the idea of slumbering camps, but says candidly and justly, "At about 4:30 A. M., another force of the enemy crossed the creek in front of the First division, and soon after the enemy came rushing in solid lines of battle, without skirmishers, on my pickets, coming to the works with those of the pickets they had not captured, in overwhelming numbers, entered that portion of the works not occupied by our troops, and soon were on the flanks and in the rear of the First division and the two batteries, compelling them either to retreat or be captured."

Having given ample proof from so many historical writers, civil and military, to show that for one third of a century writers of popular literature have permitted their powerful influence to fasten a species of obloquy upon the brave men of the Eighth Corps, both officers and rank and file, making them serve as a foil to draw attention away from the shortcomings, if any there were, of the rest of the army, the writer proposes to ask you to go, in imagination, into the camp of Thoburn's division at about four o'clock of that eventful morning and with him ob-

serve the state of affairs, and whether at five o'clock the men were asleep in their tents and were awakened by a "ringing volley" fired into their camps, and their artillery all captured without firing a shot.

We find here encamped in rear of the works, which faced Cedar Creek to the south, seven regiments and one battalion of infantry, constituting the First and Third brigades of the division, with two six-gun batteries and one four-gun battery.

The First brigade consists of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, Fifth New York Heavy Artillery battalion, 116th Ohio regiment, 123d Ohio regiment.

The Third brigade consists of the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, Tenth West Virginia regiment, Eleventh West Virginia regiment, Fifteenth West Virginia regiment.

The artillery consists of First Ohio Light Battery L, four guns; First Pennsylvania Light Battery D, six guns; Fifth United States Battery B, six guns.

It is dark yet, a fog having enveloped everything since Early and Kershaw were looking at the Union camps at 3:30, in the moonlight. Objects are not distinguishable at a distance of more than thirty paces. There is a strip of woods in front of the left and some woods in the rear. The Pennsylvania battery is entrenched near the left of the line. The United States battery is on the right and the Ohio battery of four guns farther to the right, commanding the Cedar Creek bridge at the pike. There is a ravine or hollow in rear of the camp, running down to Cedar Creek, and then a hill to the north, on a part of which the Second division is located. The battalion of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery is on picket down by Cedar Creek.

Some of the officers are astir, as Major Withers of the Tenth West Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Wildes of the 116th Ohio, and Captain Dupont, chief of artillery, and probably others.

They hear picket-firing, some say on the right, some say on the left, some say in front.

Some say it is four o'clock, some say it is about half-past four, and one says it is between five and six. Some say "early in the morning." They all mean the same thing, and just put the time in their reports as it seemed to them when their reports were written, within a week's time.

Skirmishing with a foe by the pickets in the dark is heard. The division officer of the day reports the advance of a heavy force from the direction of Cedar Creek, in front.

Captain Dupont orders the reveille sounded. There is a quick seizing of weapons, brief commands, hasty forming of companies and regiments and manning of breastworks, and the cannoneers stand by their guns.

Col. T. M. Harris, who commanded the Third brigade, tells the story in his report, as follows:

"At about 4:30 A. M. the enemy advanced in heavy force against the works of the First division, pushing in rapidly whatever of the picket line he failed to capture. The division having been aroused by the firing along the picket line and subsequent skirmishing of the pickets with the advancing foe, as also by the division officer of the day, who reported the advance of a heavy force, was quickly formed behind the works, and put in

position for defense as far as practicable. Very soon the enemy's line advanced close up to the works, and were greeted by a volley from our whole line. The action here was sharp and brief, the greatly superior force of the enemy enabling him not only to turn our left but also to effect an entrance between the First and Third brigades. Being thus subject to enfilading fires as also to a direct fire from the front, these two brigades were driven from the works."

The report of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F. Wildes, 116th Ohio, commanding the First brigade, says:

"About four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, I heard brisk picket-firing on the right and left of the position occupied by my command. I immediately ordered the brigade under arms behind the fortifications. In a few minutes I heard a volley of perhaps twenty rifle shots, and a yell as though a charge was being made in the direction of a picket post in front of my left. I at once directed Captain Karr, of my staff, to inform Colonel Thoburn that there was considerable firing along the picket line. I then went to the right of my command, to a position occupied by the Third brigade, First division, when I discovered that some pickets were coming in."

He then details movements before the command was forced out of the works, says he formed a line of his brigade on the hill overlooking the ravine in the rear; moved his command to the pike, fighting to the right and front, and formed his brigade with the Nineteenth Corps, and fought till that corps and the Second division of the Army of West Virginia withdrew.

He further says: "My command was in line of battle fully three fourths of an hour before the attack was made, and the information was sent to division headquarters a half hour before the attack was made on my right."

The report of Capt. Andrew Potter, in command of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, of the First brigade, says:

"About 4 A. M. the regiment was drawn up in line, and soon after picket-firing was heard in the direction of the line occupied by the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery. In a very short time after the enemy was seen in front of the line of breastworks occupied by the First division, Department of West Virginia, the regiment immediately engaged in action with the enemy, who delivered a heavy fire into our front and on our right flank, opposite the position occupied by the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania. We continued our firing until the enemy were seen inside the breastworks of the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania, and also over the breastworks of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, vacated by the regiment being on picket duty. Thus surrounded on our right and left, receiving a fire from the right, left, and front, and the force on our right having retired, the order was given to retire, and the regiment became scattered and broken."

Major H. Kellogg, commanding the 123d Ohio, in his report, says:

"We were alarmed about 4:30 o'clock in the morning by picket-firing in our immediate front. The regiment was immediately formed behind the breastworks. After remaining a short time in line we were ordered to move by the right flank and occupy the works built by the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery.

We had hardly got into position before the regiments on our right were heavily engaged, and men being driven back. After firing a few rounds, we were ordered to move by left flank and occupy our own works." They formed with the brigade in the rear, as related by Colonel Wildes.

Captain John Suter, commanding the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania, Third brigade, in his report, says:

"On the morning of the 19th, before daylight, when I was first apprised of picket-firing on our front, I ordered the regiment to turn out under arms, which was done by the companies forming in their quarters and afterward marching to the breastworks in front. Before the line could be properly formed, the enemy, apparently in a mass, were observed advancing along the whole front, and already at the abatis. My regiment opened and maintained a fire until, the enemy getting in our rear from the extreme left of the line of works, we were compelled to fall back." He says a portion of the regiment rallied in the skirt of woods in the camp, and disputed the advance of the enemy for a time.

Major Henry H. Withers, in command of the Tenth West Virginia, Third brigade, says in his report:

"On the morning of the 19th, I was, for some reason, very restless, and rose much earlier than usual; had taken my seat in my tent and commenced eating my breakfast when I heard several shots fired in tolerably quick succession; thought, however, the pickets were disturbed by some unimportant event until I heard a volley, fired apparently from the left, where the Second division was fortified; then almost immediately I heard a volley from our part of the fortifications, when, leaving my breakfast, I ran to the extreme right of the line, where I encountered an enfilading fire from the left, and found the men from my regiment throwing themselves down in the trenches, and hurrying into the works. . . . The regiment then marched double-quick to the foot of the hill below fortifications, where it was formed, etc."

Captain Van H. Bukey, commanding Eleventh West Virginia, in his report says:

"Near 5 A. M. the firing on the left alarmed my camp, and the men were quickly in line under arms at the works, immediately to the left of the battery on the extreme right of the line. When I arrived at the works I found some of my men firing to the front. . . . I ordered them to cease firing. . . . I had not passed from left to right of my regiment, however, before the Fifteenth West Virginia, on my left, fell back from the works, and my flank received a pretty severe, but, owing to the fog and darkness, not accurate, fire. My regiment then gave way by companies from the left obliquing to the right and rear down the hill. Moved 'by right of companies to rear,' having formed a perfect line (across ravine toward pike), formed column, and filed to rear of left of Nineteenth Corps." His organization disappeared when the Nineteenth Corps fell back.

Lieutenant William Munk, of Battery D, First Pennsylvania, in his report says:

"On the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, at reveille, as was then the custom, my cannoneers went to their posts at the guns, and presently

several musket shots were heard in the direction of my front. This was the only intimation of an enemy near at hand until they were discovered advancing in line of battle not twenty yards from my battery. I immediately opened fire on them with cannister, firing some fifteen rounds, when, the infantry supports on my left offering but little resistance, the enemy were enabled to reach the inside of the works, and, after firing a volley, charged the battery with fixed bayonets, and with clubbed muskets drove the cannoneers from their pieces."

Captain Henry A. Dupont, chief of artillery for Battery B, Fifth United States Artillery, reported as follows:

"Upon the sudden attack of the enemy before daylight on the morning of the 19th, First Lieutenant Henry F. Brewerton, Fifth United States Artillery, who was in command of the battery, had the men on the alert, and immediately ordered the guns to be loaded with cannister. . . . He succeeded in getting in a few shots in that direction (the left) from the two pieces of his centre section. The infantry on the left then breaking and abandoning their works (which were at once occupied by the enemy), Lieutenant Brewerton turned the two pieces of his left section upon them now within the works, and fired at them with cannister until they had advanced to within twenty-five paces of his guns, when he ceased firing, and ran the pieces by hand down the hill to the caissons." One piece was lost.

Captain Frank Gibbs, of Battery I, First Ohio Battery, reports taking position, and opening fire upon the enemy. He was farther from the parapet, and had no difficulty in getting away with all his guns to do good service throughout the day.

Captain F. C. Wilkie, commanding battalion New York Heavy Artillery, of the First brigade, in his report tells the fate of the pickets:

"The battalion was on picket in front of the First division. About one hour before daylight some rebel cavalry appeared in front of the left of the lines, but, being fired upon, retired. That portion of the line then deployed as skirmishers. Shortly after, a column of the enemy crossed the creek on the right of the line, was fired upon by the pickets posted there, also by the small reserve, but they did not return the fire. The reserve fell back in skirmishing order, but were unable to check in the slightest degree the advance of the enemy. With the exception of about forty men capable of bearing arms, the whole battalion was captured."

Thus embraced in this paper are extracts from the reports of the two brigade commanders, of six out of eight regimental commanders, of the officer in command of the pickets, and of every battery commander. The report of the other regimental commander is of the same tenor, substantially, as those given, but is omitted for want of space.

At the risk of tediousness these extended quotations have been given, so that the condition of things behind that parapet just before the attack and during the struggle may be told by eye witnesses, as well as the events upon the picket line.

From these witnesses, who can say with the hero of the siege of Troy, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was," we learn that the

pickets were on the alert and did their duty, and were nearly all captured; that the firing of the pickets alarmed the division; that every regiment and battery was under arms; the infantry at the works and the cannoneers at their guns; that a short but heroic resistance was maintained, until the men at the breastworks were outflanked, right and left, and the centre was penetrated; that every gun (but two) was in action and well served; that only seven guns out of sixteen were lost; that the left battery was fought until the cannoneers were bayoneted at their guns; that many of the regiments retired in good order, and so remained and fought until they were broken in the retiring of the Nineteenth Corps from the position at the pike under Gordon's assault; that the statements of the historians, civil and military, are false to facts, unjust and misleading, and especially that the pickets were not overcome by stratagem or deceit, but retired fighting manfully; and that the rebel advance was not first announced by volleys fired into the slumbering camps of the Eighth Corps, but that this division was under arms to receive them.

This testimony, as a whole, shows that the division was surprised and overpowered under circumstances entirely to their honor.

By way of corroboration, a quotation is now offered from Captain J. P. Sims, commanding the advance brigade of Kershaw's assaulting column. He says, narrating events from a point on the road between Strasburg and the ford:

"Here a halt was ordered until nearly five o'clock, when I was ordered to move down the road until the brigade had crossed over, and then turn down the creek and form in line of battle parallel to the creek, and to advance immediately to the front . . . to drive the enemy's pickets in without firing upon them, and not fire until the enemy's line was reached, all of which was strictly complied with, . . . receiving the shots from the enemy's picket line without replying, but continuing to move forward with unbroken front through the volleys of musketry and cannon which they were now exposed to until they reached the enemy's works. The enemy made a stubborn resistance. Some of them were shot down while firing upon our men at the distance of a few feet."

If their enemy in arms is thus generous in his tribute to their valor, the friends of the Eighth Corps cannot afford to perpetuate an injustice.

NOTE.—This compilation of authorities and argument thereon is furnished by E. D. Hadley, of the Fourteenth regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, who was in the first brigade of the Second division of the Nineteenth Corps, and shared the vicissitudes of the day at Cedar Creek.



OUR BANNER.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

All hail! our starry banner,
The ensign of the free;
The standard of our gallant sires,
The flag of Liberty.
Long shall it wave from Lake to Gulf,
From shining sea to sea;
Its blazoned bars for Union,
Its stars for Constancy.

Beneath this flag our fathers
Fought gallantly and well;
Its snowy field was crimsoned
Where many a hero fell.
It led our hosts at Stony Point,
Monmouth, and Brandywine;
It gleamed o'er Yorktown's tented field,
In Eutaw's groves of pine.

Unfurl the glorious standard
That waved at Queenstown's fight;
That through the waves with Perry
Gleamed like a meteor bright.
Through Southern swamp and everglade
It led our boys in blue;
By cactus groves of Mexico
Its stars were drenched with dew.

Upon its starry folds of silk
Has streamed the Afric sun,
When on the battered walls of Derne
It showed a victory won.
In lands of olive and the palm,
In sunny Southern seas,
This flag has cheered a thousand hearts
Amid the battle's breeze.

OUR BANNER.

Aye, many a heart has beat with pride
To see it float on high,
Its stripes and stars, all radiant
Against the sunlit sky.
Borne on by conquering freemen
It never shall be furled,
Till with its blazoned splendor
It floats o'er half the world.

Aye, far and wide its folds shall stream,
O'er pleasant sunset lands,
From sparkling islands of the sea
To Klondike's golden sands.
And nations yet unborn shall greet
The flag our fathers bore,
The flag that led our heroes on
In the storied days of yore.

Then hail! our starry banner,
The ensign of the free;
The standard of our gallant sires,
The flag of Liberty.
Long shall it wave from Lake to Gulf,
From shining sea to sea;
Its blazoned bars for Union,
Its stars for Constancy.

A PIONEER FAMILY.

By C. F. Burge.

IN 1818 Illinois was admitted as a state in the Union. Its southern portion was settled gradually, but the Indians roamed over the northern half up to the end of the "Black Hawk" war so called—1832–'34. About 1835 colonies were organized throughout New England and New York, whose agents visited Illinois, and made several locations. The Wethersfield (Conn.) colony, of which Rev. Caleb Jewett Tenney (a native of Hollis, N. H.) was a prominent member, selected land in Henry county.

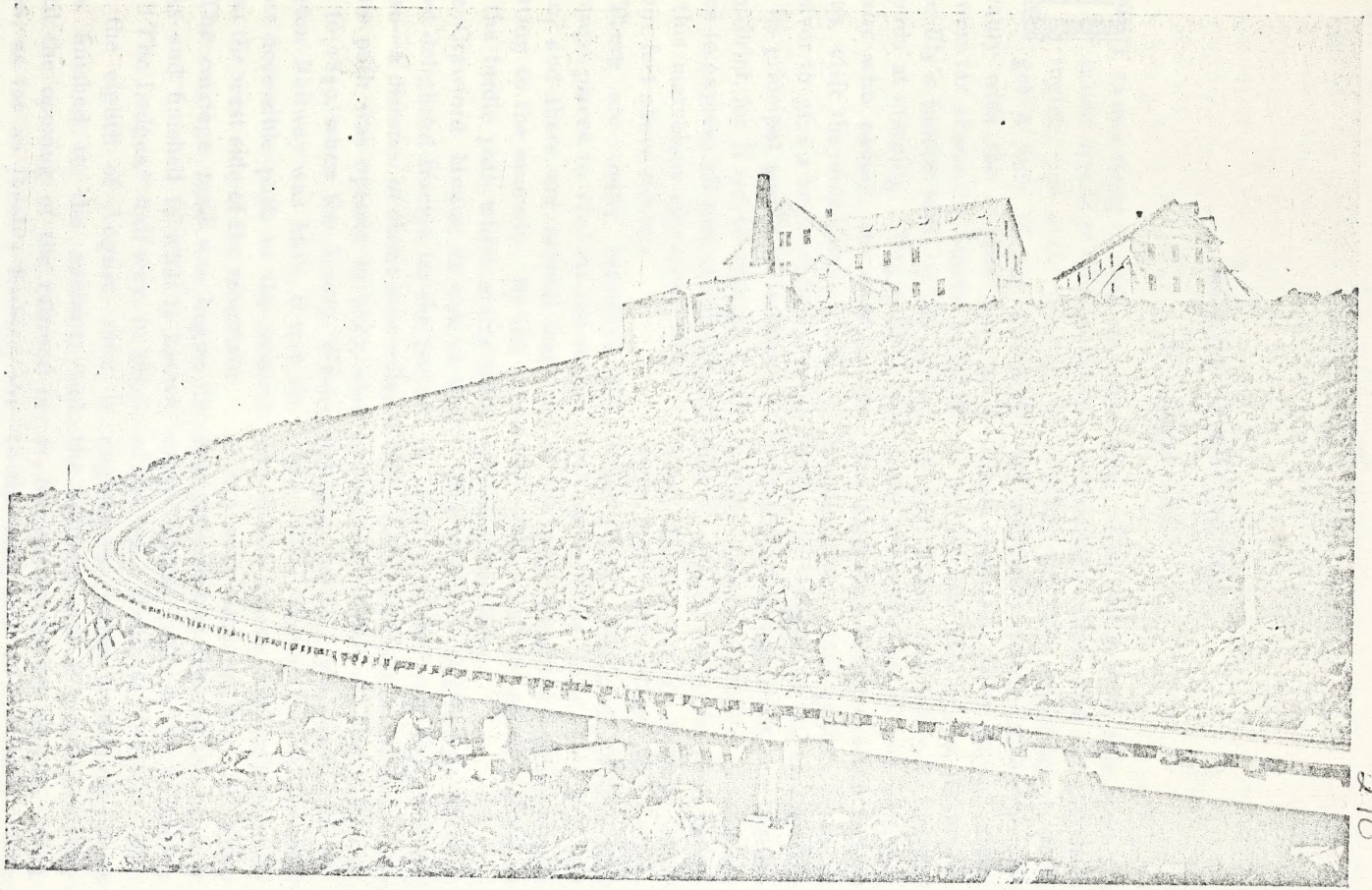
Abner Bailey Little, a native of Salem, N. H., and a grandson of Rev. Abner Bailey, married Nancy Tenney of Hollis, a sister of Rev. Dr. Tenney. This couple lived in Salem,

Goffstown, and Hollis for fully thirty years. In 1836 the parents with ten children migrated to Henry county, Ill., and assisted in the laying out of Wethersfield. The father was the first moderator, cast the first vote, and spaded the first ground for garden seeds in that township. He was then sixty-two years of age.

Two of the sons were present at the first county election, June 19, 1837, Henry being a voter. Caroline W., a daughter, and her partner were the first couple married in this new county. The mother, an earnest Christian woman, led her family to her Saviour, and into many and varied Christian activities, through the hardships endured by first settlers, for eleven years, and then passed to the eternal home. The father (died 1863) saw many changes in population, buildings, the incoming of railways, telegraph, the printing press, etc. Each of the children lived earnest, busy lives. Five of them enjoyed golden weddings. Eight of them scored 610 years, and the father ninety years. The youngest of the six sons died August 29, 1899.

Ralph Augustus Little was born in Hollis, N. H., September 16, 1825, being nearly seventy-four years of age. He assisted his father in building their log house (one room) in 1837. It is standing to-day, being one of the oldest dwellings in the county. It has been lately encased to better preserve it to the future. The deceased was a live farmer and managed a large dairying interest. He was a master in music, having for almost thirty years been a leader of sacred and glee clubs, and chorister in several churches (without pay). He is survived by a wife and eight children, who were privileged to be with him in his last hours. He had a home orchestra of seven members, all of the family circle. One of them has become noted for her magnificent voice in song. The funeral was very largely attended from many parts of the county, the deceased being known as an old settler and worthy citizen. He is also survived by one brother, Hon. Henry G. Little of Grinnell, Ia., author of "Hollis, N. H., Seventy Years Ago," also "Reminiscences of Newington, Conn.," and two sisters, Caroline, a partner in one of the five golden weddings, and Sarah F., the youngest of the pioneers.

In the lineage of this family we find ministers, doctors, professors, teachers, and honored citizens. New and true honors have been built by them. Scores have been encouraged to useful and better lives by them and their example. New Hampshire has had many such Christian pioneers go out from her borders to aid in moulding new communities into the ways of virture and honor. May our old Granite state continue to be a contributing power to develop the paths and fruits of righteousness and prosperity.



SUMMIT HOUSE, FROM LIZZIE BOURNE MONUMENT, MT. WASHINGTON.



MOUNT WASHINGTON.

By Adelbert Clark.

IT is one thing to read an illustrated article of Mount Washington, but quite another to get a view of its matchless beauty with the natural eye, as it towers far above the others, white as the lily's inmost leaf, or the snowy clouds at morning. But as there are many who cannot, for various reasons, visit the mountains, I will endeavor to give a brief sketch of some of its principal points of interest. I say brief, for it would require a volume to express all that could be said of this marvelous elevation which is 6,291 feet above the sea.

There are many beautiful and strange places to visit on the mountain, and there are several ways of getting to the summit. By the way of the bridle path which starts from the Crawford House, is one of the most delightful tramps for the pedestrian—a distance of about nine miles. This path was opened in 1840, and up to 1849, when the Mount Washington Railway was built, it was the most accessible path to the summit from the west side of the mountain.

The carriage road was begun in 1855 and finished to what is known as "The Ledges," half way, in 1857. On the eighth of August, 1861, it was finished to the summit, and until the opening of the railroad in 1866, as far as Jacob's Ladder, the travel over it was large and sufficient to make the enterprise self-sustaining. The views from this road are exceedingly fine, and in pleasant weather the ride, either up or down the mountain, is very enjoyable. Its length from the Glen House, which is on the east side of the mountain, is eight miles, and it has an average grade of twelve feet in one hundred, the maximum being sixteen feet in one hundred. It is said to be about twice the length of an air-line between the starting point and the terminus on the mountain. There is a toll of sixteen cents for the pedestrian, eighty cents for a single horse team, and two dollars for a four-horse team. The cost of this road was not far from $150,000. It is one of the most beautiful carriage roads ever built, and is always kept in splendid condition.

The railroad, which was finished in 1869, is on the west side, is three miles long, and has an average rise of one foot in four, the steepest being thirteen and one half inches to the yard. The running time is one and one fourth hours, and only one car is run with each engine. It is the first cog-railroad built in this or any other country and was the invention of Sylvester Marsh of Littleton. The engines now in use on this road have the ordinary type of locomotive boiler, but are somewhat shorter, owing to the steepness of the track. The boilers are set in the frame with the front end eighteen inches lower than

the back, so as to strike a medium between the flat and sharp grades. On each locomotive are two pairs of cylinders, eight inches in diameter and twelve inches stroke, called respectively the back and forward pair. Each pair is connected together by a toughened steel crankshaft, on which is a steel pinion of twelve teeth that engages with a phosphor bronze gear



Engine, Mt. Washington Railway.

of sixty-four teeth on the main or driving axle. On this axle is the main cog-wheel which meshes in the cog-rail in the center of the track. This wheel has nineteen teeth, four inches from center to center, and at each revolution the engine is propelled six feet and four inches; but the cranks have made five and one third revolutions, and have sacrificed speed for power.

Most people do not realize the work these engines perform. For illustration, imagine a building 3,700 feet high, and a block of granite on the ground that weighs eighteen tons. To lift this block to the top of the building in seventy minutes would be called a great feat. This is practically what these engines are doing every trip.

In coming down the mountain no steam whatever is used, gravity alone doing the work and the machinery holding back. As soon as the gears commence to revolve, each end of the cylinders is alternately open to the atmosphere. At the end of the stroke the openings are automatically closed, and as the cylinders are filled with air, unless there is a chance for it to escape the engine would remain stationary, but with suitable valves under the control of the engineer the air is released and the speed regulated. There is a very fine stream of water admitted to the cylinders as a lubricant, and as compressing air generates heat, this water coming in contact with the hot walls of the cylinders flashes into steam and gives one the impression that steam is used.

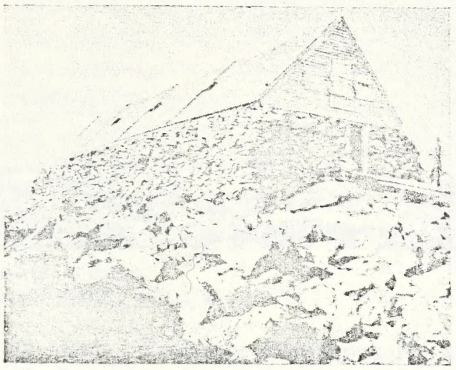
The first hotel on the mountain was built in 1852. The Tip-Top House was built in 1853. The signal station was established in 1870. From 1870 to 1892 the United States government maintained a station for weather observations at the summit, and for seventeen years of that period the observers remained on the mountain top, winter and summer. The present Summit House was built in 1872, and is a fine, large building, as can be seen from the illustration, having, at least, one hundred rooms for the accommodation of guests. It is the highest elevation occupied by any summer resort hotel in the country. From the broad platform the views are fine, and in clear weather the ocean is visible from the Isles of Shoals down to Mount Desert. The extent of view from the extreme east to west, is nearly three hundred miles.

In all, there are nine buildings on

the summit, comprising the old Tip-Top House, the Summit House, the observatory, the old signal station, the round-house for sheltering the trains when prevented by heavy storms from descending, the printing office, where *Among the Clouds* is published, the stage office, and two stables.

Just below the Summit House, near the railroad, is the monument to Lizzie Bourne, who perished there September 14, 1855. She started in the afternoon to walk from the Glen House with her uncle and his daughter, up the carriage road, then built only half way up the mountain. The fair weather led them to keep on toward the top, but a sudden and violent storm soon overtook them. About ten o'clock at night, when within only forty rods of the summit, Miss Bourne sank exhaused and died almost instantly. Her friends remained with her during the fearful gale until morning, when they discovered how nearly they had reached their destination. Assistance was obtained at the old Summit House, to which they were going, and her body was tenderly carried down the mountain to the Glen House and afterwards taken to Kennebunk, Me., her home, where she was buried.

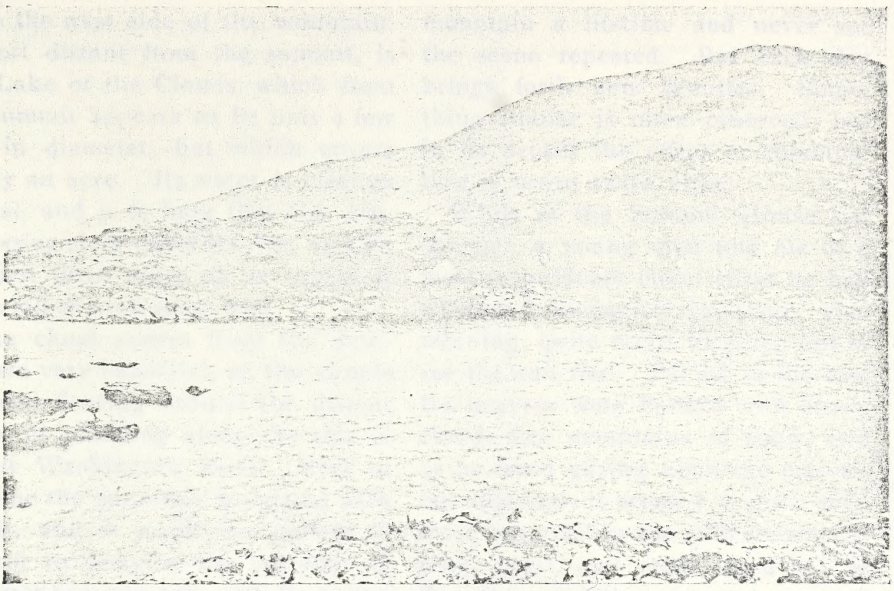
One evening not long ago, Prof. George H. Barton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gave an interesting talk on the geology of the White Mountains with special reference to Mount Washington. He explained the processes of mountain formation—the intense heat of the interior, with the cold exterior, and the consequent folding and cracking of the surface. After the mountains had risen above the waters with which the surface of the earth was covered, millions of years ago, there were two forces at work upon them—one force from the interior, upheaving them, and the other, exterior, in the shape of storms—the rain, melting the snows, etc. The torrents that rushed down their sides formed gorges, and ridges overhung these cuttings from above. The storms



The Old Tip-Top House.

washed the latter away, and valleys and cañons were formed, a process, which, after millions of years, had wholly transformed their appearance. There was a constant contest between the forces that elevated the mass and those that wore them away. The forces from the center acted at irregular intervals of time, and the mountain ranges were being forced upward as they were washed downward.

Professor Barton gave a description of the rocks of Mount Washington, which are familiarly known as the mica schist and gneiss. Some idea of the age of the rocks on this elevation may be gained from the fact that the sand stones in which fossils are found are estimated to be seventy-five million years old, and the Mount Washington rocks are



The Lake of the Clouds.

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thought to be older than that, as they do not contain fossils. He said the White Mountains were once one great dome-like mass, much larger and higher than now. The mass has been cut and washed away during the millions of years, until we see the results around us. He described the formation of the mountain as a succession of layers of partly stratified rock. The summit of Mount Washington was once in a basin surrounded by higher elevations, produced by the shrinking and crumbling of the earth's surface as it cooled. These have been washed away, leaving the lowest point of the basin very near what is now the summit of the mountain.

He referred to Professor Hitchcock's conclusion, some years since, that the cone of Mount Washington was above the ice cap, as he found there were no glacial marks until he had descended about five hundred feet. Professor Hitchcock has since, he said, come to a different conclusion. He found a certain kind of stone on the mountain which could have come from nowhere else than Cherry mountain. Ice action alone could have brought these rocks to the mountain. Therefore, the accepted idea is that the cone of Mount Washington did not form an island that protruded through the great ice cap, about ten thousand years ago, but ice covered all — to what tremendous thickness can only be conjectured.

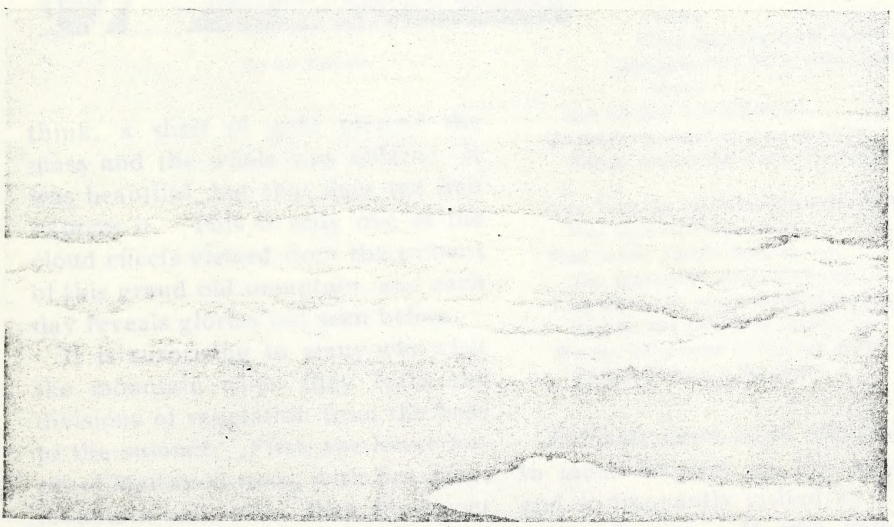
One young man asked the professor how the top of the mountain became so broken up, and he answered that it was mainly due to the action of frost. He illustrated by citing the presence of water from rains in the crevices of the rocks, and then the action of the rocks, and then the action of the frost, with its great expansive power, which split and broke them apart.



On the west side of the mountain, a short distant from the summit, is the Lake of the Clouds, which from the summit appears to be only a few feet in diameter, but which covers nearly an acre. Its water is clear as crystal, and it is here that the Ammonoosuc river takes its rise, and for the first three miles of its course it has a fall of over 2,000 feet.

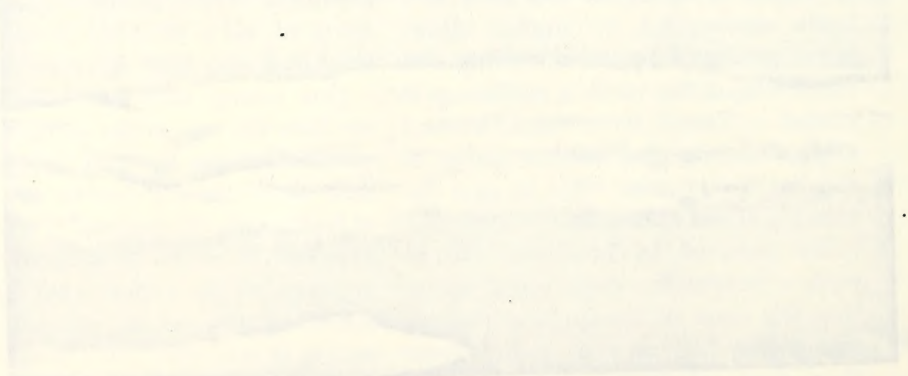
The cloud scenes from the summit are very beautiful, as the clouds are seen floating around the distant peaks, or scudding along the side of Mount Washington itself. Most of the time the mountain is capped with clouds, and it would be useless to attempt to describe the splendor of that vast heaving sea, with its snowy whiteness, glinting and glittering beneath the rays of the noonday sun like the surging billows of the mighty deep; or at the hour of sunset, when bathed with the most delicate pink, slowly deepening to the rich glowing crimson of a budding rose. One might remain on the mountain a lifetime and never see the scene repeated. But each day brings forth new beauties. Something similar is often observed, but in its details the effect or combination is never twice alike.

While at the Summit House last summer, a young man told me of a most magnificent cloud effect he had witnessed during his stay there. One morning, quite early, he when out to see the sun rise. Far off in the east the heavens were banked with heavy clouds like mountains of snow, and as he stood gazing upon the marvelous splendor, it seemed to grow even more beautiful in the delicate tints of pink, pearl, and opal. And lo! as the sun steadily mounted upward (though not yet visible), there was every appearance of a city in perfect whiteness, with numerous domes and spires, sparkling and flashing, ablaze with fires of gold. By and by the clouds parted, revealing the great ball of fire veiled with soft gossamer. Then swift, yea swifter than one can



Sunrise on Mt. Washington.

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Crystal Cascade.

think, a shaft of gold pierced the mass and the whole was ablaze. It was beautiful, but that does not half express it. This is only one of the cloud effects viewed from the summit of this grand old mountain, and each day reveals glories not seen before.

It is surprising to many who visit the mountain when they learn the divisions of vegetation from the base to the summit. First, the lower forest of hardwood trees, with firs, pine, mountain ash, etc.; then the upper forest of birches, balsam and mountain fir. These trees are dwarfed and very tough, made so by the heavy winds. Next, the Alpine region, presenting the Labrador tea, the bilberry, the mountain sandwort, and the evergreen cowberry. Beyond this, farther up the mountain, are many plants peculiar to Labrador and Greenland, such as lichens, the reindeer moss, etc. Many of the varieties are very beautiful and are very numerous in the Great Gulf, on the north side of the mountain, or Tuckerman's Ravine on the east. Near the base of the mountain is a group of pines, once beautiful, but now bare and gray, made so by the hand of Time and the fierce blasts of the mighty winds. They are known and spoken of as "The Skeleton Forest."

Long years ago, thy woodland dim
Was clothed with living green,
And sweet wild flowers and tangled vines
Were thriving there between.
But now, thy long, slim, bare, gray arms
Are all that 's left behind
To mark the land of days gone by
Where waved the whisp'ring pine.

Yet, 'mid thy creaking branches bare,
The squirrel skips along,
And in the purple dusk at eve,
The night-bird sings his song.
And when the moon mounts up the sky
And on thy branches shines,
We see the ghosts of bygone years—
The skeletons of the pines.

Probably there is no other place of so much interest on the mountain, and so frequently visited as Tuckerman's Ravine. It was named for Prof. Edward Tuckerman of Am-



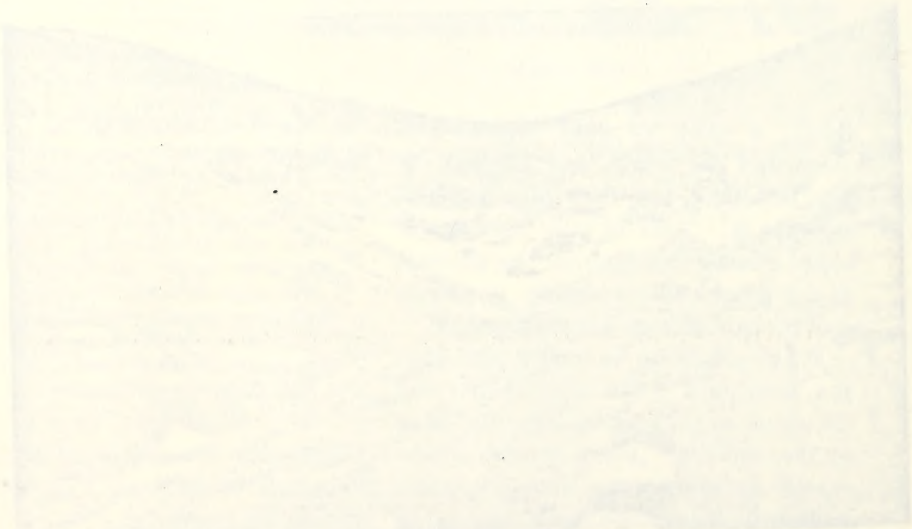
herst college, who spent many years visiting it in search of the many Alpine plants which grow there in profusion. Last summer a friend, Daniel Champion, and myself, took a trip up through this beautiful "Mountain Coliseum." When we left Darby Field Cottage, in the Pinkham Notch, it was a fine, clear morning; not a cloud was visible. The summit was just tipped with the flame of the rising sun. The path, which led the way through the forest, was in good condition, and either side was richly banked with wild flowers, and to walk beneath those giant trees at the base, was like a dream of delight. The path followed closely the banks of a brook that went laughing and dancing merrily on its way. After we had tramped perhaps a couple of miles we came in view of Crystal Cascade, the most beautiful waterfall I ever beheld, which had a fall of about forty feet. About half a mile beyond the falls we came to Hermit lake. Of course this was very small, but it went to make up a part of the beautiful scene that lay before us. We were now in the ravine, which is very much in the form of a horseshoe. On either side, the great walls of the ravine towered above us more than a thousand feet, and stood boldly up against the deep blue sky. The head wall of the ravine is very precipitous, and the various little streams which go dashing over the rocky ledges have been appropriately named the "Fall of a Thousand Streams."

At the foot of these falls the snow piles to a great depth during the winter months, and, as it begins to melt in the spring, an arch is formed several hundred feet in length, and twenty or more feet in width, and of sufficient height to admit of persons walking through it. But this is rather dangerous. In 1886 a young man was killed by the falling of the arch, and several others badly injured. The snow usually remains till the middle of August, and has



Head Wall of Tuckerman's Ravine, Mt. Washington.

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been known to stand until the first of September. It is delightful to stand and look up the great ravine, but much more so to stand on the head wall and look back. Here and there, in the distance, are seen lakes and ponds, like mirrors, reflecting back the heavens. And rivers like silver ribbons winding their way through fields and meadows to the distant seas. Were it accessible by carriages, thousands would visit it, where hundreds now go. The storm clouds gather about the mountain sometimes in a very short time, and the pedestrian, when enveloped in them, should take great care and not mistake the white rocks for the painted ones. There are many who have thus been deceived and lost their way.

Last February two young men left the Iron Mountain House, Jackson, directly after breakfast, and drove up to Darby Field Cottage, at the beginning of the "new Jackson road" up Mount Washington. Taking to their snow-shoes they made a rather rapid climb to the Halfway House. The weather by this time had become quite cloudy and the temperature had risen to some thirty-eight degrees, with absolutely no wind. From here they pushed on, more slowly, to the five-mile post, and at this point encountered a strong, cold wind. Just above the road became completely lost in a vast snowdrift for a considerable distance. At the six-mile post it commenced to snow, and, from many previous winter experiences on the mountain, they well knew it would be most dangerous to proceed any farther. But one was determined to keep on, so the other followed, and together they struggled on upward in the face of the wind, which had now become a gale. As they neared the summit they were enwrapped in a dense "frost-cloud," and made the last few hundred feet in an almost blinded condition.

They succeeded in removing a shutter from the stage office and opening the window, climbed through and found a supply of wood and were not long starting a fire, as they were very cold, and would have to spend the night there, which certainly seemed safer than to attempt to make the descent while the dense cloud and high wind continued. They barricaded the window by means of a board platform, probably used for entering the stage; against this they braced their alpenstocks, and held them in place by means of a table. As the night progressed the wind blew more and more furiously; the velocity was probably, at least, a hundred miles an hour, and while the roar was most continuous, it would, at times, reach even fiercer maximum, while the heavy chains pounded on the roof like sledge hammers, and the house trembled in every fibre.

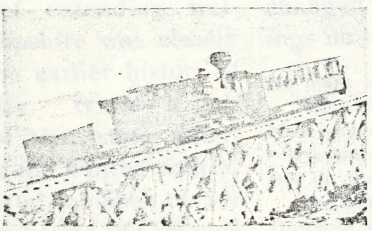
About 2 A. M. the wind became so terrific that it seemed as if the house must go, and they made a desperate attempt to reach the Summit House. From this time on, however, the wind sensibly decreased, and by 7 A. M. they decided it would be safe to make the descent by the side of the railroad, where, for the first half-mile they would be partly protected from the full force of the wind. So they started out, and, though for a short time the wind made a fierce attack on them, it was not long before they were below the danger zone,

and soon came out of the cloud and reached the timber line. From here down they had no more wind, and in place of the frost a warm mist gathered, which made snow-shoeing extremely difficult.

Another interesting feature are the slideboards, used by the workmen on the Mount Washington Railway to make the descent of the mountain after each day's work. Some of the best riders have made the descent from the summit to the base, a distance of three miles in three minutes. About 1 o'clock each day, one man goes down to examine the track and see that it is in good condition.

The board is constructed so as to fit the top of the cog rail. It has two guiding arms, one on each side. A piece of iron projects from these arms to a point underneath the rail, which slightly projects from the timber on which it rests. By pulling up on the handles, or arms, the speed of the slideboard can be checked, and thus prevent it and its rider from flying off into space. No one except the workmen is permitted to use them, as it requires experience to manage them without danger to the rider. Not long after the road was constructed, an experienced person connected with the signal station, while making the descent, ran into a descending train and was instantly killed.

The workmen come up the mountain with their boards in the morning, on the train, and are left at different points along the road, where they are engaged in making repairs on the track. At night, at the close of work, they get on their boards and slide to the base station, and they can be usually seen by those on the last train for the summit. As they come dashing down the track at fearful speed it would seem impossible to stop them, but that is easily done by applying the brakes, though it would be dangerous for an inexperienced person to attempt to manage them.



Jacob's Ladder, Mt. Washington Railway.

ADMIRAL DEWEY WELCOMED TO NORWICH.

By Col. Henry O. Kent.

October 13, 1899, Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, visited Northfield, Vt., the present site of Norwich university, from which institution he graduated in the same class with Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, and there laid the corner stone of the new university building—Dewey Hall. Upon his arrival at Northfield the admiral was accorded a royal greeting by the assembled faculty, alumni, students, and a vast concourse of citizens. The formal address of welcome on behalf of the institution was given by his old friend and classmate, Colonel Kent, the senior member of the board of trustees, and is here presented as of special interest to New Hampshire people, not only because of the nativity and residence of the speaker in the state, but also because of the intimate relations of Admiral Dewey, himself, with the old Granite state, both by marriage and early associations.

IT is an honor, greatly esteemed, to speak in this presence for our venerable university in welcoming her most famous son—he whom the nations applaud, who has accomplished grand results for the country and won deserved honor for his native state, his alma mater, and himself—Cadet George Dewey of the olden time; admiral-in-chief of the navies of the Union.

Vermont properly enjoys the distinction of this illustrious career, but it may not be amiss that on this gala day of hers, our president assigns to a son of New Hampshire this gracious privilege of extending welcome. New Hampshire was closely connected with the earlier history of Norwich university. It was a gallant gentleman of that state, afterwards president of the United States, and long a potential member of our board of trustees, who led the brigade of the chivalrous Ransom in Mexico.

It was Col. James Miller of New Hampshire, who, at Chippewa, made the historic response to the doubting question of the commanding general —"Colonel Miller, can you take that battery?" "I'll try!"—a promise that was redeemed in victory and has since been borne upon our escutcheon and seal.

We have passed the day of experiment. We accomplish! Should the doubter or skeptic ask, "Do we?" the response is ready: "We do!"

To you, our guest, the state has associations, that for a generation have been a benediction and to some of us, your friends, a cluster of gracious memories.

Many years ago we said farewell to the Old South Barracks; we meet under conditions marvelously changed and with physical surroundings no less unwonted to you.

No more beside the river, on beauteous Norwich Plain,
Near sacred dust, 'mid early scenes, might she repose again;
But on the hills of Northfield, robed in imperial green,
Dowered with the love of honored sons, she sits, our peerless queen.

The hopes of a century approach fruition and we rejoice in the promise of an honored, useful, and prosperous future.

We welcome you among us. In

the name of two thousand gallant gentlemen, living and dead; soldiers and sailors who have followed the flag in honor by land and sea in every war of the republic, and who have illustrated in science, commerce, the professions and arts, the wisdom of our study and discipline—the chivalric honor that has ever been to her the breath of life,—I welcome you to alma mater, her traditions, her memories, her glories, and the enduring love of her sons.

It is not alone we, the diminishing guard of the olden time, who remain; not alone the chivalric youth of to-day, who greet you. It is the greeting of stern Alden Partridge, founder and builder; of the superb Ransom, dead beneath his country's flag on foreign soil; the welcome of brave men, your associates and mine, men gone to their reward—who join us in the glad acclaim: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Welcome home!" Shall we not add a new stanza to the old song:

To the Navy of the Union; to its chiefest, best hero,
Who went from out among us and fought his country's foe,
He has won a crown of laurels; he has felt fame's breezes blow,
And has stood amid the battle's blast, for the Old South Barracks, Oh!

There is no chance. Was it not the discipline of Norwich university, the Christian devotion of President Edward Bournes, the iron will of Professor Alonzo Jackman, your instructors, as exemplified in their teaching, that bore ripe fruitage in the grand design evolved at Hong Kong and executed at Manila? Verily, he who returneth to-day, beareth his sheaves with him. Surely in this presence we may indulge the fond belief, that these faithful mentors, with others of the century who have joined the great majority, unite with those who remain, in the resounding acclaim of rejoicing and proper pride that ascends from ocean to ocean.

While we may not call the roll of our heroes, we may properly remember, in this connection, the services of Rear Admirals Boggs, Paulding, and Carpenter, cadets of the university, in Mediterranean and Asiatic waters, and the historic deed of gallant Commodore Tatnall, later rear admiral Confederate states navy, also a cadet of the university, when he came to the rescue of British seamen from the murderous fire of the Chinese forts on the Pei-ho river, with the memorable words: "Blood is thicker than water," an utterance that, perhaps, prompted, many years later, responsive British sympathy for American seamen in Manila bay.

Time passes, and the crowding thoughts and emotions of the hour, struggling for utterance, must give place.

We here lay deep the foundations of a stately structure that shall endure to testify for patriotism and sound education to recurring generations. We bestow your name upon it and enrich it with the lustre of your achievements.

When we who are here shall have accomplished the work given us to do, and when, in after time, the story of Manila shall be sung, a glorious epic, throughout a happy and contented Christian land, Dewey Hall shall stand, testifying to the continued usefulness of our beloved alma mater, and the fraternal loyalty of her children. It shall endure a

witness to her love for the illustrious son, who, on the day of trial, remembered the legend on her proud escutcheon, and, *trying*, did service to his country, winning fame for her and for himself.

May all good things encompass and go with you; the love of the sons of Norwich university goes out to meet and accompany you, while under all are the Everlasting Arms.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

By D. H. Walker.

As I watch the golden tinges all along the sunset sky
And I listen to the music of the nightbird's minstrelsy
Southland breezes fan my forehead, southland odors fill the air,
While with rapt'rous visions round me, I am held enchanted there.
And as now the shadows deepen and the Day-god homeward hies,
Love and mem'ry, arms entwining, join me in my reveries;
And they breathe a song so tender, that my soul with gladness fills,
And I seem to hear an echo from the old New England hills.

Once again I roam the wildwood, where the sweet arbutus grows,
Peering out in fragrant beauty from beneath the wintry snows.
And I linger near the hemlock, where the creeping ivies cling,
There, to greet the red-breast robin, welcome harbinger of spring.
Ah! the poet ne'er sang truer, and his lines I now recall,
"Men are only boys grown taller, hearts do n't change much after all."
Hark! my mother's voice is calling! how that voice my spirit thrills,
And I seem to hear an echo from the old New England hills.

And again I press the threshold,—pass the homestead's open door;
And I long to clasp the dear ones I shall meet on earth no more.
Love and mem'ry with me linger in my far off Southern home,
Bringing to my fireside ever, cheer and comfort as I roam.
Loyal are thy sons, New England, reaching out from sea to sea!
For thy grandeur, strength and freedom, honor will we give to thee,
Till this fitful life is ended, and the throbbing pulse is still;
Till our ears are shut to echoes from the old New England hills.

Ah! the wand'rers heart is turning
To the meadow, lakes and rills:
And he longs to hear an echo
From the old New England hills.

THE ELAS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By James H. Ela.

AMONG the first of the name in New Hampshire was Enoch Ela, born at Haverhill, Mass., who resided at Sanbornton in 1770; was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and died in the service. Samuel Ela, also born at Haverhill, Mass., married Mary Holman, April 21, 1748, removed to what was then Londonderry (now probably Derry) about 1755. He was in the Revolutionary army in 1775. They had nine children, five daughters and four sons. Edward Ela, born at Haverhill, Mass., June 13, 1752; married, April 29, 1773, Hannah Colby; settled in Londonderry, and died in 1812. He was a selectman of Londonderry in 1794 and 1796. Capt. Clark Ela, a descendant of the above-named Samuel, born in what is now Derry, August 7, 1780; married Mary Waterman, and settled and died at Derry. His brother, Dea. William Ela, born at Derry, January 7, 1783; married October 29, 1812, Mary Moore of that town. He died June 6, 1865. He was selectman of Derry in 1828, 1830–'36, and 1843–'44, and representative in the state legislature in 1845–'47. They had four children. Some of the descendants of the above-mentioned Elas now live in Derry and Londonderry, but only a few bearing the Ela name.

Nathaniel Whittier Ela and John Whittier Ela, twins, were born at Haverhill, Mass., February 5, 1766. Nathaniel W. Ela married, November 7, 1790, Esther Emerson, also of Haverhill, Mass. He settled in Dover between 1790 and 1800. He was the popular proprietor of the "Ela Tavern" for about fifty years, in the old stage times. Its location was on land near the river, now owned and occupied by the Cocheco corporation. They had six sons and five daughters. Some of their descendants now live in Dover, but not of the name of Ela. Two of the daughters of Nathaniel W. and Esther, namely Susanna, born June 19, 1795, and Ruth, born January 4, 1809, both unmarried, died at Dover in 1875. Esther, wife of Nathaniel W. Ela, died February 28, 1826, and Nathaniel W. Ela died at Dover, February 22, 1843.

John W. Ela married, January 7, 1793, Mehitable Dame. He became a farmer, and lived in Durham and Lee. They had three children, Ednah, Joseph, and John. He died June 15, 1801. Joseph Ela, son of the above-named John W., was born in Lee, July 20, 1797. He married Sallie Miller Moulton, and settled at Meredith Village in 1822. He was deputy sheriff from 1826–'56; was for seven years selectman, and was in the state legislature in 1840–'41. He died at Meredith Village, February, 1890. They had eight children. The second child, John Whittier Ela,

named for his grandfather, born September 26, 1837, was captain of Co. B, Fifteenth N. H. Vols. He became a lawyer at Plymouth, and is now a prominent lawyer at Chicago, Ill. For a more extensive history of Joseph Ela and family, of Meredith, see "History of Merrimack and Belknap Counties," published in 1885.

Benjamin Ela, son of John and Ruth Whittier Ela, born at Haverhill, Mass., December 23, 1768, a younger brother of Nathaniel W. and John W.; married, December 22, 1796, Abigail Emerson of Haverhill, Mass., who was the youngest sister of the before-mentioned Esther Emerson. They settled in Lebanon. Abigail, the wife, died March 22, 1836. Benjamin died November 4, 1841. They had seven children, two daughters and five sons. The oldest child, Susan S., born December 12, 1797; married September 28, 1825, Benjamin Gallup, M. D., a physician of Lebanon, and both lived to great age, she surviving her husband for several years. The third child, John, born July 6, 1802; married, May, 1827, Julia Demarry. He was a farmer in Lebanon, and had nine children, two daughters and seven sons. He died at Lebanon, April 6, 1870. The fifth child of Benjamin and Abigail, William Stickney Ela, born June 19, 1807, married, in 1832, Louisa R. Greenough, who died in 1868. He married, second, in 1871, Elizabeth Kendrick. They have no children living. He was first selectman of Lebanon during the War of the Rebellion, and attended to the filling of the town's quota of soldiers and managing the finances of the town. He was president of the Lebanon National bank for many years. He was an honored resident of Lebanon for ninety-two years, and died in that town in July, 1899. His younger brother, Rev. Benjamin Ela, born August 4, 1809; married in April, 1848, Angeline McConihie of Merrimack. He graduated at Dartmouth college in 1831, and at Andover Theological seminary in 1835, and finally settled at Merrimack. He was a representative in the state legislature, 1869–'70. They had two children, one son and one daughter. He died at Merrimack, April 30, 1881. She died June 15, 1898. The married daughter is now living at the old homestead in Merrimack.

Israel Ela, born at Haverhill, Mass., April 12, 1748; married Betsey Colby and settled at Hooksett. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill. They had six children, five sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Israel Ela, born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1770; married Zebiah Martin of Hooksett, where he settled. They had seven children. He died May 21, 1853. The second son, Jonathan Ela, born at Pelham, married Jerusha Martin of Goffstown, and settled in Conway. They had two sons and four daughters. The third son of Israel and Betsey, Seth Ela, born at Goffstown (now a part of Hooksett), in 1776, married Rebecca Dutton. He settled in 1811, at Weld, Me. He died in 1836. They had five children. The fourth child was Enos Ela, born at Goffstown, who married Betsey Martin and settled in Goffstown (now a part of Hooksett). They had three daughters and five sons. The fifth son of Israel and Betsey, Jacob Ela, born at Goffs-

town, January, 1784, married Rachel Dutton in 1807, and settled in Stark, Me. They had six daughters and two sons. He died July 27, 1853, and his widow died December 31, 1868. The youngest child, Betsey Ela, married Samuel Martin and lived in Hooksett. They had six children, Rufus, Gilman, Jacob, Hannah, Sarah, and Susan. Of the children of the before-mentioned Israel and Zebiah, the second child, Susan Ela, born January 7, 1797, married Isaac Abbot of Concord. They had thirteen children, including two pairs of twins. Their sixth child, Enoch N. Ela, born March, 1807, at Hooksett, married Widow Jane B. (Hall) Poor. He died January 19, 1892. They had only one child, Jennie M. Ela, who married Harvey A. Clements of Rollinsford. They now reside at the old homestead on the west side of the Merrimack river in Hooksett. The youngest child of Israel and Zebiah, James P. Ela, born at Hooksett, married Arvilla Mann, and had four children, all now dead except the youngest daughter; married. He died at Hooksett, February 23, 1881. His widow died at Manchester, February 25, 1889.

John H. Ela, son of the before-mentioned Enos, born at Hooksett in 1808, married Martha J. Cleasby, and lived in Hooksett. He died in 1866. They had seven children, some of whom reside in Hooksett at the present time.

Of another branch of the Ela family in New Hampshire was Jacob Ela, son of Jacob Ela and Elizabeth Ayer, daughter of Samuel and Anna (Hazen) Ayer, who was born at Haverhill, Mass., May 10, 1769, and married Lucinda Hough, daughter of Hon. David and Abigail Huntington Hough. David Hough was in the Colonial service, and afterwards settled in Lebanon, and represented New Hampshire in the eighth and ninth congresses. Jacob Ela was a shoemaker and settled in Lebanon, where he held town office. He died at West Lebanon, April 19, 1848. His widow, Lucinda Hough Ela, died November, 1854, at Lisbon. They had seven children, three daughters and four sons, all born at Lebanon.

Joseph Ela, a younger brother of the above-named Jacob, born at Haverhill, Mass., May 14, 1771, married, March 1, 1795, Sarah Emerson, a sister of the before-mentioned Esther and Abigail Emerson. They lived for a time after marriage at Lebanon, and two of their children were born there, viz., Richard Ela, late of Washington, D. C., and Sarah Ela Gray, wife of Robert Gray of Portsmouth. They afterward settled at Portsmouth (Christian Shore), and the other children were born there. They had nine children, four daughters and five sons, the youngest being twin boys. James Ela, brother of above Jacob and Joseph, born at Haverhill, Mass., January 24, 1776, married, September 11, 1796, Sophia Spofford, also of Haverhill. They settled at Lebanon, where he died in November, 1829. They had ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

Enoch Ela, another son of Jacob Ela and Elizabeth Ayer, born at Haverhill, Mass., September 6, 1782, married, September, 1813, Mary Hart. They settled in Rochester. They had only one son, Hon. Jacob

Hart Ela, who was born July 18, 1820, in Rochester. He married, May 10, 1845, while living at Concord, Mrs. Abigail (Moore) Kelley, daughter of Enoch Moore of Loudon. They had three sons. She died at Washington, D. C., in September, 1879. He married, second, in October, 1880, at Washington, D. C., Mary Henderson, daughter of Hon. Phineas Henderson of Keene. She had been a clerk in the treasury department previous to her marriage, and Mr. Ela had been an auditor of the United States treasury from January, 1872, to his death, which occurred at Washington, August 27, 1884. He was an early Abolitionist and belonged to anti-slavery societies as far back as 1834–'35, in the days of mobs and riots in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, when it was very unpopular to be in favor of the abolition of slavery. In 1844 he became connected with the *Herald of Freedom*, published at Concord. In 1857 and 1858 he represented his native town of Rochester in the state legislature, and when the famous Dred Scott decision was made public he introduced a resolution in the legislature against it. In 1861 he was appointed United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire by President Lincoln, and held the office until he was removed by President Johnson in 1866. He was nominated for congress in the First New Hampshire Congressional District in 1867. His opponent was Capt. Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, whom he defeated, having about one thousand majority. He was renominated in 1869, and this time his opponent was Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia, whom he defeated, having about seventeen hundred majority. While in congress he stood straight against the Union Pacific railroad steal, and was a candidate for another term, but was defeated for renomination in the Republican convention, as his friends alleged, by the use of money from the Union Pacific railroad. He was appointed auditor in the United States treasury in January, 1872, by President Grant, and held the office till his death. He was so ardent an Abolitionist and Free Soiler, that before the Republican party was born he named his three sons after noted Abolitionists, Frederic Pillsbury (from Frederick Douglas and Parker Pillsbury), born May 30, 1848, a lieutenant in the United States navy, drowned in the Pacific Ocean on a homeward voyage from Japan in 1873; Wendell Philips, born August 20, 1849; Charles Sumner, born May 2, 1853, died at Denver, Col., October 21, 1883—all born at Rochester. Wendell Philips Ela, the only son living, married, October 22, 1881, Lucy A. Drake, only daughter of Dr. J. R. Drake of Dover. He was the first mayor of Grand Junction, Col., where they have resided for several years, and have had several children. For a more extended account of Hon. Jacob H. Ela, see "History of Rochester," published in 1892.

Among the seven children of Jacob Ela and Lucinda Hough, who settled in New Hampshire, was Cyrus Ela; born at Lebanon, August 25, 1798, married Elizabeth Ela, daughter of Joseph Ela of Portsmouth, born at Portsmouth, February 8, 1800. They settled in Lisbon, and first lived in the first house north of the bridge across the Ammonoosuc river at

North Lisbon on the west side of the river, where their eldest son was born. They moved to Franconia and kept the hotel there in the prosperous days of the Franconia Iron Works. One of their children was born there February 26, 1834. They returned to Lisbon and built a house in the northwest part of the town, near the Littleton line, and lived there the remainder of their lives. They had ten children, including seven sons who grew to be men. Elizabeth Ela died at Lisbon, November 22, 1867. Cyrus Ela died there July 29, 1881. Four of the sons then living were in the War of the Rebellion from 1861–'65, viz., Charles B., George P., Richard, and Jacob. James H. Ela, the youngest son, is now residing in Manchester.

Of the children of Joseph Ela and Sarah Emerson, both born at Haverhill, Mass. (the before-mentioned Esther, Sarah, and Abigail Emerson were sisters, and were descendants of the father of Hannah [Emerson] Dustin of Colonial fame, who has a monument at Penacook, and were sisters of Capt. Nehemiah Emerson of Revolutionary War fame), their eldest son, Richard Ela, born at Lebanon, February 21, 1796, studied law at Portsmouth with William M. Richardson, afterwards chief justice. He was admitted to the bar in 1819; was in practice at Durham, and when the Hon. Levi Woodbury, who was a neighbor of his father, was appointed secretary of the navy, he was given a clerkship in the navy department. When Levi Woodbury was appointed secretary of the treasury, he gave him a position in the treasury department, and he continued there until he died, during Lincoln's administration, January 8, 1863. He was married, August 1, 1844, to Lucia King of Saco, Me. They had one daughter and three sons. He was buried at Portsmouth.

Sarah Ela, daughter of Joseph and Sarah, born at Lebanon, December 21, 1797, married, April 25, 1822, Robert Gray, who, for many years, kept a jewelry store on Congress street in Portsmouth, near the Parade. He owned and lived in the house where the great statesman, Daniel Webster, first went to housekeeping after marriage, on Vaughan street. Robert Gray died June 11, 1860. His widow, Sarah Ela, died at the family homestead on Vaughan street, March 27, 1883. They had six children, three sons and three daughters. Some of them now live in Portsmouth. Elizabeth Ela, sister of the above, born February 8, 1800, at Portsmouth, married Cyrus Ela, and settled in Lisbon, where she lived and died. Hannah Ela, a younger sister, born at Portsmouth, April 4, 1802, married, May 12, 1831 (second wife), Col. Gardner Towle of Lee. They had two sons. He died at Exeter, May, 1880, aged 89. She died at Tenafly, N. J., June 6, 1889. Joseph Ela, son of Joseph and Sarah Emerson, born at Portsmouth, November 18, 1804, was a merchant at Mobile, Ala., for about thirty years, where he died February 21, 1861, unmarried.

Another son, George W. Ela, born at Portsmouth, January 18, 1807, married Mary Adelaide Lane, daughter of Robert Lane, M. D., of Sutton. They had three children, two sons and one daughter, all born at Concord. The latter died in infancy.

The mother died at Concord, April, 1843. His second marriage was with Widow Georgiana P. (Batchelder) Clark. George W. Ela learned the printer's trade when a boy. After Merrimack county was formed, in 1823, he was appointed register of deeds, and continued in that office for several years. He was editor and proprietor of the *New Hampshire Statesman*, now *Independent Statesman*, at Concord, from 1831–'44, and then retired to his extensive farm at Allenstown, where he died, February 16, 1893, aged 86 years. Of his two sons by his first wife, the eldest, Robert Lane, was born at Concord, April 17, 1838, and married Sarah J. (Rollins) Whitcher, February 15, 1871, at Quincy, Ill. He served as captain and major in the Sixth regiment, N. H. Vols., in the War of the Rebellion. He was severely wounded at the Second Bull Run battle, and again wounded in the crater, at Petersburg. He was at the capture of Petersburg and the surrender of Lee. He was mustered out with his regiment in June, 1865. He afterwards studied medicine and surgery with Dr. Albert H. Crosby at Concord, and at the Dartmouth Medical college and Bellevue Hospital Medical college, taking degrees from both. He was several years in California and is now stopping in the town of Epsom. Richard, the second son, was born at Concord, February 12, 1840. His mother died when he was three years old, and his childhood was spent partly with his aunt, Susan S. Ela, in Concord, and partly with his grandfather, Dr. Robert Lane, in Sutton. He received his education in Concord and Portsmouth, and at the academies in New London and Meriden. He studied law with George & Foster at Concord, and was admitted to the bar. He was captain of Co. E, Third regiment, N. H. Vols.; was in the campaign in South Carolina, and returned with his regiment to Virginia, and was killed in battle at Drury's Bluff, May 13, 1864, while leading a charge on the enemy's works. He was unmarried. For more extended notice see "History of Merrimack and Belknap Counties," published in 1885.

Susan Stickney Ela, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Emerson, born at Portsmouth, July 8, 1811, was a teacher for many years, and at last established a home boarding school for young ladies on Pleasant street, Concord, on the grounds now occupied by the Centennial Home. She made quite a fortune in her school and in real estate. She married, 1854, Thomas Edwards of Boston. They afterwards went to Europe and were absent two or three years. When they returned she purchased a home at Westboro, Mass., her husband having a studio in Worcester. She was fatally injured by being thrown from a carriage at Westboro, and died there July 19, 1859. She was buried at Portsmouth.

James Madison and Thomas Jefferson Ela, twin sons of Joseph and Sarah (Emerson) Ela, were born at Portsmouth, in December, 1808. Thomas J. died at Portsmouth, July 19, 1817. James M. resided in Buenos Ayres, S. A., for twenty-five years and afterwards in California, then with his brother Joseph at Mobile, Ala. While on a business trip he died, July 30, 1860, at Atlanta, Ga.

Some of the descendants of the

Londonderry Elas, Edward and Hannah (Colby) Ela, settled in Warner and now live there. Some of the descendants of the Hooksett and Goffstown Elas, Israel and Betsey (Colby) Ela, settled in Conway, some in Maine, and some in Massachusetts. The descendants of the Elas in New Hampshire are in every northern state, from Maine to California, more largely in Maine, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Illinois.

George P. Ela, who died February 5, 1898, at Bloomington, Ill., was born at Lisbon, July 13, 1832. He was an officer in the Thirty-third regiment, Ill. Vols. His younger brother, Richard, born also at Lisbon, served in the Eighth Ill. Vols., in the War of the Rebellion, and died at Lisbon August 20, 1863. His older brother, Charles B., born in Lisbon, February 6, 1830, served in the Fifteenth regiment, N. H. Vols., and died of wounds at Carrolton, La., January 19, 1863. Jacob Ela, another brother, served in Co. G, Eleventh N. H. Vols., and is now living in North Dakota.

Of the many Elas in New Hampshire in the past there are but few of their descendants under that name in the state at the present time. The daughters have married into other names, and the sons, it seems, have acted upon the thought that New Hampshire was a good state to emigrate from, provided they emigrated early in life, and their descendants, either under the name of Ela or other names, are now in nearly every state in the Union, and some in foreign countries.

FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN CONCORD.

By Joseph B. Walker.

An important and interesting feature incident to the annual meeting of the Concord Congregational Union with the church in East Concord, October 26, was the dedication of an appropriate memorial, erected by the Union, near the site of the first religious service holden within the limits of the present city of Concord, as far as known. Following brief appropriate exercises at the site, this interesting historical address was delivered at the church.—Ed.

ON the 17th day of January, 1726, the general court of the province of Massachusetts bay granted to one hundred prospective settlers, who were to be selected, after careful inquiry and personal examination by a committee of the court, a tract of land seven miles square, lying on both sides of Merrimack river, within and near the northeastern boundary of this province, as then claimed by the Massachusetts government.

Far in the wilderness was this tract, twenty-five miles beyond the newly-made abodes of the Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry. It had been, until a time then recent, more than any other, the headquarters of Passaconaway, the great sachem of the Penacook Indians. Here, within the distance of a mile and a half, the river staggered through the fertile interval which lined its banks, in no less than six sharp bends, and, by these meander-

ings, made significant the name of "Penny Cook," *the crooked place*, given by the Indians to this locality.

Penacook had been long known to the inhabitants of the coast towns, and since 1659 had been repeatedly granted to parties, who, for different reasons, failing to make good the conditions in their patents, had forfeited the privileges conferred thereby.

The boundary line between the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts bay was, as yet, undetermined, and both claimed the territory embraced in this grant. One object, therefore, of the extreme care exercised by Massachusetts in the selection of its grantees was the placing, upon this disputed locality, a colony of intelligent and stalwart persons, friendly to her interests. Had New Hampshire done the same, our early history might have been unlike what it is, but she simply *protested* while Massachusetts *acted*, as said Chief Justice Mansfield, nearly forty years after the settlement we are now considering.

THE FIRST GRANT.

The story of the course pursued by Massachusetts is generally interesting, and to us particularly so. I will, therefore, recall to your remembrance a little of it which is germane to this occasion. The grant of "the Plantation of Penny Cook," as before stated, was made to one hundred prospective settlers, who were to be carefully selected by a committee appointed by the general court of Massachusetts bay, consisting of Hon. William Tailer, Elisha Cooke, Esq., Spencer Phipps, Esq., William Dudley, Esq., John Wainwright, Esq., Capt. John Shepley, Mr. John Saunders, Eleazer Tyng, Esq., of Chelmsford, and Mr. Joseph Wilder.

By this committee the territory embraced in the grant before mentioned was "to be allotted and divided into one hundred and three equal parts and shares as to quantity and quality," one part or share to each admitted settler, one to the first settled minister, one for the support of the ministry, and one for the use of "the school forever." The committee were also directed to secure the execution of other important conditions relative to the erection of a block house for protection against the French and Indian enemy, the clearing of land, the building of houses, and the adoption by the settlers of "such necessary rules and orders as to them shall be thought most conducible for the carrying forward and effecting the aforesaid settlement."

In discharge of these duties, the committee assembled at the inn of Ebenezer Eastman, in Haverhill, on the second day of February, 1726, and at repeated sessions covering six days, carefully examined and admitted to settlement one hundred men, mostly from the three towns of Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill; a few being from Newbury and Woburn. They approved of a code of rules for the regulation of the civil and industrial interests of the plantation which had been previously adopted with unanimity by the members of the new community. They also made provision for the location and survey of the plantation, to be prosecuted under their supervision by two surveyors, four chainmen, and such assistants as should be

deemed necessary, and ordered that this work should be commenced on the fifth day of the following April. But a meeting of the general court, of which several of the committee were members, subsequently caused its postponement to the tenth day of May.

On the day following this last date, six of the committee, attended by their chaplain, the Rev. Enoch Coffin of Newbury, their surveyors, chainmen, and attendants, together with several of the admitted settlers, numbering in all thirty-two, set out from the inn of Ebenezer Eastman, before mentioned, on their journey to "Penny Cook," two days distant in the primeval woods of the Indian country. John Wainwright, Esq., the clerk of the committee, kept an accurate, daily record of their proceedings from the beginning to the end of the expedition. Fortunately, his journal has been preserved, and by it we can accurately trace the itinerary and action of its members. To some of the entries in this journal I now ask your attention.

JOURNAL OF THE TRIP.

"Thursday, May 12th. Early this morning, the Committee above named, with Mr. John Saunders, one other of the Committee, began their journey from Haverhill, in order for Penny Cook, being attended by twenty-six persons, including the Surveyors, Chainmen and such of the intended Settlers as were disposed to take a view of the lands. About half ways between Nutfield and Haverhill, at a place called Providence Brook, we bated; about eleven or twelve of the Clock, we arrived at Nutfield, alias Londonderry, and refreshed Our Selves and Horses with our provision, at the House of one John Barr, an Irish Tavern Keeper, as we were informed; but we had nothing of him but Small Beer. Expenses for our Trouble at ye House, 5^{s}. About one or two we proceeded on our Journey. This afternoon we forded two Brooks or Rivulets, call Great and little, which proceeded from Great Massa Beseck and little Massabeseck Ponds and Empty themselves into Merrimack; and about Five a Clock we arrived at place called Amoskeeg Falls, on Merrimack River and there Encamped that night."

What part of the five shillings expended at Nutfield went for "small beer," and what part for "trouble," the journalist has omitted to say.

"At Amoskeeg Falls we found several Irish people catching fish which that place affords in great abundance. We traveled in a Cart path from Nutfield to Amoskeeg, but it was very indifferent traveling. Cloudy weather."

"Friday, May 13th.—This morning we proceeded on our Journey. Very Hilly and Mountainous Land. About Eight a Clock we pass'd by a Fall called Onnahookline, in Merrimack river, which is taken from a Hill of the same name. About Nine a' Clock we forded a pretty deep Brook or Rivulet, called——, and soon after we came upon a Large Tract of Intervale Land joining to Suncook River, where we baited and refreshed our Selves and Horses. About ten or eleven a' Clock we forded Suncook River, which is a rapped Stream, and many loose stones of Considerable Bigness in it, making it difficult to pass. One of our men going over, having a heavy

load on his Horse, was thrown off into the River, and lost one of the Baggs of provisions, which we lost, not having time to look after it. Another of our men fell into ye River. Here we met with two men Colonel Tyng sent up before us with some stores, (Benjn. Niccolls and Ebenr. Virgin, two of ye Settlers;) and about one a' Clock we passed Penny-Cook River (alias Shew Brook or Sow Cook;) pretty deep and very rocky. Here one our Men tumbled into the River. In a short time after we came up as far as Penny Cook Falls, on Merrimack River, and then steered our course North, and travelled over a large pitch pine plain, (indifferent Land,) about three miles at least in Length, and proceeded on our Journey; and about five a' Clock, afternoon, we arrived at Penny Cook, and Encamped on a piece of Intervale Land or plain called Sugar Ball plain, which takes its name from a very high Head or Hill, called Sugar Ball Hill, whereon was the first Indian Fort, as we were informed, which the Indians in old times built to defend themselves from the Maqois and others their Enemies.—Just as we were making up our Camp, there came up a smart Thunder Shower, and we had enough to do to save our Bread from the Rain. This Sugar Ball plain is a pretty large Tract of Land, as steep as the Roof of an House ordinarily; only where the River runs round it which encompasses the other parts of it. It is altogether impracticable for a Team, or indeed a Horse Cart to get on ye plains, the land is so mountainous round it, and there is no Spring on it, as we could find."

"Saturday, May 14th.—This Morning Early we got together the Surveyors and Chainmen, and set them to Survey the Township according to the General Court's order." After these had been "Sworn truly and faithfully to discharge their respective Duty and Trust in taking the Survey," they entered upon their work. Farther on the journal says:

THE BOW CONTROVERSY.

"About Twelve of the Clock this day, Messrs. Nathl Weare, Richd Waldron, Junr, and Theodore Atkinson, a Committee appointed by the Lt. Govr. and Council of New Hampshire, came up to our camp (being attended by about half a score of Irishmen, who kept some Distance from the Camp,) and acquainted us that the Governm^t^. of New Hampshire, being informed of our Business here, had sent them to desire us that we would not proceed in appropriating the Lands to any private or particular persons, for that they lay in their Government; and our Government making a Grant might be attended with Very Ill Consequences to the Settlers, when it appeared that the Lands fell in New Hampshire Government—and then they delivered a Copy of an order passd by th^r^ Honour, the Lt. Govr, and Council of New Hampshire, respecting the Settling of the Land at Penny Cook, to which we refer.—We made them answer, That the Government of the Massachusetts Bay had sent us to lay the Lands here into a Township; that they had made a Grant of it to some particular men, and that we should proceed to do the Business we were come upon, and made no doubt

but our Government would be always ready to Support and Justifie their own Grants and that it was the Bisness of the public and not ours to Engage in, in order to determine any Controversy about the Lands. We sent our Salutes to the Lt. Govr. of New Hampshire and the Gent[n] took their leave of us and w[t] homeward this afternoon. The Surveyors and Chainmen returned to us in Safety about Sun down. Fair weather."

This visit was the beginning of the celebrated Bow Controversy, waged by a company of land speculators of commanding influence over the provincial courts against the Penny Cook settlers, in order to dispossess them of their township. The contest lasted forty-eight years. Wealth and local influence, on the one side, contended with consciousness of right, and stalwart courage on the other. It is a remarkable fact that the termination of this contest synchronized with the termination of British rule in New Hampshire.

The day succeeding this visit of the New Hampshire committee was Sunday. The work of the survey was suspended. The company remained in camp and devoted its hours to religious services, the first ever held in the central part of this state. The clerk's record of the day's observances is brief, but it is satisfactory:

FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

"Sabbath day, May 15th.—This day Mr. Enoch Coffin, our chaplain, performed divine service both parts of the day. Fair and cool."

But I should not prolong my speaking. Yet, I cannot forbear asking you to transport yourselves in imagination back to that fifteenth day of May, 1726, and to the top of Sugar Ball hill, the site of the earliest Indian fort in this vicinity, and there to look down through the clear, crisp atmosphere of that Sabbath day, upon that tent in the wilderness, vocal with God's praises, and note:

First, the character of the locality below and around, once the home of Passaconaway and his people, and

Second, the character of the men and women who were to succeed these in the fair land whose resources the Indian race had failed to develop.

1. The tortuous Merrimack flowed majestically through its fertile meadows then as now. The interval, here a mile wide, save for a few patches cleared by Indian fires, was covered by the same wilderness which hid the surrounding uplands. Rattlesnake hill, monster companion of the river, then, as now, paralleled the latter's course, along which various falls and rapids gave noisy utterance of its joy at escaping from the constraints of the wilderness to the boundless freedom of the sea. More then than now, the streams abounded in fish, and the woods were full of game, some of which was of species undesirable; whose destruction was subsequently sought by annual offers by the community of ten shillings for each wolf, and six pence for each rattlesnake killed within the township.

But then, not as now, the rich soil had never known the plow, and was hidden by primeval forests. In short, Penny Cook, as seen on the fifteenth day of May, 1726, in the heart of the

Indian country, was simply, in the words of an ancient Massachusetts puritan, "a goodly place to plant a company of God's people on."

2. Such was the land. Who and what were the colonists whom the province of Massachusetts Bay had selected with so much care and was planting here with so much pains? Were they like the first settlers of Jamestown, in Virginia, decayed gentlemen and idle servants, willing to live luxuriously every day upon the labor of some one else? No. Were they needy redemptioners, self imported from Europe, who had temporarily mortgaged their liberty as security for the payment of their transportation? Far from it.

None such were the planters of Penny Cook. Massachusetts Puritans rather, were they; trained from childhood in the ways of that people; men and women who held that God was to be revered; that a church might exist without a bishop; that the will of the majority was the will of the whole; that intelligent labor was honorable, and that every member of a town should contribute to his own and to that town's support, in proportion to his or her ability. Men and women were they of strong arms and willing hearts, placed upon a remote frontier, to found a Christian community in the wilderness, where peril was constant, and in case of assault, all friendly aid was twenty-five miles away.

WORK OF SURVEYORS.

The work of the surveyors, which had been suspended on Saturday, was renewed on the following Monday and prosecuted until the township lines had been established, and one hundred and three house lots, of an acre and a half each, mostly along our present Main street, together with a like number of home lots, of some six acres each, near by upon the interval, had been laid out and bounded. As these sufficed for a commencement of the settlement, the survey was again suspended.

As the plantation thus laid out was as yet inaccessible by teams, the first action of the proprietors was to make provision for the construction of a sufficient highway from Haverhill thereto. This was done at a meeting held by them in Ipswich, at the house of Mr. Francis Crumpton, where, on the seventh day of September, 1726, they:

"Agreed and voted, That there shall be three men chosen a committee to go and clear a sufficient cart way to Penny Cook, the nighest and best way they can from Haverhill. For said committee was chosen Ensn. John Chandler, of Andover; John Ayer, of Haverhill, and Mr. William Barker, of Andover."

On the seventh of February of the next year (1727), the committee of the general court again met at Andover, and on that and the following day assigned by lot to each admitted settler the house and home lots to which he was entitled.

From this time on, for the next three years, the work of felling trees, ploughing and fencing land, erecting houses, making roads, and otherwise fitting the settlement for family occupancy, went vigorously on during the working months. When the winter interrupted their labors they retired, until the succeeding spring, to their old homes. As one recalls their operations, he is reminded of

the building of old Carthage, as witnessed by the pious and tempest-tossed Æneas, graphically described by the bard of Mantua.

PRUDENT SETTLERS.

In 1730, most of the proprietors of Penny Cook had removed their families to their new homes. To perfect their enterprise it only remained to establish the school, organize a church of Christ and settle "a learned, orthodox minister." Introductory to the accomplishment of the last purpose and in accordance with an order of the committee of the general court, they met in the block house, which answered the tripple purpose of fortress, town house, and church, on the fourteenth day of October, 1730, and there "Voted by the admitted settlers that they will have a minister. . . . That the Rev. Mr. Timothy Walker shall be the minister of the town," . . . and that he "shall have one hundred pounds for the year ensuing, and then rise forty shillings per annum till it comes to one hundred and twenty pounds, . . . provided, and it is hereby understood, any thing to the contrary above mentioned notwithstanding that if Mr. Walker, by extreme old age, shall be disenabled from carrying on the whole work of the ministry, that he shall abate so much of his salary as shall be rational."

Prudent and farseeing were these early settlers. The Rev. Mr. Timothy Walker was then but twenty-five years old.

In pursuance of this action, the people of Penny Cook, on the eighteenth day of November, assembled in their block house and there formed the first church of Christ in Concord, with a membership of eight men and one woman, over which godly men from their old homes, having first ordained, installed the pastor of their choice. The Rev. John Barnard, of Andover, preached the ordination sermon; the Rev. Samuel Phillips, also of Andover (South church), gave to the young pastor the right hand of fellowship; and the Rev. John Brown the charge.

If it be asked, why send for help so far away, the reply will be, partly, because these reverend fathers were the old pastors of most of the members of this new community, and partly, because the only minister nearer at hand was the Rev. Matthew Clarke, who was then supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Londonderry. In that day of denominational asperity, his aid would have been as reluctantly given, doubtless, as it would have been unwillingly received.

To the simple services held beneath that tent in the wilderness, on the fifteenth day of May, 1726, we trace the beginning of the religious history of our city. From this first formed church of Christ have come, in direct descent, the five affiliated churches which compose our Union, to whose companionship have been gathered, from time to time, twice that number, of other denominations, whose friendship we cherish, and in whose prosperity we rejoice. Upon the enduring foundations of an intelligent religious faith, and a general diffusion of knowledge among its people, the little plantation of Penny Cook has risen to a flourishing city, and become the capital of a sovereign American state.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN H. PEARSON.

John Harris Pearson, for many years prominently identified with mercantile and railroad interests in Concord, died at his home on Court street in this city, on the evening of October 3, 1899.

Mr Pearson was born in the town of Sutton, March 17, 1815, being the son of Thomas and Abigail (Ambrose) Pearson. Thomas Pearson had removed to Sutton from Newburyport, Mass.; his wife, Abigail Andrews, was a daughter of the noted Baptist clergyman, Elder Samuel Ambrose, who was for several years settled in Sutton. Subsequently the family removed to Corinth, Me., where John H. was reared, but he returned to Sutton before attaining manhood, and lived for some time with a relative, Mrs. Sarah Leach, and afterward entered the employ of Col. Nathaniel A. Davis, where he remained about three years, and then, for some time, attended the academies at Henniker and Hopkinton, securing the basis of a good business education, to which he had long aspired. Subsequently, he was for a few months engaged in the store of Colonel Davis, at Wilmot Flat, and then, in company with the late Carlos G. Pressey, also a Sutton boy, he purchased the store, the firm conducting business for about a year, when Mr. Pressy left, and Mr. Pearson was for a time in business alone at Andover Center, thence removing to Warner, and subsequently to Potter Place. Later he was in business at Franklin Falls, then several years in Boston, but ultimately settling in Concord, more than fifty years ago. Here he engaged in the wholesale flour business, being one of the pioneers in that line of trade. He built the flouring mill at Penacook, and developed an extensive business. He had partners in this business at different times, the late John N. Barron and Edward L. Knowlton being among the more prominent.

Thirty years ago, or more, he became interested in the old Concord railroad, bought largely of its stock, and was soon engaged in a determined contest, with others, for the control of the road, against the then existing management, in which the late Josiah Minot and Col. John H. George were controling spirits, and ultimately with success. Then came the protracted and exciting contest between the Concord and Boston & Maine, the latter seeking the absorption of the former, which was continued many years, and in which the Boston & Maine was successful, but not until after numerous repulses and defeats at the hands of the Concord forces, led by Mr. Pearson. It was in his railroad contests, indeed, that Mr. Pearson mainly gained his reputation as a sturdy fighter for what he believed to be right. Although active in politics at times and well-known as a member of the Democratic party, his political battles were all incidental to his railroad contests.

Mr. Pearson was actively connected with the Episcopal church, and a generous contributor to its cause. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, but not prominent therein. He married, in 1839, Mary Anne, daughter of Judge Samuel Butterfield of Andover, who died forty years later, and four years previous to the decease of their son and only child, the late Col. Charles C. Pearson.

Ten years ago he married, as a second wife, Miss Jessie R., daughter of the late Col. Jesse A. Gove, who survives him.

ALONZO BOWMAN.

Alonzo Bowman, chief of police of Brookline, Mass., died at his home on School street in Brookline, October 18, 1899.

Mr. Bowman was born in the town of Springfield, in this state, July 17, 1838, being a son of Walter Bowman of that town. He received his early education in the district schools, and when about eighteen years of age went to Massachusetts and secured a situation in Boston as clerk in a grocery store. He was engaged in that business for a number of years, and subsequently entered the express business in Brookline. At the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, he enlisted with the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts volunteer infantry, Co. F, and went South with the Nineteenth army corps. He was at once detailed to duty in the office of the provost marshal in Louisiana, being stationed at New Orleans for some time. He afterward went with his regiment to Virginia, and, joining Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, was an active participant in some of the most hotly-contested battles of the entire war, and had several narrow escapes from death. His term expired in 1864, and he returned to Brookline. From 1865–'71 he was employed in the weighing department of the Boston Custom House. In the latter year he was appointed a patrolman in the Brookline police department, and five years later was made chief of the force, an office which he had since filled with commendable ability. When he assumed charge of the department the force numbered only seven men, now the number has increased to forty-three. He married Miss Ann E. Russell in 1858, and leaves one son, Walter H. Bowman.

REV. AUGUSTUS BERRY.

Rev. Augustus Berry, for nearly thirty-eight years pastor of the Congregational church in the town of Pelham, died in that town October 4, 1899.

Mr. Berry was a son of Washington and Maria (Dole) Berry, and was born in Concord, October 7, 1824, removing to Henniker with his parents when nine years of age. He fitted for college at Henniker academy and graduated from Amherst in the class of 1851, teaching the fall term in Henniker academy, while pursuing his studies. He was engaged in teaching after graduation for a number of years, being five years principal of the academy at Mont Vernon. Subsequently he studied theology at Andover, Mass., and, October 30, 1861, was settled as pastor of the church at Pelham, over which he remained until death. He married, March 24, 1853, Dora R. Snow of Peterborough, who died March 15, 1873, and he married, for his second wife, Mary Richardson of Pelham, June 30, 1877, who survives him, as does one brother, Horace Berry of Windham, and one sister, Caroline E.

THOMAS C. BEATTIE.

Thomas Carlisle Beattie, sheriff of the county of Coös, a native of Maidstone, Vt., born December 8, 1855, died in Lancaster, October 14, 1899.

Mr. Beattie was a son of Hon. David H. and Harriet (Carlisle) Beattie. He received a good practical education and was associated with his father in extensive lumber operations until his removal to Lancaster, in 1892, where he ever after resided. He entered actively into local politics and was elected sheriff of the county by the Republicans in 1896, and reëlected in 1898. He was a very prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and North Star Lodge of Lancaster, of which he was a member, attended his funeral in a body, with a large escort of Knights Templar. Mr. Beattie was twice married. His first wife was Sophia, a daughter of John D. French of Brunswick, Vt., who died three years ago. His second wife, who survives him, was Mrs. Jennie Reynolds.

FREEMAN CUTTING.

Freeman Cutting, the most extensive farmer in the town of Newport, died at his home on the Unity road, in that town, September 25. He was a son of the late Francis Cutting of Croydon, born July 19, 1824.

September 10, 1844, he was united in marriage with Miss Emily A. Hibbard, of Barnard, Vt. For a number of years after his marriage he remained in Croydon, but removed to Newport in 1857. After residing there about eight years he removed to Claremont, where he lived seven years. He then returned to Newport and ever after resided on the place where he died—a period of twenty-seven years. He was a farmer all his life, and one of the most successful in the county, owning a splendid farm of from seven hundred to eight hundred acres, and keeping a large stock of cattle. He was one of a family of ten children, and is himself survived by nine children. His wife died five years since.

WILLIAM W. COLBURN.

William Wallace Colburn, a well-known educator, born at New Boston, October 1, 1832, died at Springfield, Mass., October 17, 1899.

He was a graduate of Dartmouth college in the class of 1861, taught in Groton and Belmont, Mass., in 1861 and 1862, and during the latter year became principal of the High school at Manchester, where he remained many years and established a reputation as a thorough and successful teacher, which has never been surpassed in the state. Subsequently he removed to Springfield, Mass., and was for a long time principal of the High school in that city, maintaining and enhancing his high reputation. He married, July 13, 1865, Mary E., daughter of the late Hon. James U. Parker of Manchester.

REV. JOHN R. HORNE, JR.

Rev. John R. Horne, son of John R. and Sarah (Wheeler) Horne of Berlin, born in that town September 6, 1866, died at Waverly, Mass., October 1, 1899.

Mr. Horne fitted for college in the public schools of Berlin, graduating from the High school in the class of 1887, a member of the first class to graduate from

this institution. The following autumn he entered Bowdoin college, from which he was graduated in the class of 1891. After a three years' course at Andover Theological seminary, he entered upon the work of the ministry in the town of Bartlett, where he labored faithfully and with great success for four years. Greatly overworked, he was attacked by la grippe last winter, and never recovered from the effects of the disease, dying at last in a private sanitarium at Waverly.

GEORGE ABBOTT.

George Abbott, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Littleton, died in that town, October 7, at the age of 83 years, having been born in Bath, August 11, 1816. He was a descendant of George Abbott who settled in Andover, Mass., in 1640. He went to Littleton in early life, and was long engaged in agriculture, but, subsequently, for many years in mercantile life. He was an earnest Democrat in politics, served several years on the board of selectmen in Littleton, and represented the town in the legislature in 1867–'68. He was associated with both the Odd Fellows and Masons, and prominently identified with the Methodist church. He leaves a widow, three sons, and a daughter. The eldest son is Dr. George F. Abbott of Littleton.

DANIEL E. HILL.

Daniel Emery Hill, born in Northfield, September 8, 1833, died in that town, October 2, 1899. He was a son of John and Mahala (Rollins) Hill, and was reared in the old homestead where his father was born, being the place now owned by F. B. Shedd of Lowell. He was a Republican in politics and quite active in party affairs, and one of the trusted lieutenants of the late Hon. Edward H. Rollins. He was for three years one of the commissioners of Merrimack county, served eight years as postmaster at Tilton, and represented the town of Northfield in the legislature of 1897. He was a member of Doric Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Tilton.

WALTER O. ASHLEY.

Walter O. Ashley, born in Claremont, October 26, 1835, died in Detroit, Mich., September 27, 1899.

Mr. Ashley went to Michigan at the age of twenty-one years, and soon became actively engaged in the work of developing navigation on the great lakes. At the time of his death he was managing owner of several fine steamers. He had long been noted in Detroit for his liberality and public spirit. He is survived by a wife, a daughter of the late John P. Clark of Detroit, with whom he was long associated in business.

DR. ALLEN B. CLEMENT.

Allen B. Clement, M. D., born in Moultonborough, October 18, 1869, died in Arlington, Vt., September 17, 1899.

Dr. Clement graduated from the Burlington, Vt., Medical college in the class of 1898, later taking a post graduate course in New York city, and commenced practice at Arlington the first of the present year. He had already established a fine practice with every prospect of the highest success, but, when exhausted with overwork, was attacked by pneumonia and succumbed to the disease.

GEORGE W. BARNARD.

George W. Barnard, born in Enfield, March 29, 1844, died in Claremont, September 26, 1899.

Mr. Barnard had been a resident of Claremont for over thirty years, and had been for a long time a representative of the Balcom Oil Co., of Boston. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and also actively identified with the Prohibition cause, having been chairman of the state committee of that party, and its candidate for governor in 1894.

MISS FANNY E. LANGDON.

Fanny E. Langdon, born in Plymouth, July 15, 1864; died in Ann Arbor, Mich., October 21, 1899.

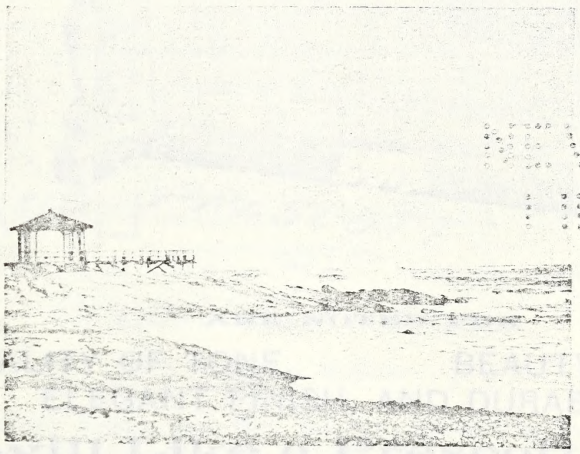
Miss Langdon received her early education in the schools of Plymouth, and graduated from the State Normal school in the class of 1886. After teaching in this state three years she took up the study of biology in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, in 1891, pursuing original work under V. M. Spaulding, professor of botany, and Jacob Reighard, professor of zoölogy, and at the time of her death she had accomplished work of more value than any other woman investigator in that particular line. Her published monograph entitled "The Sense Organs of Lumbricus Agricola," attracted widespread attention from scientific people here, and favorable mention from those of Europe. At the time of her death she was engaged in correcting the proofsheets of another work entitled "Peripheral Nervous System of Neveis Vivens."

At the University of Michigan she received her degree of B. S. in 1896, and M. S. in 1897. She was also a student at the Woods Holl Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl, Mass. Her special work as an instructor in the university was as follows: two years as an assistant instructor in botany and one year as full instructor in zoölogy, and at the time of her death she had entered upon her second year in that position.

ume XXVII DECEMBER Number 6

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



AT HAMPTON BEACH.

CONCORD · N·H·

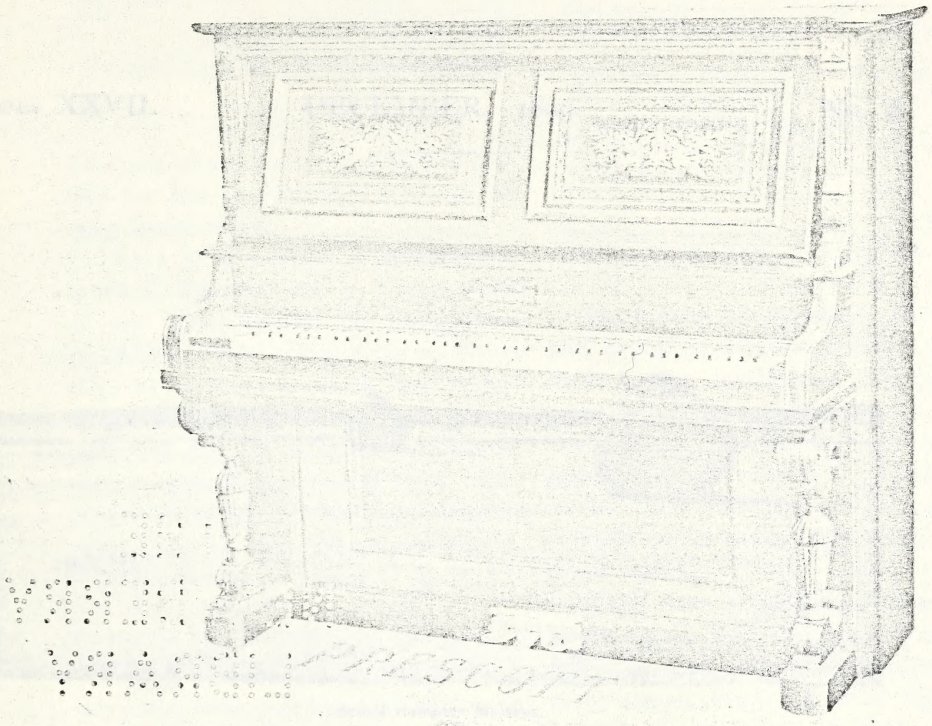
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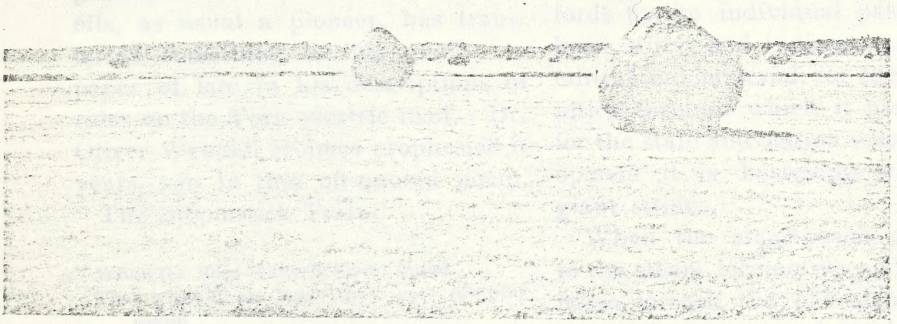
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII. DECEMBER, 1899. No. 6.



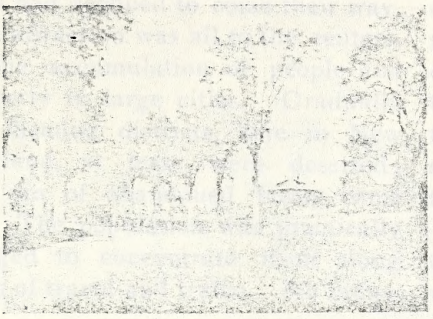
Across Hampton Marshes.

ON ROCKINGHAM ELECTRICS.

By J. Walton McMiller.

THIS century began with the stage-coach; it ends with the automobile. Intermediates in the process of evolution are the steam locomotive and the electric car. And the greatest of these is the electric car.

Swifter and more comfortable than the stage, it still allows that intimacy of association, that near knowledge of the people and places met on the journey, which was the chief charm of the old coaching days. The electric road goes where the steam railroad cannot profitably go, and when the necessity arises it equals the speed and strength of its elder brother. The electric car, too, is the poor man's automobile. Where the owner of an automobile pays hundreds of dollars the less wealthy man can, for as many nickels, own



The Exeter Road.

so much of an electric car as will suffice for his journeyings whither he may desire to go.

There is a poetry, a picturesque quality, about travels by trolley such as no other mode of locomotion possesses. Mr. William Dean Howells, as usual a pioneer, has transferred something of this quality to paper of late in his descriptions of rides on the York electric road. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes prophesied it years ago in that oft-quoted poem, "The Broomstick Train."

"When the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called,—they could hear him twenty miles
From Chelsea beach to the Misery isles;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.

"'Come here! you witches, come here!' said he,—
'At your games of old without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do,
That will keep you stirring, you Godless crew!'
They came, of course, at their master's call
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats and all.

"He led the hags to a railroad train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
'Now then,' says he, 'you 've had your fun,
And here are the cars you 've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We do n't want horses, we do n't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you 've got to lug.'

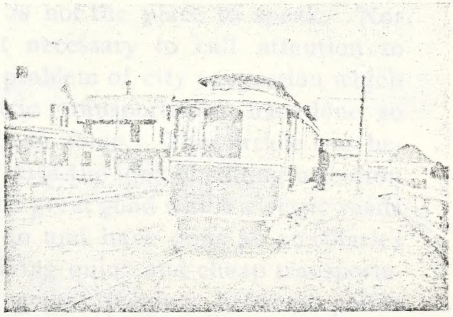
"Since then on many a car you 'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there 's a witch astride,—
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag you can't see her,
But, hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

"Often you' ve looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain.
It could n't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go
You could n't guess, but now you know.

"Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!"

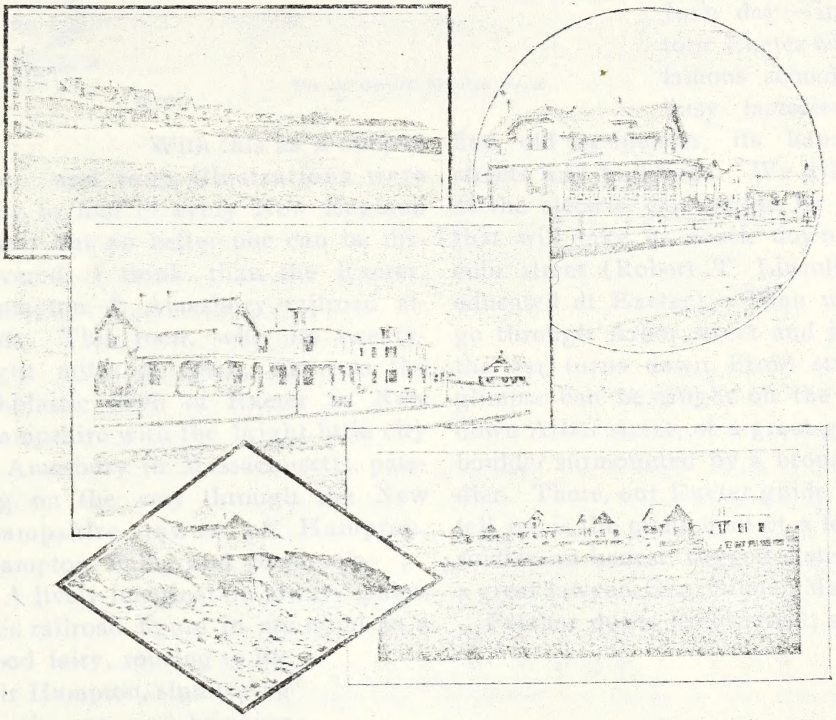
Apart from the comfort, pleasure, and profit which the electric car affords to the individual passenger it has a direct and indirect value, both ethical and material, for the communities through which it passes, and for the state and nation whose development it is hastening with such giant strides.

When the stage-coach gave way to the steam locomotive and the iron horse forsook the old turnpikes for more direct roads of steel between important business centers, many towns that had prospered and flourished mightily under the old régime drooped and faded because the steam



One of the Winter Cars.

road had declined to come their way. The attraction was all to the centers, to the accumulation of people and property in large cities. Gradually the farming districts, here in New England, at least, were deserted; the era of abandoned farms came in. The population was practically obliged to concentrate itself along lines of travel and traffic. No industry, not even that of farming, could profitably be carried on at a distance from a railroad line.

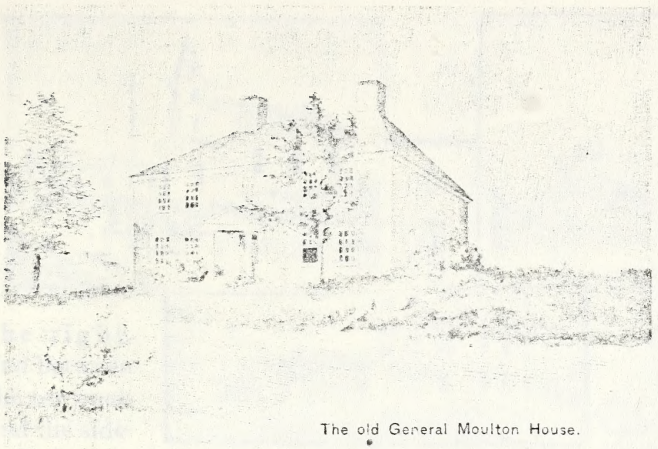


Some Hampton Cottages.

Now the electric railroad has come to give back to the country that which the steam railroad took from it; and to make more permanent and abiding the prosperity of the cities, because no city, unless it be a railroad or maritime center, can be long prosperous without a rich country district surrounding it. In this I am speaking of the electric road that connects city with city or town with town, and opens up to the possibilities of rapid transit a section that the steam roads could not or would not touch.

Of the vexed question of competition between steam and electric roads, of paralleling and rate cutting, this is not the place to speak. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the problem of city congestion which electric transportation has done so much to solve. This article was begun with the idea of calling attention to the great good which electric roads can do and have done as auxiliaries in giving quick and cheap transportation across country between points not so reached by steam railroads.





The old General Moulton House.

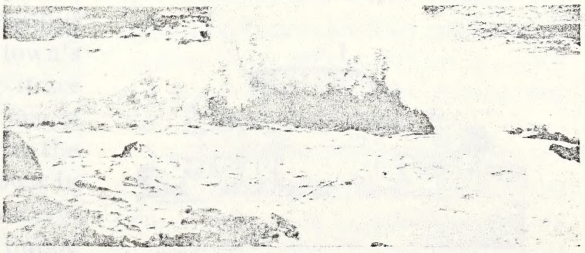
With this as a subject and text, illustrations were easy to find in every New England state, but no better one can be discovered, I think, than the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury railroad affords. This road, with its twenty-eight miles of track, connects the scholastic town of Exeter in New Hampshire with the bright little city of Amesbury in Massachusetts, passing on the way through the New Hampshire towns of Hampton, Hampton Falls, and Seabrook.

A lively imagination always makes this railroad figure in my mind as a good fairy, rousing to life fair Hampton, slumbering by the sea, and bringing to her twain suitors, handsome and rich, Exeter and Amesbury.

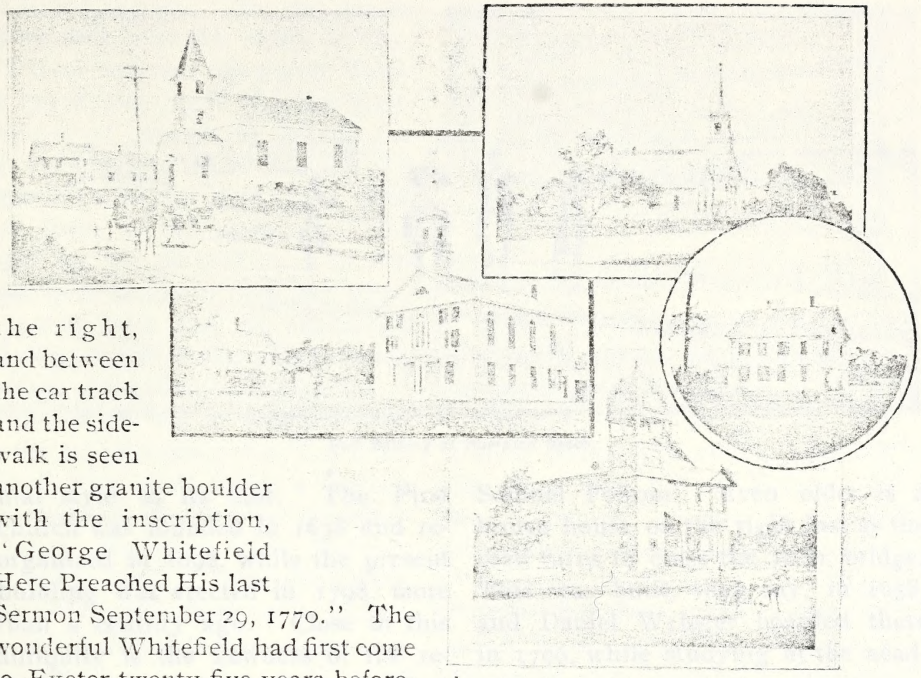
A trip from one terminus to the other in one of the company's thirty passenger cars is an experience not readily to be forgotten, so rich is it in interest and information, in the beautiful scenes of the present and the redolent memories of the past. And it is quite as much of a revelation, perhaps, to a lifelong dweller in New Hampshire as to a visitor from abroad.

Let us suppose that we are in Exeter on a glorious June day—in historic Exeter with its famous schools, its busy factories, its fine old residences, its handsome streets and buildings. We will wait at the electric car station for a car that will take us south down Lincoln street (Robert T. Lincoln was educated at Exeter). Then we will go through Arbor street and just as the car turns down Front street a glimpse can be caught on the right, down Arbor street, of a great granite boulder surmounted by a bronze soldier. There, our Exeter guide would tell us, is the monument of a fearless soldier, an honest, rugged statesman, a great lawyer, Gen. Gilman Marston.

Further down Front street, still on



On the Rocks—Hampton Beach.



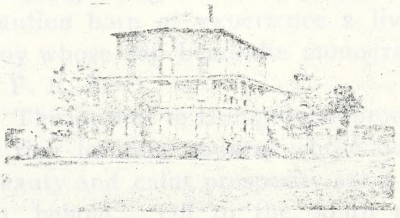
Methodist Church. Congregational Church.
Baptist Church and Parsonage. Grammar School.
Town Hall.

SOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN HAMPTON.

the right, and between the car track and the sidewalk is seen another granite boulder with the inscription, "George Whitefield Here Preached His last Sermon September 29, 1770." The wonderful Whitefield had first come to Exeter twenty-five years before, and though warned by the Rev. John Odlin of the established First church not to poach on his (Odlin's) preserves had so prevailed upon many of the people that they withdrew from the First church and formed the Second, now known as the Phillips, church. On this 29th of September, 1770, Whitefield stood on the site marked by this boulder and preached to a congregation too large for any church. That afternoon he rode to Newburyport, and next morning he died.

Near by, but across the street, is the recently completed new Phillips church, the seventh of the town's houses of worship. Adjoining it are the buildings and grounds of one of the best preparatory schools in the world, and one of the best known in America, Phillips Exeter academy. After these are passed the public library comes into view, a handsome structure of cream colored brick, erected by the town as a fitting memorial to its sons who gave their lives for the nation. Then the Baptist church and the famous Gilman house with its gambrel roof and its 150 years of history.

As the car turns to the left down Court square the town's principal hotel, the Squamscott house, is seen, while opposite stands the fine old First church, an example of the Colo-



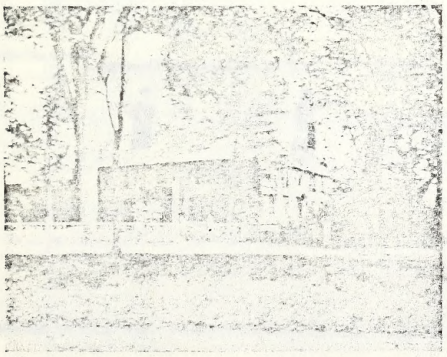
Hampton Beach Hotel.



Surf Bathing at Hampton Beach.

nial style at its best. The First church was founded in 1638 and reorganized in 1698, while the present building was erected in 1798, more than a century ago. Close to this antiquity is the newness of the recently erected court-house. Then come the town hall and the building devoted to the court and register of probate where there are still many ancient records stored in spite of the recent shipment of a carload to the state library at Concord.

Now we turn to the east, into Water street, and are told that President George Washington was once entertained in the brick building on the right, then kept as an inn by Col. Samuel Folsom. Even older is a brown house on the right just as the road turns to cross the river bridge. This was built, they say, in 1658, and Daniel Webster boarded there in 1796, while studying at the academy.



Old Garrison House.

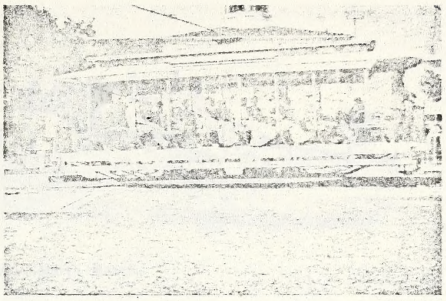
Along Water street, up Town hill and down Main street to the railroad station we go, seeing more old residences, each with a history, and noticing, especially, a little way off Main street, the house where Gen. Lewis Cass was born. And now we are across the river, up High street and off for Hampton. We have not seen Exeter's famous school for girls, Robinson seminary, nor have we been near the busy factories and shops. So the impression of Exeter which we carry away with us is that of a dignified and richly dressed old lady regarding with fond pride and a caution born of experience a lively boy whose cap bears the monogram, "P. E. A."

The journey to Hampton is through a rich farming country whose quiet beauty and calm prosperity are a joy to behold. Off to the south and southwest are the hills of Kensing-

ton and Kingston. To the southeast we look over the valley of Taylor's river towards Hampton Falls. Ass brook and Bride hill are peculiarly-named landmarks along the way, the latter so called because of a romantic marriage that once took place there in the open air. The reason for the nomenclature of Ass brook local tradition does not state, but it may have been the expression of feeling of one of the parties to the marriage when the reaction set in.

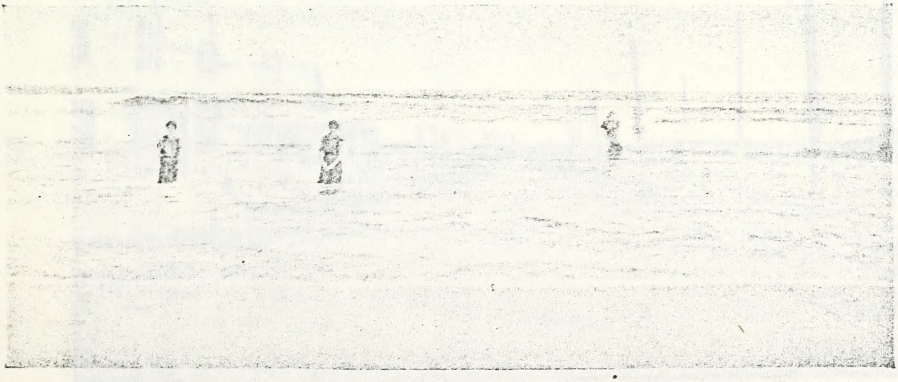
From Bride hill to Hampton station the car sails along over four miles of level farm land, part of a plateau that separates the "great swamp" in North Hampton from Taylor's river to the south. Here are a score of splendid New Hampshire homes, substantial buildings on estates centuries old.

Crossing the Boston & Maine railroad at Hampton the rails over which our car passes turn to the south on the old post road and soon we come to the junction with the electric car line from Amesbury to Hampton beach. The electric railway over which we have been traveling was commenced May 19, 1897, and completed July 3, 1897. It has already done much for the mutual welfare of the towns which it connects.



One of the Small Cars—E., H. & A. St. Ry. Co.

Hampton, where we now are, is a farming community with a considerable shore line but no harbor. It has a factory or two, a famous promontory, Great Boar's Head, and a splendid bathing beach. Rev. Stephen Bachiler, under whose direction it was settled in 1638, was a clergyman who sought a different kind of religious liberty from that dispensed in Massachusetts; just like Rev. John Wheelwright, who had settled Exeter a few months before. It is sad to say that much of Hampton's fame in song and story has been derived from her early persecutions of witches and whipping of Quakers as told in Whittier's stirring verse.



Surf Bathing at Hampton Beach.

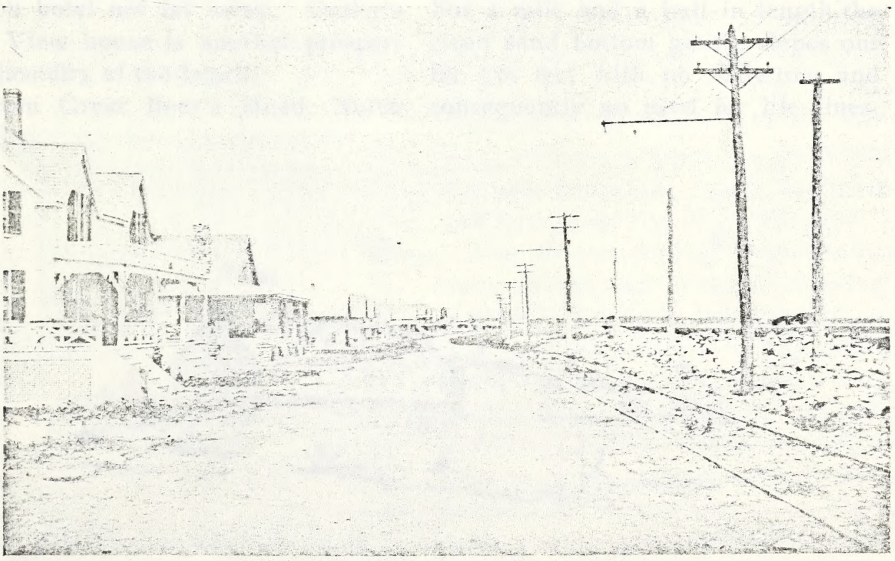


Leavitt's—North Beach.

If we are inclined to rest for a moment at Hampton, before going on to the beach, there is at the junction, ready for our purpose, one of the most notable wayside inns in all New England, "Whittier's," founded in 1755. Just across the road is the Toppan house where lived Col. Christopher Toppan, dignitary of the French and Indian war times, merchant, shipbuilder, and ship-owner.

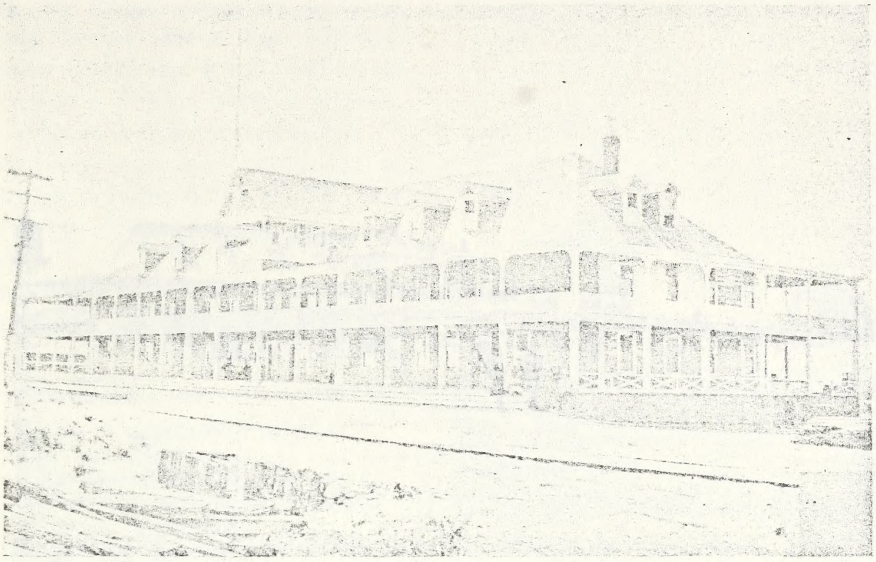
Taking the cars from the junction for the beach we see on the right a half mile of meadow and tilled fields, once the "meeting-house green," because directly across it stood Stephen Bachiler's first church, built of logs. We go by the church of to-day, the old burial-ground, the town hall, and the "cow common" before we come upon the causeway that crosses the narrowest part of the great salt marsh and brings us to the beach.

Hampton beach is divided into two fairly equal parts, the north beach and the south beach, by Great Boar's Head, one of the noted promontories of the New England coast. This is what the geologist calls a "true lenticular moraine or mound of glacial drift." It is of pyramidal shape, 50 feet high and 1,300 long, thrust out into the ocean like the charging



Looking up North Beach.

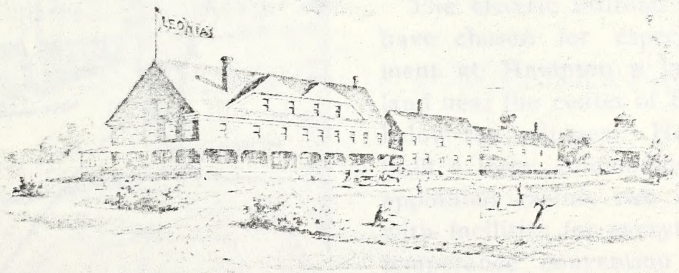




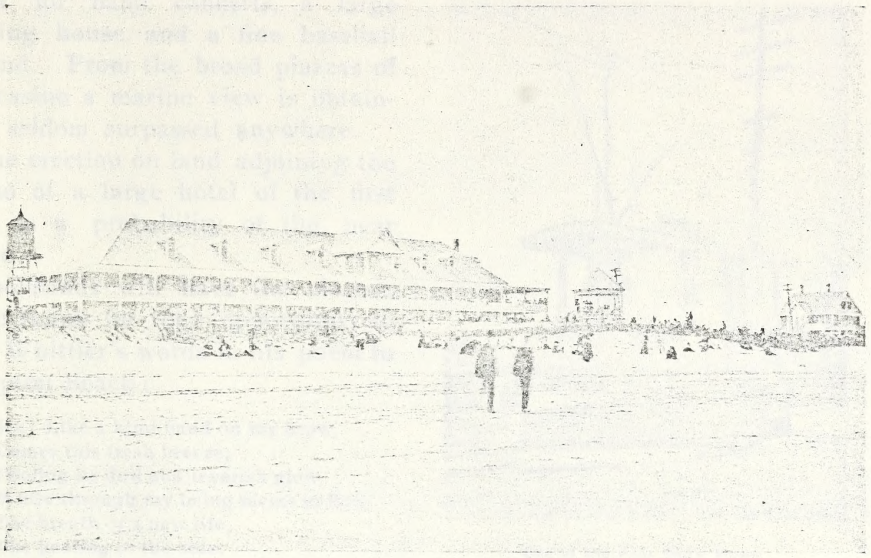
The Casino.

head of a Corbin park boar. In its hardness and bluffness and resisting power it bears no little resemblance, too, to another kind of boar's head. The head is owned by Col. S. H. Dumas, who successfully managed a hotel there until it was destroyed by fire, and now manages the Hampton Beach hotel not far away. Cutler's Sea View house is another prosperous hostelry of the beach.

From Great Boar's Head, North beach stretches away two miles to Little Boar's Head in North Hampton. The new life-saving station is its principal attraction. South beach is nearly as long, extending from the Head to Hampton river. It is one of the finest bathing beaches in New England, as safe as it is beautiful. For a mile and a half in length the clean sand bottom gently slopes out for 550 feet with no undertow, and consequently no need for life lines.



The Leonia.



The Casino on a Sunday Afternoon.

As for its beauty it was here Whittier sang:

"And fair are the sunny isles in view,
East of the grisly head of the boar.
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er.

"And southerly, when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea waves and sand hills brown
The sea birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel."

All along the line, from Little Boar's Head to Hampton river, run the rails of the electric road, and their coming has meant more here than anywhere else, from terminus to terminus. They have popularized the beach, "resurrected it," one writer says. Where no visitor came before a hundred come now; and the enjoyment is as innocent and as wholesome as ever.



He goes with the Co.

Before another summer comes connection will have been made at Little Boar's Head with the line of the Portsmouth & Dover electric railroad, allowing a trip to be continued through beautiful North Hampton and Rye to the city of Portsmouth.

The electric railroad management have chosen for especial development at Hampton a large tract of land near the center of South beach, below the cottages. Here has been built a large, commodious, and well-appointed casino, two stories high, with facilities for everything from a temperance convention to a clam-bake, from a fashionable dance to a farmers' field meeting. There is a

kiosk for band concerts, a large bathing house, and a fine baseball ground. From the broad piazzas of the casino a marine view is obtainable seldom surpassed anywhere.

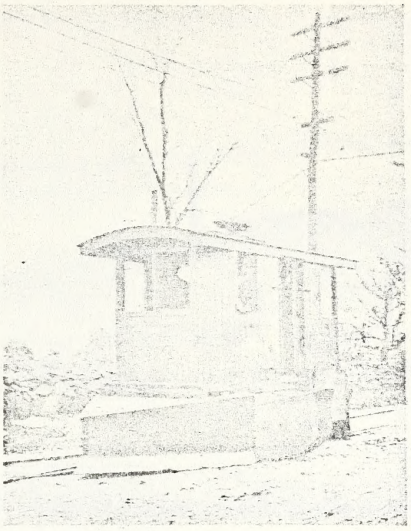
The erection on land adjoining the casino of a large hotel of the first class is a probability of the near future.

Thousands will have the electric car to thank for their opportunity to echo Whittier's words in his poem to Hampton Beach:

"Ha! Like a kind hand on my brow,
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life,
The healing of the seas.

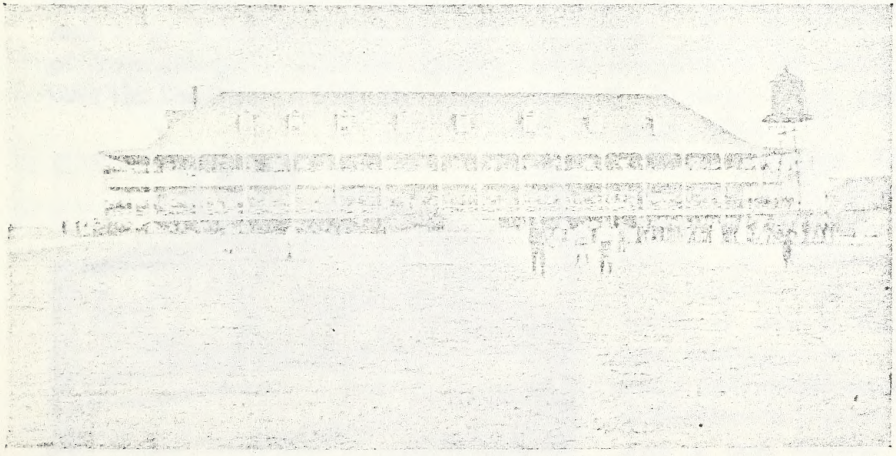
"Good-by to pain and care!
I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break
And ripples this keen breeze,
I shake
All burdens from the heart,
All weary thoughts away."

But our wonderful electric car trip is little more than half over yet. We must go back to Whittier's and start anew for Amesbury. The electric cars follow the old post road



One of the Four Snow Plows.

through Hampton Falls and Seabrook to the state line. The first object of interest is the old mansion of Gen. Jonathan Moulton, a wealthy contemporary of Meshech Weare and John Langdon, but not of equally blessed memory with them. By a tollgate house, once the scene of great controversy, and in a few minutes we are at the village of Hampton Falls, chiefly interesting at pres-



Ball Grounds, rear of the Casino.



Looking South, from the Casino.

ent as being the birthplace of Miss Alice Brown, the author of "Meadow Grass."

Once, at least, however, on August 10, 1737, it was a gay and festive place when Governor Belcher came up from Boston with a numerous cavalcade, met here the assembly of New Hampshire and made a speech concerning the much disputed boundary line. Having discharged this duty the governor made himself the first of a long line of distinguished men to go a junketing "at the falls of Ammuskeag." And the dispute over the boundary, which had raged for two hundred years, went right on raging for nearly two hundred more.

The most striking object in Hampton Falls is the monument to Meshech Weare, a tall granite shaft flanked by ship carronades, and bearing an inscription succinctly descriptive of the great man's services to his nation when she needed strong men most. Here is another house where General Washington once slept, being this time on a visit to Governor Weare, and having ridden up from Cambridge. Equally worthy of reverent attention is the house where John G. Whittier, "the good gray poet," died.

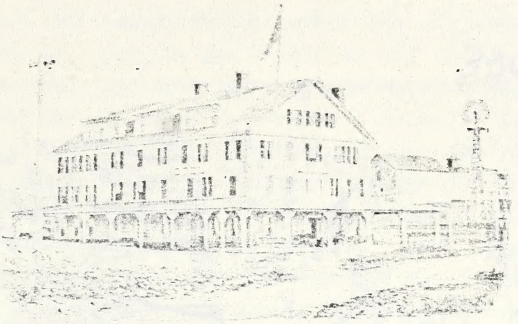


John Locke's Store—Seabrook.

From Hampton Falls the road runs south through the center of the town of Seabrook. At Seabrook Center is a typical country store which is also a street railway waiting-room. A mile and a half further on we come to Smithtown, a pretty hamlet with a neat church. Here the Hampton and Amesbury



electric road meets a branch that runs up from Newburyport and adds another to the numerous possibilities in the way of divergent trips which our road furnishes by its connections. Here, too, is the recently established boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

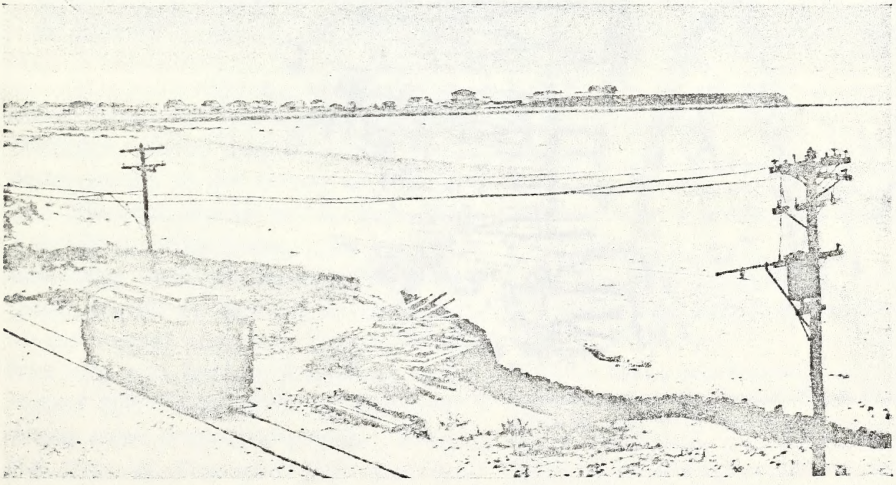


New Boar's Head.

Over the line we go into the old Bay state at the township of Salisbury, traversing Salisbury Plains to Frost's Corner, where the township of Amesbury begins; south for half a mile, then west along Clinton street for half a mile more to Market street; down Market street past the fair grounds, and we are at our journey's end; Market square in the city of Amesbury.

There is much to tempt us to linger here where Whittier lived his pure, sweet life, and sang the songs of New England; and where, to view the place from an entirely different point of view, the Pow-wow river, with a daily flow of 180,000,000 gallons, falls 70 feet in 50 rods.

With such a water power there has, of course, always been manufacturing here. "The first establishments were saw mills and grist mills in 1640, followed in later years by snuff mills, linseed oil mills, fulling mills, a starch mill, and a century ago a smelting furnace, where one thousand tons of iron were wrought in a year; anchors, scythes, axes, and other edge tools were manufactured." Now, to mention just one industry, there are here fifty firms that make 25,000 carriages a year. Then there are car shops and machine shops, woolen mills and other mills, an assessed valuation of



Looking North, from the Casino.





THE FARRAGUT.

property reaching five millions of dollars, and a savings bank with deposits of two millions. It is on the Boston & Maine railroad, and besides the electric road over which we have just traveled, it has others that would take us to Merrimack and Haverhill on the west, or to Salisbury beach and Newburyport on the east.

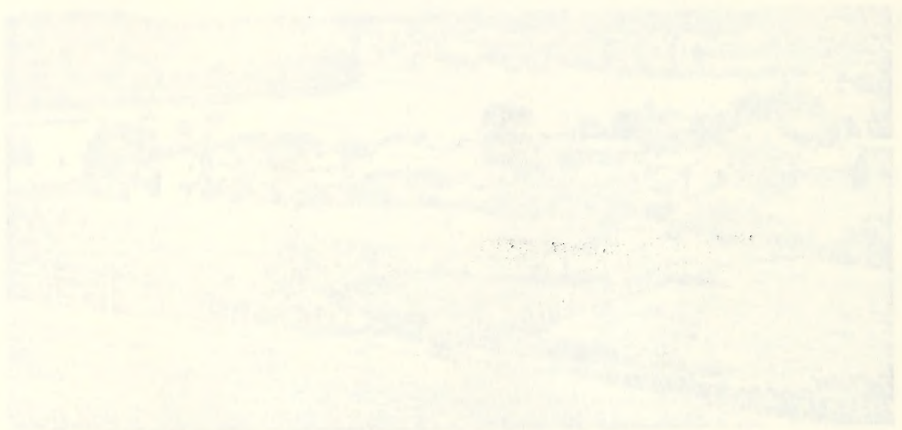
Most of the historic scenes in and about Amesbury are connected with Whittier, whose unpretentious residence stands at the corner of Friend and Pleasant streets, not far from the Friends' meeting-house. To us, visitors from New Hampshire, there is pride as well as interest in the sight of the bronze statue to Josiah Bartlett, who was born in Amesbury, but signed the Declaration of Independence from New Hampshire. From the top of Pow-wow hill can be obtained a view whose breadth and beauty is altogether out of proportion to the height of the elevation, 332 feet above the level of the sea. Then, if we are not awearied of antiquities, there is to be seen the residence of Thomas Macy, first town clerk, driven to Nantucket in 1659, for harboring Quakers. And we can drink from the famous Bagley well (now prosaically filled by the city water works) of which Harriet Prescott Spofford sang:



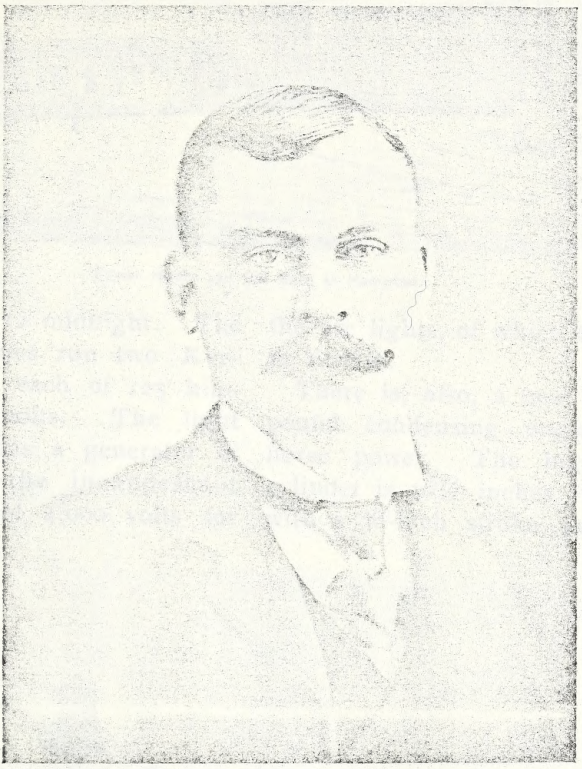
The Merrimack at Amesbury, Mass.

"Driving along the Amesbury road,
We have flung the rein loose many a day,
And paused for a draught from the mossy depths
Of a gray old well by the public way.
A well of water by the public way,
Where the springs make their dark and mysterious play.

"Valentine Bagley sank that well,
A hundred years since, out of hand,
When he came back from the Indian seas
And his wreck on the fierce Arabian strand,
Where the airs like flames about him fanned,
And the ashes of hell was the burning strand."



And now, having enjoyed a day packed full of varied interest and pleasure, let us search out the courteous and capable superintendent of the road, Mr. McReel, at his office in Exeter, and learn from him of the plant which has carried us in its cars so swiftly, so safely, and so comfortably on our long jaunt.



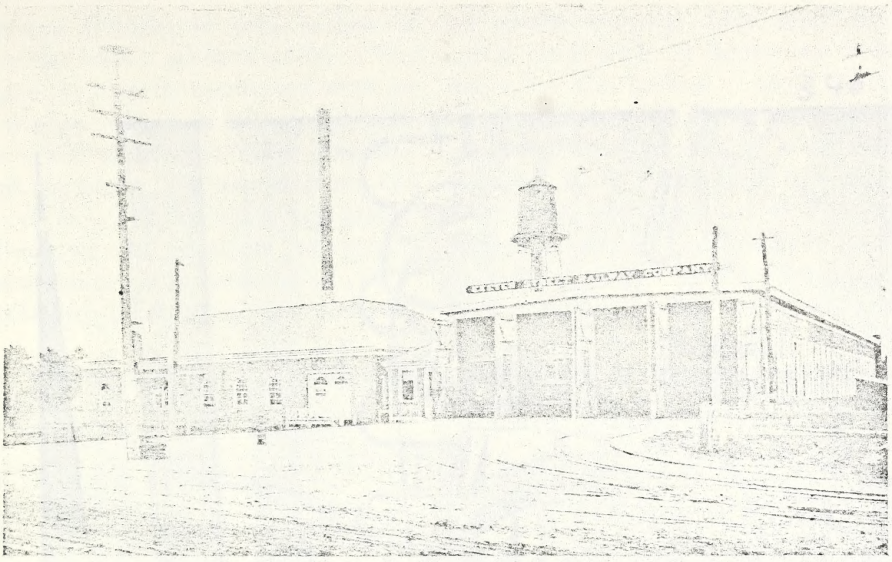
A. E. McReel, Gen. Mgr. and Supt. E., H. & A. St. Ry. Co.

Mr. McReel might say something like this: The power station and plant is centrally located in Hampton about two and a half miles from the junction on the line to Exeter. The lower building is of brick and is 100 feet by 80 on the ground. It is divided by fire-proof walls into the boiler room, the power room, and the pump and condenser room.

In the boiler room are four 72-inch by 18 feet tubular boilers of the best construction. All the feed water connections are so arranged that any one boiler can be fed independently of the others with either heated or cold water. Two of these boilers are in daily use for the railway, and one is added when the lights are put on. The fourth is an auxiliary to be used in case of need.

In the power room are three 185 horse power, high speed, Buckeye engines, of 15¼-inch cylinder and 24-inch stroke. When doing regular service they are run at 160 revolutions per minute. Two of these are used for the car service; the third one for lighting service, and is run

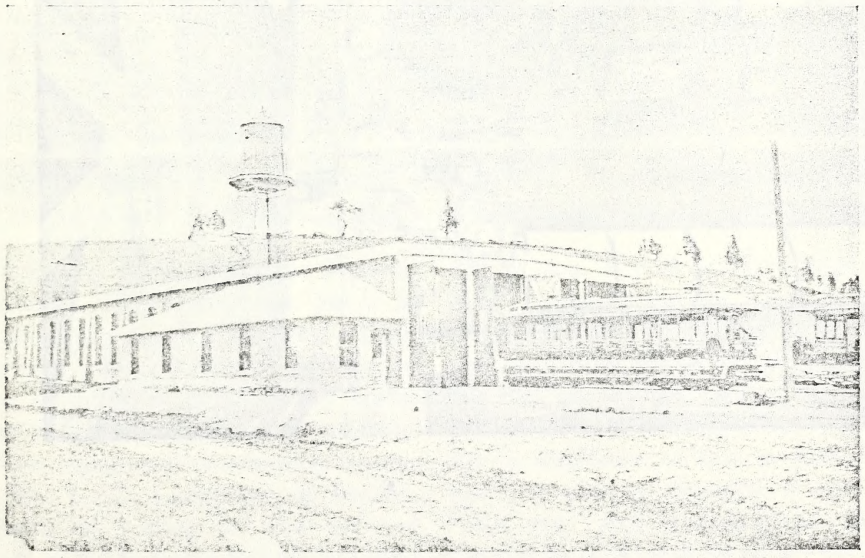




Power House and Car Barn at Hampton.

from 4 P. M. to 12 midnight. The car service engines run two Keystone generators, each of 125 kilowatts and 550 volts. The light service engine has a generator of 2,300 volts for the incandescent lights, and one of 4,000 volts for the arc lights, of which 80 are used in Exeter.

There is, also, a new Cross compound condensing engine of 400 horse power. The high pressure cylinder is 16½ inches in diameter with a 30-inch stroke, and the low



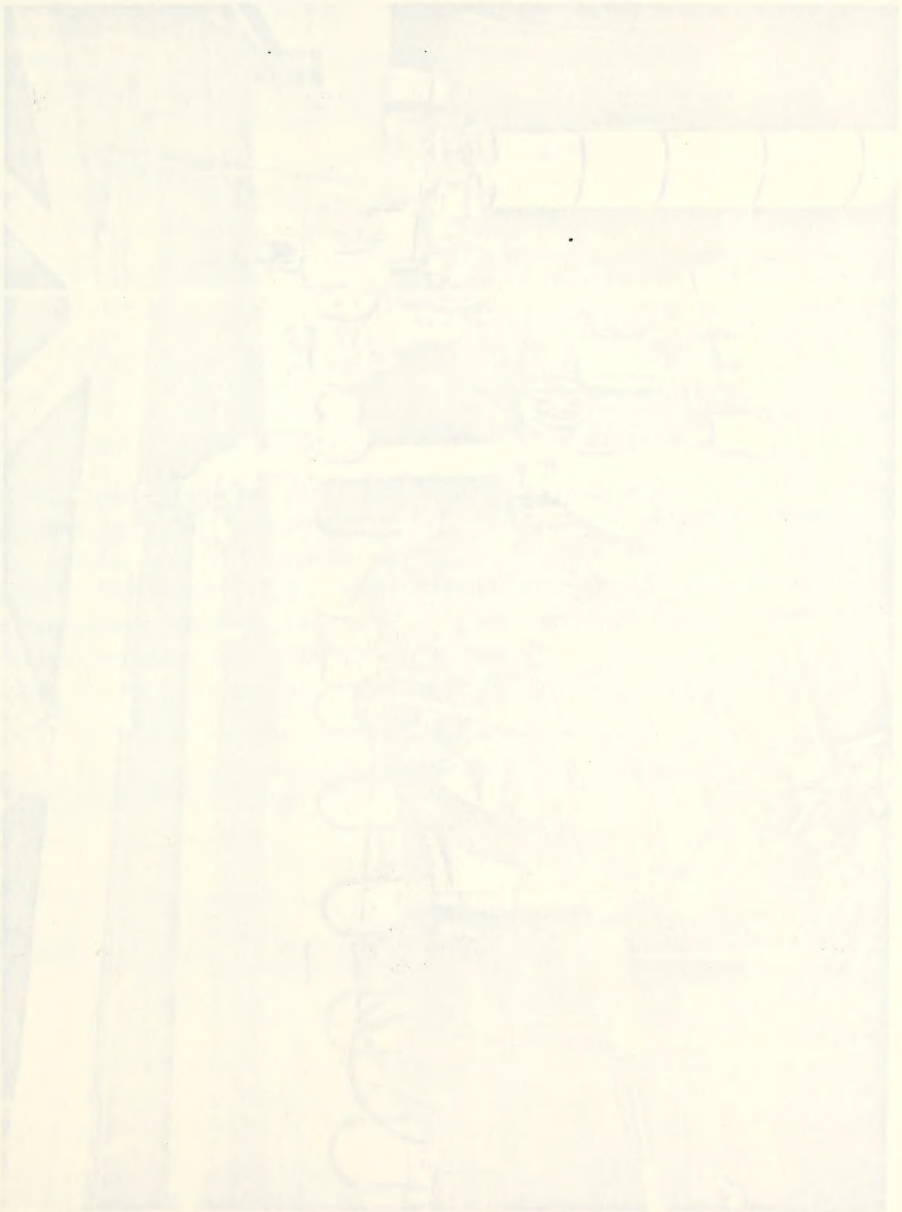
Amesbury C 3arn.



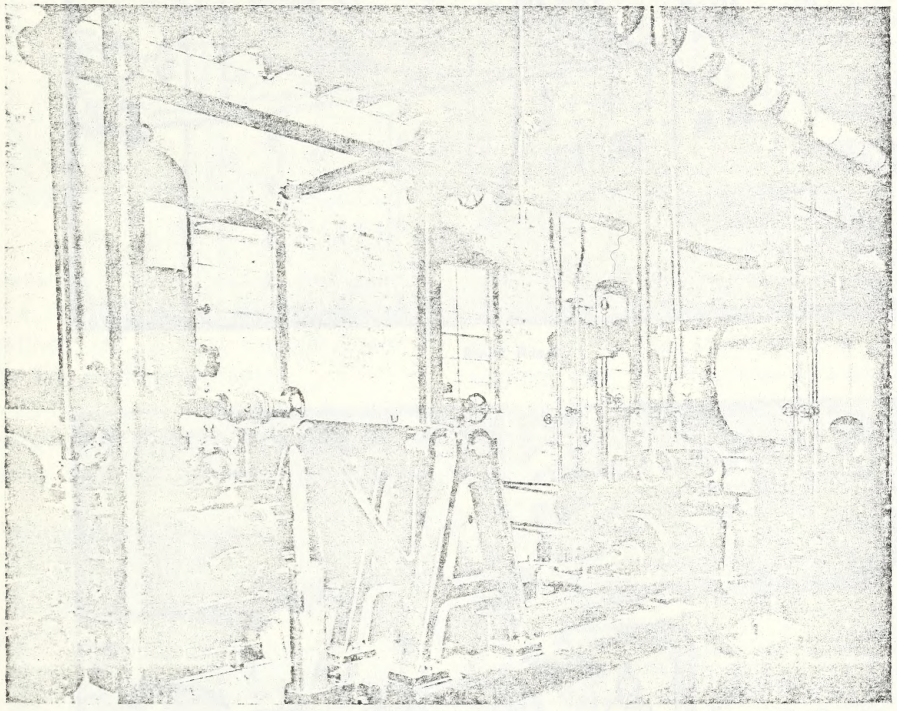




Engine Room, Power Station, Hampton.



pressure cylinder is 30½ inches in diameter with a 30-inch stroke. The engine is directly connected with its generator. That is to say, no belts are used as in the other engines. This generator is of 250 kilowats and 550 volts. This compact and powerful engine and generator, practically one machine, is so constructed that it can be run by either of the cylinders, all of the engines, adds some live steam and with it heats the feed water for the boilers. After doing this work the exhaust steam goes to the condenser, where, in a 26 inch vacuum, it is condensed to water. This rapid condensation of the exhaust, in theory, will relieve each cylinder of 14 7-10 pounds per square inch of back pressure. In actual use,



The Pump Room, Power House, Hampton.

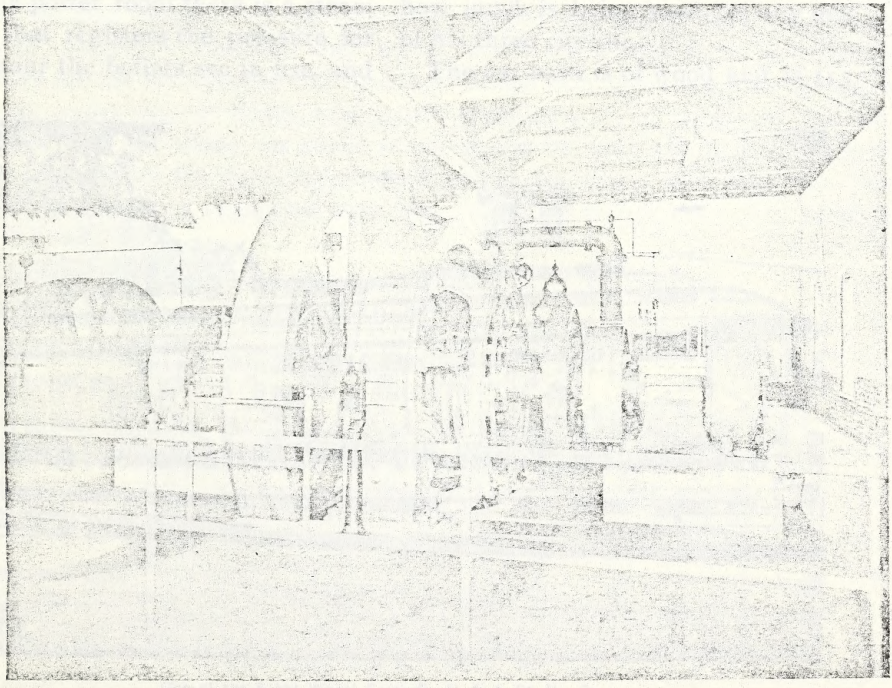
if, from any cause, the other becomes disabled. This engine was put in as an auxiliary power to the two service engines, and is intended for use in case of accident or on heavy traffic days to assist the two regular engines.

The compound condensing system of Mr. L. C. Lamphear of Boston, capable of caring for the exhaust steam of 1,400 horse power, has been installed. It takes the exhaust from day by day, it will certainly save, at least, 12 pounds per inch, and by the consequent gain in the engine service will save from 20 to 25 per cent. in the fuel consumed. All of the connections for this condensing system are in duplicate, so that in case any valve or pipe is disabled, it can be "cut out" and repairs made while the condenser is still doing its work.

The heater for the feed water, the



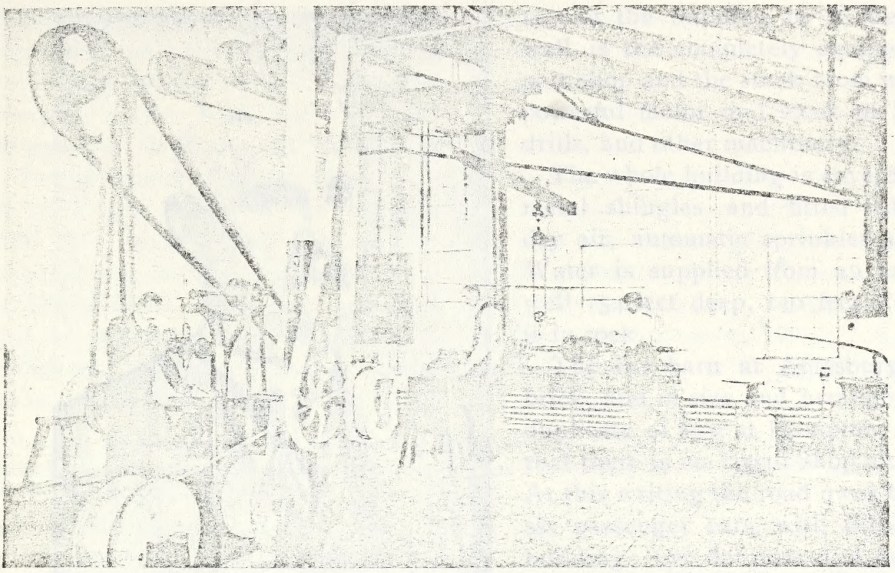
Boiler Room.



A Unit of the Power Plant.





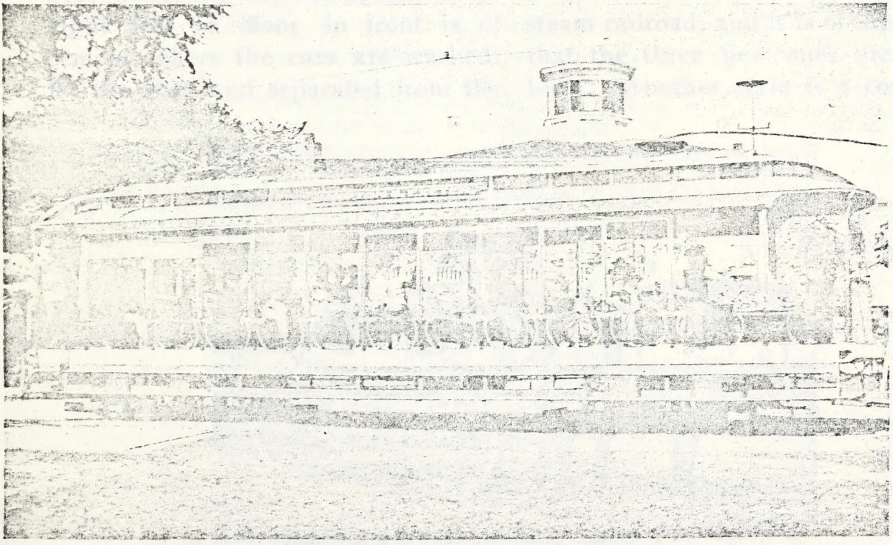


A Corner in the Repair Shop.

condenser, the duplicate feed pumps, and the fire pump of one thousand gallons per minute capacity, are in the fire proof pump room.

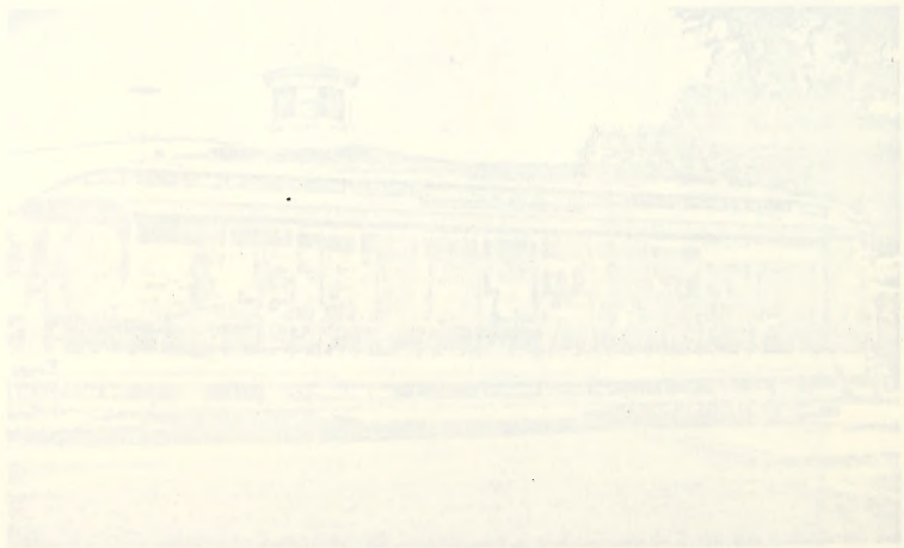
In the power room there is a steam gauge that registers the pressure for every hour the boilers are in use, and another showing the present pressure. By meters the engineer knows how much power his machines are producing, and by ammeters he can tell how much is being used on any one of his three circuits.

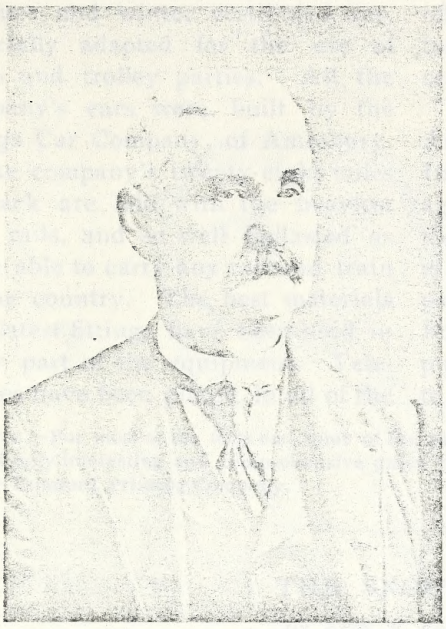
The car barn is of wood and is 215



One of the Eight-Wheel Cars—E., H. & A. St. Ry. Co.





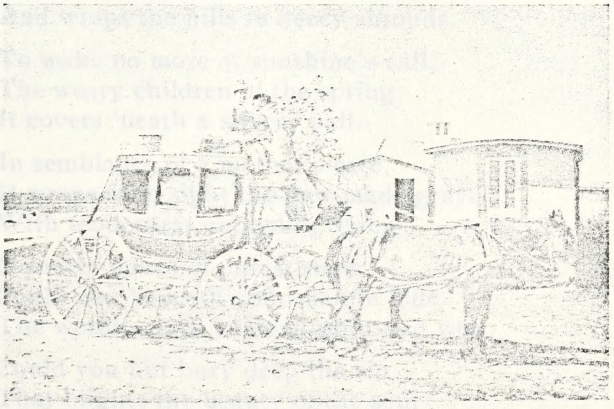


Warren Brown, President, E., H. & A. St. Ry. Co.

feet long by 50 feet wide. It can shelter twenty-four cars at one time on its four tracks. It has six pits with cemented bottoms and brick sides for use in cleaning the running gear under the car floors, and forty-eight feet of floor in front is of cement, where the cars are washed. At the rear, and separated from the rest of the building by a fire proof wall, is the completely equipped repair shop and the stock room with its powerful motor and stock of lathes, drills, and other machinery.

The whole building is covered with metal shingles and fitted with the dry air, automatic sprinkler system. Water is supplied from an artesian well 154 feet deep, 140 feet of which is in rock.

The car barn at Amesbury is of brick, and in size and arrangement a duplicate of that at Hampton, except that there is no repair shop attached. At this writing the road owns twenty-six passenger cars, with three more building; two flat cars, and one box car for freight, and four powerful Taunton snow plows. Among the passenger cars are six fourteen-seat, eight-wheel summer cars, equipped with powerful air brakes. At each side, by each seat, is an electric push button, by which the passenger can notify the conductor to stop the car. These cars move with the speed and steadiness of a passenger car on a steam railroad, and it is of this model that the three new ones are being built. Another style is a combined



How they got there before the railway was built.

summer and winter vestibuled car, especially adapted for the use of clubs and trolley parties. All the company's cars were built by the Briggs Car Company, of Amesbury.

The company's twenty-eight miles of track are laid with the heaviest steel rails, and so well ballasted as to be able to carry any railroad train in the country. The best materials and latest fittings have been used in every part of the equipment. Telephones have been placed in all of the offices, at the terminals, and at every turnout. The line is a regular mail carrier.

In short, the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury Street railway is a model. Its location, its equipment, its management are beyond criticism, and the man who deserves the praise and is the principal owner of the company, is Mr. Wallace D. Lovell of Boston, who planned all this and put the right men in the right places to carry out his plans.

NOTE.—For most of the facts and some of the phraseology in this article, credit is due to an exceedingly interesting and comprehensive guide book issued by the company and published by the Rumford Printing Company.

THE SNOWFALL.

By Ethel F. Comerford.

The hills are bleak and brown and bare;
The meadows shiver with the cold;
No sign of summer glory there.

With moan and sob the wind sweeps by,
And flakes of snow upon yon street,
Fall from the chill December sky.

A whirr of wings outside the door!
A merry flock of bonny birds
Is hurried on the blast before.

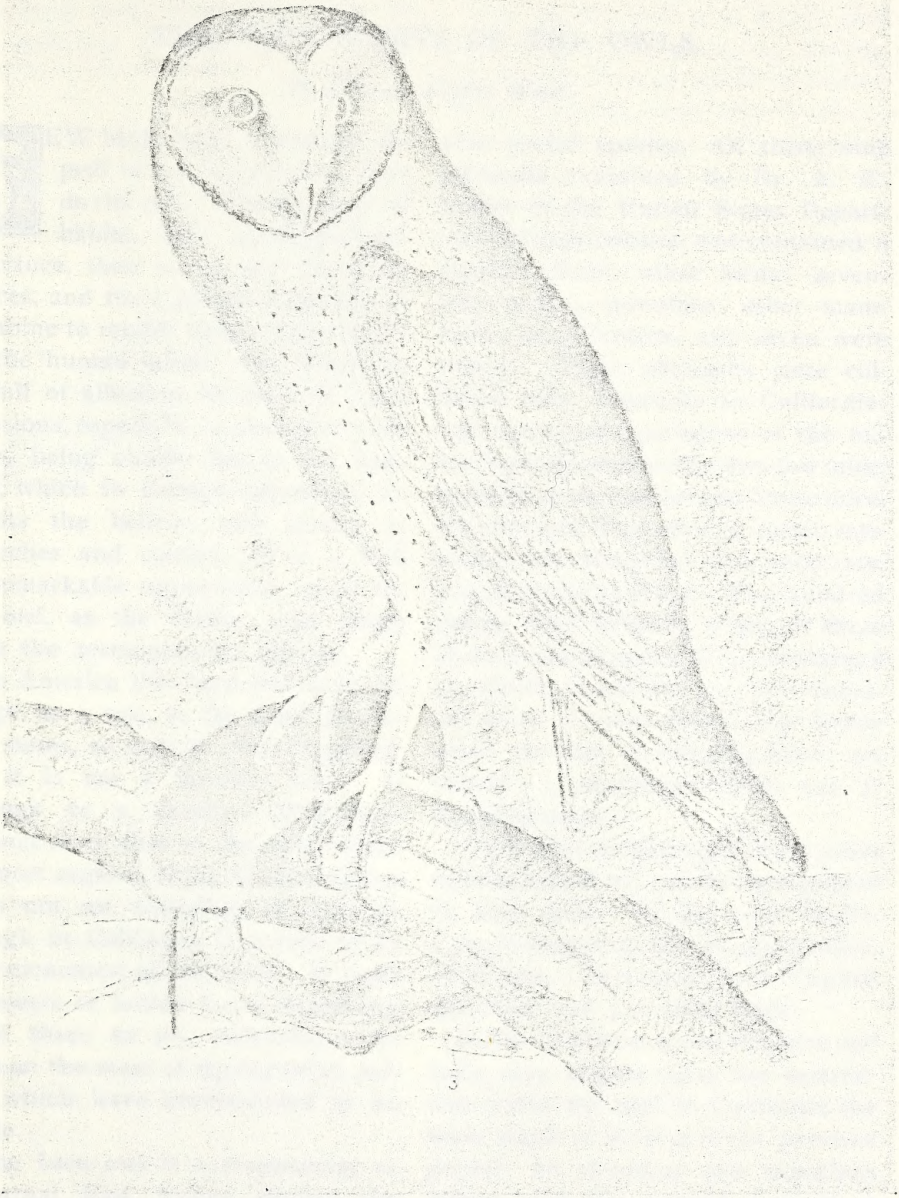
From leaden depths of angry clouds,
Now fast and faster falls the snow
And wraps the hills in fleecy shrouds.

To wake no more at sunshine's call,
The weary children of the spring
It covers 'neath a silvery pall.

In semblance of a mother's care,
It wraps from sight the new-made grave
With tenderness exceeding rare.

O pearly flakes of purest snow!
Could you beneath your mantle hide
The world's dark curse of want and woe;

Could you but bury deep the sin
That blights the beauty of the soul;
You might immortal glory win.



BARN OWL.

After Fisher, Bulletin U. S. Dept. Agr.



THE FOOD HABITS OF THE OWLS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

FEW birds make a stronger appeal to the imagination than do the owls. Their nocturnal habits, their grotesque appearance, their weird and unearthly voices, and their secluded haunts all combine to render them birds of note to the human mind. Our literature is full of allusions to the owl, such allusions, especially in the older writings, being chiefly due to the barn owl, which in Europe commonly inhabits the belfries and towers of churches and castles. It is a bird of remarkable appearance, even for an owl, as the reader may judge from the accompanying picture.

In America this barn owl does not range, as a rule, to the more Northern states, so that to New Englanders it is not a familiar bird. It belongs to a family — *Strigidæ* — distinct from that of the other owls. In most regions of the United States it is not an abundant species, although in California it is said to be the commonest of the owls. It nests in towers or hollow trees, depositing there three to six yellowish-white eggs on the mass of regurgitated pellets which have accumulated in its abode.

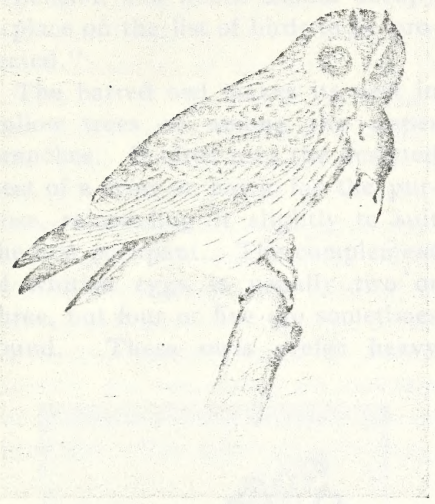
The barn owl is a crepuscular or nocturnal bird, hiding during the day, and sallying forth in search of prey during the evening. The record of its food is unusually complete and shows that on the whole it is a very useful species. Of thirty-nine stomachs examined by Dr. A. K. Fisher of the United States Department of Agriculture, one contained a pigeon; three, other birds; seventeen, mice; seventeen, other mammals; four, insects, and seven were empty. These stomachs were collected from Delaware to California, and contained specimens of the following small mammals: meadow mice, jumping mice, harvest and house mice, white-footed mice, shrews, cotton rats, pocket rats, kangaroo rats, wood rats, and pouched gophers. Two hundred pellets from beneath a nest of these birds in Washington, D. C., contained 454 skulls, of which "225 were meadow mice; 2, pine mice; 179, house mice; 20, rats; 6, jumping mice; 20, shrews; 1, star-nosed mole, and 1, vesper sparrow."

A German ornithologist thirty years ago examined 703 pellets regurgitated by barn owls. Of the 2,551 skulls, 1,579 belonged to shrews, 930 to mice, 16 to bats, 1 to a mole, 19 to English sparrows, and 3 to other birds.

In the Southern states the barn owl feeds very largely upon the destructive cotton rat, and in California the main staple of its diet is the pouched gopher, an abundant and vexatious rodent, and the ground squirrel, a related pest. All accounts agree in showing that it is a rare and exceptional trait for the barn owl to feed on small birds.

THE SHORT-EARED OWL.

The short-eared owl is said to have the greatest geographical range of any land bird. It is found in all the principal divisions of the globe except Australia, and is common throughout most of North America, going northward to breed in summer, and returning southward for the winter. It prefers open to wooded country, and in many regions is the most abundant of the owls. Its food consists principally of field mice, but moles, shrews, gophers, small rabbits, crickets, grasshoppers, beetles, and rarely small birds are eaten. Fully ninety per cent. of the stomachs of about fifty specimens examined in the Department of Agriculture contained nothing but meadow mice. In England this species is noted as being one of the chief agencies in subduing the uprisings of field mice that periodically occur.



Short-Eared Owl.

After Fisher, Bulletin U. S. Dept. Agr.

THE BARRED OWL.

The barred owl is a larger bird than either of the preceding species. The typical form is found in eastern North America, while closely related representatives inhabit the west and southwest. It is generally credited with being a serious enemy to poultry, and in southern regions where fowls roost in trees it probably does considerable damage; but of 109 stomachs examined by Dr. Fisher only three contained domestic fowls, while one contained a pigeon, and another a ruffed grouse; thirteen contained smaller birds, including screech owls, sparrows, and a red-bellied woodpecker. Mice were found in 46 stomachs; rats, red squirrels, and chipmunks in 18; insects and spiders in 16; crawfish in 9, frogs in 4, fish in 2, a lizard in 1, while twenty of the stomachs were empty. Audubon records the fact that these owls are very fond of a brown wood frog found in Louisiana. "Dr. C. Hart Merriam took the remains of at least a dozen red-backed mice from a single specimen killed near Moose river in northern New York."

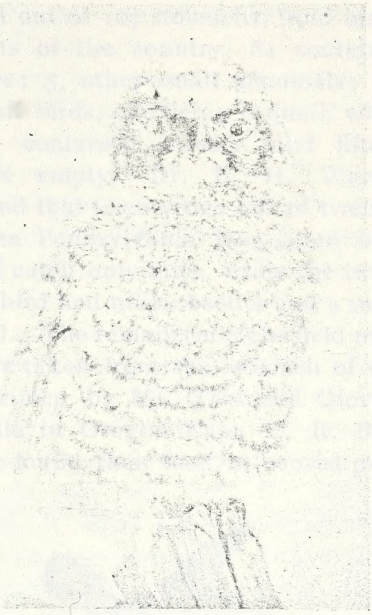
"In summing up the facts relating to the food habits of this owl," writes Dr. Fisher, "it appears that while the general statements of certain authors, especially the earlier ones, charge the bird with destruction of poultry, game, and small birds, such destructive habits are comparatively uncommon. That it does occasionally make inroads upon the poultry-yards, and does more or less damage among game birds, is true; but the systematic collection and examination of a

large number of stomachs show the exceptional character of such acts and reveal the fact that a large part of its food consists of mammals. And it is to be noted that among the list are some of the more destructive rodents that the farmer has to contend with. If a fair balance be struck, therefore, it must be considered that on the whole this owl is beneficial, and hence should occupy a place on the list of birds to be protected."

The barred owl makes its nest in hollow trees or among the upper branches. It often uses the deserted nest of a crow or hawk for the purpose, remodeling it slightly to suit the new occupant. The complement of whitish eggs is usually two or three, but four or five are sometimes found. These owls prefer heavy woodlands or wooded swamps, such as the cypress swamps of our south Atlantic regions, where they may be found much oftener than in more open regions.



Young Barred Owl—Side View.



Young Barred Owl—Front View.

THE SCREECH OWL.

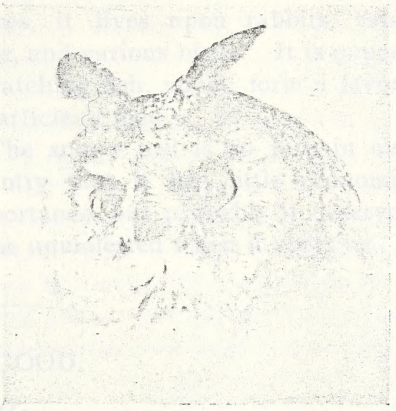
The screech owl is one of the best known and most abundant of the group. It inhabits all parts of the United States, and is found throughout southern Canada. It is one of the most beneficial birds of prey and deserves the encouragement and protection of farmers everywhere. Its food is varied, consisting of insects, crawfish, frogs, fish, lizards, small birds, and especially of mice, of which it destroys enormous numbers.

In warm winter weather it stores up in its hiding-place, mice, moles, and similar creatures, to serve as food during more inclement periods. The only bad habit attributed to it is that of

occasionally catching small birds, but since the introduction of the English sparrow this trait is favorable to the owl's usefulness, since it is known to prey to a considerable extent upon these unwelcome immigrants.

THE LONG-EARED OWL.

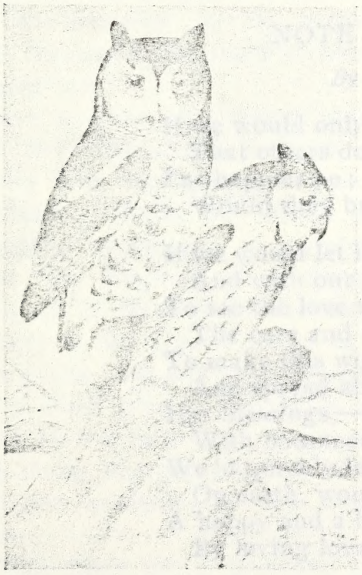
The long-eared owl is a common and widely-distributed species in North America. In some parts of the Southwest it is considered the most abundant of the owls, and the testimony of all competent observers points to the fact that it is one of the most beneficial members of its family. That its food consists very largely of mice is shown by the fact that out of 176 skulls taken by Dr. Fisher from beneath the roosting site of one of these owls, 137 were of mice of various species, while 26 were of shrews, the remaining 13 consisting of 11 sparrows, one warbler, and one bluebird. The same observer found that out of 107 stomachs, from many parts of the country, 84 contained mice; 5, other small mammals; 16, small birds, one being a quail, while one contained insects, and fifteen were empty. Dr. B. H. Warren found that twenty-two out of twenty-three Pennsylvania long-eared owls had eaten only mice, while the twenty-third had taken beetles and a small bird. The remains of eight field mice were taken from the stomach of one specimen by Mr. Townend Glover; while in Oregon Capt. C. E. Bendire found their food to consist principally of mice and the smaller rodents.



Head of Long-Eared Owl.

The long-eared owl commonly breeds in trees, using the deserted nest of a hawk or crow for the purpose. Three to six eggs are deposited. It is a nocturnal bird, hiding in groves of evergreens, or other sheltered retreats during the day.

The largest of our owls is the great-horned owl, which is found not very rarely in New England. It is a powerful bird and preys upon the larger members of the feathered race, such as grouse, ducks, turkeys, guinea hens and domestic fowls, as well



The Screech Owl or Mottled Owl.
After Fisher, Bulletin U. S. Dept. Agr.





Head of Great Horned Owl.

as upon rabbits, squirrels, and even skunks. It is to be ranked as one of the injurious species in its relation to man.

In the Arctic regions of North America the beautiful snowy owl is a rather common species. It is one of the largest members of its family, often being more than two feet long. In winter it is occasionally found in the Northern states, especially in New England, but during the summer it remains in the far north.

The summer food of this bird consists very largely of the small rodents known as Lemmings, which abound in most Arctic regions. These and other related rodents seem to be the favorite food, except in winter, when a variety of animals, including the ptarmigan and Arctic hare, are eaten. During its winter visits to southern Canada and the northern United States, it lives upon rabbits, rats, mice, and various birds. It is expert in catching fish, which form a favorite article of food.

The snowy owl is so rare in our country that it has little economic importance, but probably it deserves to be unmolested when it visits us.

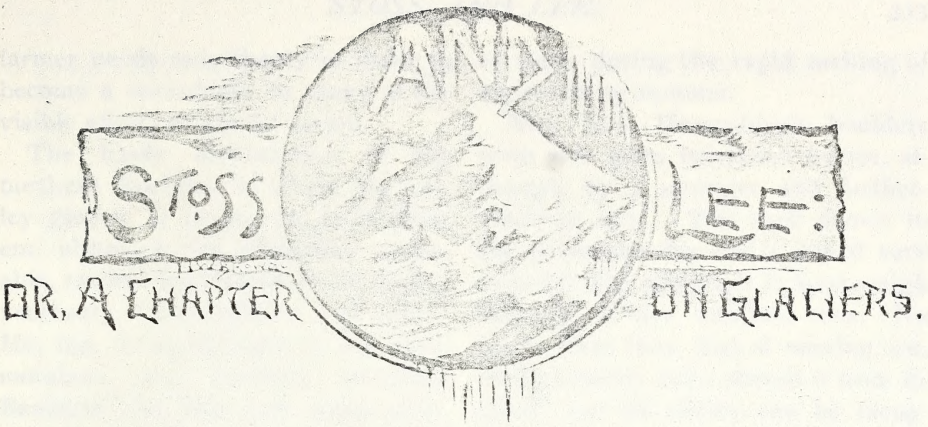
NOTE THE GOOD.

By C. E. Carr.

If we would only note the good
That others do, we surely would
Far happier be; and others, too,
Would they but note the good we do.

If we would let life's ills pass by
And with our hearts and minds would try
To see the love that Nature gives,
The care and work she lavishes,
To make this world a fairy land
And spread abroad on every hand
Her blessings,—how she flings them free
With bounteous hand for you and me,
We 'd quickly learn how we could make
On earth, would we this lesson take,
A happy and a heavenly state
By loving love and shunning hate.

No limitations then would bound us
For heaven itself would be around us.



IV.

By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.



IT was in the early dawn of the present or Quarternary Age that the region now included within the "Granite State" was uniformly covered by one vast, continuous sheet of snow and ice, thousands of feet thick.

Of the fact itself there can be no reason for doubt, but to conceive of the phenomenon, in its entirety, easily transcends the reach of human imagination.

That ancient continental glacier must have submerged an area embracing more than seventy degrees of longtitude. From the North pole extending southward, it enveloped all of New England, all of Canada, nearly all of New York, the middle territory of the United States as far down as the Ohio and Missouri rivers, save a small area in Wisconsin, and traced its southern limit westwardly, close along the upper border of our northwest territory, to the Pacific ocean.

While there are a thousand convincing and highly interesting evidences of all this, the limits of the present article will permit neither formal argument nor detailed discussion. Having made some slight observations upon the subject of glacial action at home, as well as among the mountains of the West and North, the present writer would now refer, briefly, to a very few plain correspondences, such as the most casual observer could not fail to notice, between the every-day workings of a recent glacier and certain suggestive features to be seen close by our doors.

V.

How often, to begin at home, the New Hampshire farmer boy, with, perhaps, no anxious thought for the trousers of to-morrow, has joyed to shoot the steep, smooth, northern face of some great ledge! How often, too, with some concern for vertebrae, he has buckled himself to the thankless task of gathering stones, where four have sprung to mourn a comrade's loss. How often, again, with maximum expense of patience and perspiration, he has pried with pick and bar at incorrigible boulders, guided the refractory plow, or mowed by hand over rocky and treacherous fields. Surely the New Hampshire

farmer needs only theory in order to become a *connoisseur* in many of the visible effects of glacial action.

The hardy mountaineer of the northern Rockies, to whom the valley glacier is to-day an ever present, although not altogether agreeable, reality, would find in our sturdy yeomanry "hale fellows well met." He, too, is no stranger to boulders, moraines, and rounded outcrops. Boulders! he has seen huge ones, torn from upland ledges, and borne away by moving ice. The surface of any mountain glacier will show them in large numbers. Often massive stones held high upon pedestals of ice appear like Titan tables from which the surrounding surface has been reduced by heat and evaporation. He has seen them, boulders large and boulders small, dropped *en masse* during the rapid melting of approaching summer.

Now New Hampshire's boulders were also sown broadcast by ice, although by a stronger and farther-reaching arm. The rock shown in the accompanying cut is not of very unusual size, although it must weigh upwards of five hundred tons. No force, other than that of moving ice, could possibly have stirred it from its place; yet its source can be recognized in a rugged outcrop some distance to the north of its present position.

How apt is the German name for all such stones—*fündlinge*, foundlings—for boulders have always strayed from some parent ledge.

The roundness of most of our boulders is good evidence of their history. Such stones, more or less



"It must weigh upwards of 500 tons."





"Such stones must needs have become worn, scratched, and rounded."

securely frozen into the under part of a glacier, or upon its sides, must needs have become worn, scratched, and rounded, as the glacier forced along, either through movement among the rocks themselves or through contact with the ledges over which they passed. Our field walls and stone heaps and the material of most of our gravel beds afford excellent opportunity for any amount of profitable and pleasurable contemplation and conjecture. In spite of everything, however. I suppose friend Hobblethwaite will always insist that boulders grow!

VI.

Rocks thus transported would, of course, leave clear evidence of their passage upon the underlying ledges. themselves. Roundish rocks would roll, angular ones scratch, flattish ones scour; and so glaciated hills tell as plain a story as do the scattered boulders of valleys and plains. A most convincing mark of glacial action anywhere is to be recognized in this rounded, planed, and scoured appearance of exposed ledges which by nature should be angular, uneven, and rough. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of such planation. Outcrops in our own section are mostly of a hard granitic sort, and yet they often evidence with exceptional clearness the harsh and long-continued abrasion to which they must have been at some time subjected.

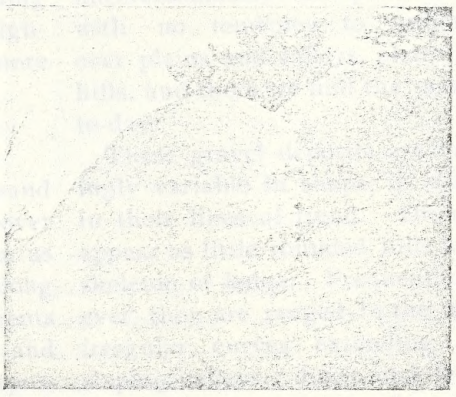
The tendency of a moist atmosphere is to render exposed ledges always more and more irregular, chiefly through a weathering pro-

cess which removes softer component parts, such as the feldspar of granite; hence many stone surfaces have now lost nearly all trace of former glacial action. A layer of soil material, even a thin one, is, however, a great means of protection against such influences. Very little experience will enable one to distinguish at once ice-worn from water-worn and weather-etched surfaces.

The idea of a glacier carries with it that of movement. A very little thought will show that that portion of a ledge which originally received the prodigious onslaught of the advancing ice—the *struck* side—must especially have had all its angular, rasping projections planed off, its surface smoothed, and its general contour rounded. This characteristic appearance whether of ledge or of mountain has been called *stoss* and its opposite *lee;* and these phases where plainly seen are, as we have said, very conclusive evidence of glacial action. Evidently upon the farther or *lee* side of an outcrop, the unstruck side we might call it, the original roughness and the angles of accidental fracture would be largely retained. It is interesting to note that it is this action of old-time glaciers that has chiefly determined the general configuration of most of our granite hills, for they certainly have a general figure, and one can easily distinguish both their *stoss* and their *lee*.

With the assistance of pupils, the writer has often removed the soil from the crest of some not inconsiderable elevations in the neighborhood of New Hampton. There we have been pleased to read the clearly preserved record of a few of those truly wonderful processes of that most wonderful age.

But the ledge is not rounded merely. Little flinty pebbles, which are always frozen into the under side of an ice mass, each acting like an engraver's tool, chisel the already rounded rock with little parallel and continuous grooves. Sometimes, upon our hillsides, such a groove may be traced for yards or until, as it appears, the ponderous weight of the mass above had crushed the pebble, when its grooving suddenly ceased. To the student of glacial striæ there is no mistaking the especial character of all such markings as these whether of ancient or of recent origin. It is easy to distinguish where massive boulders have hollowed out their steady grooves, pebbles have left their narrow traces, small, flinty points have drawn their finer lines, or sand has smoothed and minuter particles have polished.



"This characteristic appearance of a ledge has been called stoss, its opposite, lee."

By observing the stoss side of a ledge, the direction of the original ice flow can be approximately determined. In New Hampshire we find it invariably to have been the northern face that was struck and rounded

and scratched. Observations in other states, as well, convince us that the general direction of flow for New England must have been southerly with slight deviations to west and east.

Where then was the geographic center from which flowed this all-comprehending ice sheet of our region? This is an interesting question. I submit the opinion of others and say that it was probably upon or near the great plateau of Labrador, north of the St. Lawrence river. A glacier flows in the direction of the slope of its upper surface; accordingly it is believed that at that point there was accumulated the deepest snow; and there, even to-day, I am told, is the region of the greatest annual fall for this portion of North America. In support of this view it appears that from that point strice upon rocks radiate in all directions—southerly to us. Thus while a continental glacier covered everything hereabouts, save, perhaps, our highest peaks,[1] there may have been more than one local center of flow.

VII.

A great glacier several thousand feet thick moving slowly down over such a ledgy mountainous region as ours would necessarily drag along with it all those rocky fragments with which it possessed itself, and eventually they would all be deposited somewhere. The ocean, for a long period, was a common dumping ground. Those fragments (1) cemented into the sides where the plastic ice crowded down the valleys, or (2) into the bottom where the mass moved over the land, or (3) piled up in front where the glacier pushed its way to the plain, formed what are called *moraines:* lateral, ground, and frontal, in the order given. Such moraines are now very apparent in connection with any valley glacier and there it is interesting to study them. But they are chiefly an ancient feature with us.

Our state affords undoubted illustrations of them, often upon a vast scale, in the gravelly ridges, "Indian mounds," kames or "horse-backs," and drumlins, which seem almost everywhere to abound. When that great continental glacier finally melted back from the shore after its thousands of years of undisputed occupancy, and when, at last, it reluctantly retreated both to higher altitudes among our mountains and to higher latitudes far to the north of us, all such rock rubbish as was held *in transitu* appears to have been unceremoniously dumped, certainly with no tendency to uniformity, over plains and valleys, plateaus and hills, and there we find the most of it to-day.

These gravel deposits are exceedingly variable in shape, in size, and in their lines of trend. Often they appear as little rounded hills with no skeleton of ledge. Frequently, however, they are ranged in the form of irregular curves extending across sloping valleys. Each such terminal moraine now marks the former halting place of some flank of that great glacier during the season of its last retreat. In the state of Maine a somewhat different form of glacial embankment may be readily traced for nearly twelve miles. For a larger part of the way one finds it serving

[1] Some geologists believe Mt. Washington to have been covered.

the admirable purpose of an elevated carriage road. Of course no river could ever have left such ridges as these. No river is known thus to have dammed itself.

The grinding action upon the mass of under-transported débris itself, caused by the heavy moving ice above and the unyielding ledge below, is, in its effect, of the very highest importance. The process goes on continually beneath a moving glacier. By means of it, in the past, has been formed very much of our soil material. Deposits of surprising depth are found in our state. Compacted deposits of clay have been derived from thoroughly disintegrated feldspars, sand beds from finely pulverized quartz, certain marls from degraded limestones, and so on. Railroad cuts and river gulches sometimes show forty or fifty feet of stratified drift.

A dense, blue, somewhat stratified clay bed, called hard pan or boulder clay, commonly underlies our soil. This was formed and compressed by the glacier. Upon this rock-paste, as the final melting of the great mass went on, or during some recession of the glacier in its later stages, was spread all that looser material which so often shows stratification and the rounding action of water. Upon these later deposits, at length, through a modification of the material, has finally appeared the carbon-enriched surface loam or vegetable mold from which we yearly glean our crops.

That little brook from which I drank while resting at the foot of Mt. Sir Donald, high among the Rockies, was simply a sub-glacial stream; but, like its counterparts, comprising the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, it gave rise to quite a river below—the Illecillewaet. The brook had cut its way through the rocky débris of a terminal moraine; and, as it merrily coursed along, it played with the little pebbles of its clean-kept bed, while carrying all the finer silt away for deposition in a delta below.

All over the northern part of our



Winter in New Hampshire.

state to-day, likewise, we see the same behavior of rapid mountain streams. But those floods of the past which were made by the final melting of that great continental glacier must have been in the form of mighty torrents channeling the till-filled valleys or widening into extensive lake systems. Within the latter they sifted their silt to form the levels of what are now our pleasant stream-coursed meadows.

VIII.

What was the cause of it all, and why has it ceased to be? We do not know with certainty. Several theories furnish probable explanations. Aside from purely astronomical reasons, which are somewhat abstruse, it may be said that a moderate increase in elevation of a large mass of already elevated land will always make quite a difference in the mean annual temperature of the summit region. An increase of elevation amounting to one thousand feet must make an average reduction of more than three degrees Fahrenheit. Our mean annual rainfall is upwards of three feet. Water freezes at thirty-two degrees, hence no great elevation would be necessary in order to retain all this moisture in crystal form. Among our mountains we sometimes see heavy snows falling upon the peaks while it is raining in the valleys. Thus, as it is, our mountains take on their caps quite early in the fall, and, like English Commoners, are slow to take them off.

Now suppose this entire northern area to be raised considerably higher than it is. Snow caps would increase. Raise it higher and they could not possibly be melted away, even under the heat of our warmest summers. Valley glaciers would appear. They would spread, unite, deepen. Raise it higher, a continental glacier would form. It, too, would deepen and spread. Increase of snow would increase the fall of snow. Greater elevation of the land would tend to divert warm equatorial currents farther from our shores. Moist warm air currents would come but only to increase the fall, while melting would only further reduce the normal temperature. Accumulation would go on and on even to the depth of thousands of feet. Our highest hills would gradually disappear. Mount Washington, alone, possibly, might be tall enough to peer around upon a level reach of snow and ice. Then all the mighty processes of the world's stupendous leveler would go on again, rounding the mountains, transporting the boulders, smoothing the ledges, filling the valleys, and leaving an unmistakable mark in stoss and lee.

What brought it all to a close? Centuries had witnessed the birth of the age, centuries had watched its work go on, and centuries saw it die. A gradual lowering of the land masses, such as is now going on in different parts of the world, probably occurred. There was a consequent rising in mean annual temperature which was augmented by a nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to our shores, and, finally, a concluding for another eon of time of those profound astronomical causes — causes which, however, must as surely come again. It is significant that New England at the present time is probably rising. Will there be another reign of ice?



THE EXPECTED GUEST.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

Where silent shadows rest,
Night-wreathed and dark upon the purple sea,
The earth awaits, in sweet expectancy,
The coming of a guest.

The old year breathes his last;
He holds for us no longer gift or quest,
And so we lay white roses on his breast,
And give him to the past.

From thy dead moorings drift,
O barque; in wake for summery seas of blue,
And dear old haunts, where roses wet with dew
Their radiant blooms uplift.

Lo, now the sweet guest stands
Upon the threshold, and we joy to meet
This gracious presence, with rare gifts and sweet
Lading his bounteous hands.

Give us the dream, the rose
That blossoms in the tryst-land of the blest;
Lead us to harvest fields and bowers of rest,
Where love seeks sweet repose.

Let thy sweet violets woo
Our laggard feet into the broader ways,
Where from the glimmering heights the beacon's blaze
Through vistas grand and new.

Kissing thy lilies white,
May we grow pure and beautiful as they;
Gaining new sweetness every passing day,
Dear Father, in thy sight.

Above the midnight bell
Hear thou our greetings, O expected guest;
We take thee to our hearts in trust and rest,
Whatever is, is well.

HOSEA BALLOU.[1]

By Rev. S. H. McCollester, D. D.

BY particular request of this Historical Library Association, I am to present to you at this time a word-picture of Rev. Hosea Ballou, a native and gifted son of New Hampshire.

A great soul is the noblest production in the earth-life. It is infinitely more than land, sea, or star. Nature's refined material is wrought into such a creation. In him there is little dross or cheat.

We are grateful to the past for fossils of plants, animals, ruined cities, and works of art; still we can but be more thankful for the men who live, though their mortality has long since dissolved to dust. So far as man is great and good he lives. Time does not dim his light; he has risen into a sphere to which others can attain only by severest toil and struggle.

The beauty reflected from some masterpiece of statuary, or painting, is of great value, yet what is this worth compared to the portraiture of a sterling soul, reflecting the glory of heaven?

As corn converts mineral substance into food, so moral genius turns rarest material into human use. Linnæus extracts from flowers mental aliment; the fall of Newton's apple discloses gravitation; the eye of Copernicus discovers planets circling suns; Luther opened up justification by faith; Calvin brought forth predestination and election; Channing emphasized the Oneness of God; and Ballou taught the Fatherhood of God, and, therefore, the ultimate rescue of all souls.

As each plant has its own lichens and parasites, so does each truly great man have his own adherents and disciples. Just in proportion as he embodies the truth and unfolds it, does he live and conduct into the fairest fields, beneath balmiest skies, to the richest treasures.

Hosea Ballou was born in Richmond, April 30, 1771. His natal town had been settled at his birth only fourteen years. Its inhabitants then were sparse. Its surface was greatly diversified with hills and vales, thickly wooded and strewn with boulders, and watered by three small ponds and numerous books. Then the growl of the bear, the cry of the hyena, and the bark of the wolf, were no uncommon sounds. Only here and there were clearings and log houses, surrounded in the summer with patches of potatoes and corn, which constituted their main living. Their clothing was home-made of material gleaned from the flax field and cut from the sheep's back.

At this period preparations were waxing warm for the Revolutionary War. These were the times that

[1] An address delivered before the New Hampshire Historical Society, May 11, 1898.

tried men's souls; not the most propitious period for one to open his eyes upon mortal affairs. At first sight it would appear somewhat singular that Maturin Ballou, a Baptist clergyman with his wife, Lydia, and eight children, should move from the Bay state, which was being fairly well settled, into the wilds of southern New Hampshire. Before his removal near relatives had gone thither, which, no doubt, had a strong attraction to him and his wife. Land was cheap, and with his large family he felt that by their emigration thitherward in due time his children would have a much better opportunity for a good living. In addition to this, Mr. Ballou was moved by the missionary spirit, which induced him to carry the Gospel into the wilderness; probably this was the mainspring urging him on to Richmond. He was a devoutly consecrated Calvinist Baptist, and his relatives, who had preceded him in settling in Richmond, were of the same religious faith.

Their first journey from Massachusetts to Richmond, in 1768, was largely through the wilderness, being conveyed a part of the way in a cart drawn by oxen, fording streams, descending into valleys, and climbing hills, camping out nights, and living upon the plainest food. Their destination was at length reached, and they found themselves soon settled in a rude home, trusting and hopeful. They at once felled trees, caught trout from the brooks, hunted wild game for meat, and in the season planted corn and potatoes among the stumps.

Mr. Ballou, the first Sunday after his arrival, preached in a grove to a score of happy souls, and he was more delighted, if possible, than were they. His efforts in this direction for a considerable time were labors of love. In the course of two years he was successful in organizing and establishing the second Baptist society in New Hampshire. In the same year of their removal his family was increased by the addition of another son that was named Stephen, and in 1771 still another son greeted them that was christened Hosea, signifying salvation, now making in all eleven children in their family. One daughter, Amy, had departed this life before they settled in the Granite state. Hosea was a robust child, sedate and thoughtful. Being the youngest in the large group of children, he was the favorite. His bright blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and flaxen hair were much admired. When but two years old his affectionate mother sickened and died. This was a terrible blight to the family. Husband and children found it hard to submit to the irreparable loss. Hosea was not old enough to sense his great misfortune. But his father was tender and kind; his sisters and brothers were loving and faithful. They watched over Hosea with a love next to that of a mother's. As he advanced in years, he grew strong and noble. Father, sisters, and brothers would frequently speak of him as a precocious and original boy. He early learned to read. The only books in the home were the Bible, a small English dictionary antedating Johnson's, an old almanac, and a pamphlet treating of the tower of Babel. No newspaper came into that home. No voices of poets, scholars, scientists, or philosophers

addressed its inmates. How meagre then was the opportunity for learning. Minds and hearts were thirsting for knowledge. As yet no public school had been started in Richmond. Hosea was exceedingly fond of nature. He delighted in going barefoot summers, in chasing the butterflies, in sporting with squirrels and rabbits, in watching the flight of birds and listening to their songs. He made many friends in the woods. He observed the trees and soon acquired the names of them all. He was extremely kind to domestic animals, and they were very fond of him. He early became charmed with the notes of the water-thrush night and morning, and the chorus of the whippoorwill in the twilight and the evening. The drumming of the partridge, the hooting of the owl, the whistle of the hawk, and the cawing of the crow were music to his ear. He seemed bound to seek and know, and so he early formed the habit of reading the Bible. In this volume he did find the narrative, the practical, the didactic, the allegorical, and historical. He was naturally of a religious turn of mind. When he was advanced in his teens, he prided himself in doing a man's work; yet after laboring from sunrise to sunset, he was accustomed to spend hours in reading the Scriptures by a light from the pine knot. Tallow candles could not be afforded at that period in the average home.

All children then were being brought up after the strictest notions of Calvinism. Hosea was made to feel that he was chief of sinners in as much as he was so fond of nature, and did enjoy many things in this world, which had been corrupted as he had come to think through the fall of Adam.

Trouble had arisen in his father's church, causing so much of a division as to call into existence another Baptist organization, forcing Mr. Ballou to resign his pastorate. Bitterest feeling rankled in the hearts of these factions. It was not long before the more considerate felt that something must be done to remedy the animosities which were raging throughout the town, and so a revival was inaugurated. The church members after this was underway ceased to snarl at one another and united in a raid upon the unconverted. Hosea was now eighteen years of age, and his training had been such as to lead him to look upon himself as a child of wrath, and, therefore, he was led to join in the crusade against satan, and through the blood of Christ get washed clean of sin and its consequences. In this experience he afterwards said that "what troubled him most at the time of the excitement was that he could not realize the thrills and throes which many of the converted claimed to experience;" some fell to the floor, others jumped over chairs, and underwent all manner of contortions. But Hosea felt it his duty to become a professor, and was immersed in January, 1789, by cutting away ice in the river. He had already become noted as one who wanted to know the why and wherefore of things. He now felt that his trouble hitherto in not understanding religious matters had been due to his unregenerate heart. Now he thought that he should be greatly relieved, that the clouds would be dispelled, and that clear-

ness of apprehension would take the place of obfuscation. He had been taught that reason was carnal, and the heart had become totally depraved through Adam's fall. Previous to his regeneration, he had lived a strictly moral and upright life, and now he found little chance to improve on his previous conduct. After his mind and heart had been renewed, he still wished to know whereof he believed. Accordingly he was wont to ask his father to explain predestination, particular redemption, total depravity, the effectual calling, the final judgment, and endless punishment; but he would reply, "My son, you must accept these doctrines without allowing yourself to question or speculate in the least; reason is carnal." With all deference to his good father, he would subside for the time being, feeling the trouble was within himself; yet in spite of himself he felt that he must know, and so to his Bible he would go and read and pray, and by and by light began to dawn on him.

In the spring following his conversion, he went with his older brother, Stephen, who was a church member, to Westfield, N. Y., to work on a farm. Here was a Baptist society presided over by Elder Brown. Here Hosea continued in his leisure hours to search the Scriptures, and soon began to discover that some of the dogmas of Calvinism were not supported by the Word of God as he read it. He mentioned some of his perplexities to his brother Stephen, who immediately sought an interview with Elder Brown, unbeknown to his brother, and opened the way for the minister to question Hosea somewhat minutely and so find out where he stood. He did so, inviting the young man to his house, who, very frankly, as he was questioned, stated his difficulties in finding support for all of Calvinism in the Bible. Upon this the elder said, "Find one passage, or as many as you please, and I will refute them in no time." Hosea opened to the fifteenth chapter of Romans and eighteenth verse, saying that "he was unable to understand that passage if it taught the eternal reprobation of any of the human family." The reverend immediately began to expatiate very loud, making strong assertions, spreading himself over much ground, without once hitting the nail on the head. This confused and disappointed young Ballou, and he was forced to leave Mr. Brown without the least satisfaction, yea, more in trouble than ever. This caused Stephen to regret that he had been instrumental in bringing about the intercourse. This led Hosea to apply himself with more diligence and assiduity to the study of the Scriptures.

After the summer was ended and the harvest was past, Hosea and his brother returned to Richmond. Joy was experienced upon their arrival, for Ballou Dell was the dearest spot on earth to all the Ballou children. Here he met his brother David, twelve years his senior, now married and settled on a farm. During the absence of the former, the latter had avowed himself to have been born into the light of Universalism, as he had heard it preached by Rev. M. Rich. David had investigated the doctrine and found it to his joy supported by the Bible. This was a great disap-

pointment to the noble father. As Hosea was now assisted by his brother, they both studied the Scriptures from beginning to end, and found them to teach the fatherhood of God and the ultimate salvation of all men through Christ as they felt. Now the father was in anguish of soul as he learned that Hosea, the most talented and promising of any of his sons had fallen from grace, and as he then believed, would be forever lost, should he continue in his present condition.

But Hosea persisted in his investigation, taking his Bible into the fields as he went out to work, reading it in the spare moments as they should occur. Various questions, according to his own testimony, would force themselves upon his mind, as he would be at work, as "Why has God made me to desire the salvation of all souls?" "Can Nature contradict the word of God?" "Can election and reprobation be true?" "Did God foreknow and foreordain the condition of his children before they were born?" These and numerous other questions kept haunting him day and night, and as he would talk with his father and other Calvinists, he could get no satisfaction and needed help in his straightened circumstances.

At length, after long investigation and prayerful study, the light burst upon him, in the fact, taught by the Bible, nature and reason, that God is Father of all souls. As this radiance fell upon him, the way in which he should walk was made clear. Henceforth he felt that he must not keep his belief to himself, and that in a humble way he must make it known to others. He now cherished kindlier feelings for his father, sisters, and brothers. The infinite love of God had taken possession of his heart. He was moved with the highest sense of duty to do all in his power to save souls, believing that God thus constantly works.

The ensuing fall he was enabled to attend a school in Richmond which had been opened by the Quakers. He made great progress in pursuing critically the English branches. He boarded at home, working night and morning to help his father. At one time, it is related that he was chopping wood at the door, and he chanced to take his Bible from his pocket and place it in the end of the woodpile that it might be readily at hand, which his father saw him do, and at once asked him "What is that book?" To which the son replied, "A Universalist book." Upon this the father stepped along and picked up the book, and lo, it was the Bible. The father laid it down, and walking away, said not a word. But the son did enjoy the jest exceedingly, all to himself.

Not long after he finished this term of school, an opportunity presented itself for him to attend the academy at Chesterfield, which, at that time, was a popular institution. Here he pursued some of the higher branches of learning. With his natural ability, aptitude, and application, he ranked high in his studies, leading his class in some branches. As he left that school, Principal Logan, in charge of it, gave him a good recommend to teach school. Returning to Richmond, he labored for some months farming for his brother David. About this date he was excommunicated from the Baptist

church there, not because of any misdemeanor, but for the reason that he had come to believe in the ultimate rescue of all men. He found no fault with this treatment. He had become accustomed to speak and pray in lay meetings; and after his expulsion, he continued in the even tenor of his way. He already had a few sympathizers in his own faith, and so he started some meetings, holding them in certain homes. One of the Baptist deacons became interested in these gatherings and soon declared himself a Universalist. He had a meeting appointed at his house and invited Hosea Ballou to preach. It is reported that he had a good text, but he was considerably embarrassed and did not make a success of it. Some of the hearers, after the meeting, were heard to remark that "Hosea better stick to farming, or the trade of his father, making spinning wheels." Of course this was not a break down, neither was it satisfactory. Not long afterwards he was in Brattleboro, Vt., and friends there beset him to preach the following Sunday, which he finally consented to do. After this meeting his friends were disappointed, concluding that the young man was not cut out to be a preacher. Still it would seem that he was resolved upon it himself, and so he made the third attempt, which was a decided improvement over the other two. Like Demosthenes, Sheriden, and Patrick Henry he was bound to succeed.

In the fall of 1790 Hosea and his brother David attended, at Oxford, Mass., the New England General Convention of Universalists. Isolated as they had been, this was a remarkable event, for here they saw Rev. John Murray, Rev. George Richards, and other Universalist clergyman. In 1791, they were in a convention at the same place, and again three years later, which was a memorable meeting for its adoption of articles of faith and form of church government, recommended by the Philadelphia convention. These were adopted and put into practice so far as possible. The Ballous at this meeting heard, for the first time, Revs. Elhanan Winchester and Joab Young. At one service young Hosea was induced to preach, and on this occasion he related his religious experience and captivated all hearts present. The effect was such that when Mr. Winchester was preaching the last sermon of the convention, the young evangelist being in the pulpit, who had preached, while he was teaching, a few times in Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts to the gratification of all hearing him, refers to these facts, saying that we are persuaded this young man, as a teacher and preacher, is called to the office of the ministry by the Lord, and so I press this Bible, taking it from the desk, to your heart as the written Jehovah." Upon which Joab Young rose and said, "I charge you preach the Word." So at the close of this meeting, Hosea Ballou found himself unexpectedly ordained to the ministry of the gospel.

Two years later, 1796, we find in the records of Hardwick the following: Mr. Hosea Ballou of Hardwick, Mass., and Miss Ruth Washburn of Williamsburg. We can readily imagine the significance of this which was the initiatory step to the marriage of the young man and woman. It

proved a happy and fortunate union; two truer souls were never wedded; they were one in hand and heart. A few months later they were settled in Hardwick, where they remained for seven years, during which time the young minister made remarkable progress in theology and spiritual attainment.

In these early years of his ministry his fame, unconsciously to himself, was spreading abroad. Somehow the people were being drawn to him, not that he was emotional and dogmatic, but earnest, considerate, and true to his convictions, intensely desirous for the truth, and a careful reader and student of the Bible. He never gave the impression that he was going to stand by his doctrine, right or wrong. He craved a religion that satisfied head and heart, and could be proved true by revelation and reason. He was derided and bitterly opposed by many who differed from him in religious belief. He was not naturally polemical and disposed to combat and criticise unkindly views which differed from his own, yet religious tactics so confronted him that he was obliged to parry and ward off the thrusts and blows which were turned upon him. He had already become so familiar with the Scriptures and their teachings that he feared not any more than did David opposing Goliahs, and was ready to meet them wherever Providence appeared to call him to battle. The young expounder was remarkable in hurling proof-texts at the Philistine giants, knocking the flooring from under their feet. He never lost his temper, or was thrown from his base when treating religious matters. Frequently the calls were made upon him to go here and there, summer and winter, and so he traveled long distances in wagon, or sleigh, or on horseback through vales and over hills to carry good news to waiting and perishing souls. He preached on Sundays and very frequently week days.

He had now developed into a noble looking man, six feet tall, weighing two hundred pounds, straight as an arrow, with a well-balanced head, having large perceptive and reflective faculties, his eyes blue, and hair abundant. His presence was dignified and impressive. His stated compensation was five dollars a Sunday.

During his stay of seven years in Hardwick, he had a friendly-written discussion with Rev. Joel Foster, A. M., of New Salem, pitting Calvinism against Universalism. In this contest Mr. Ballou said, "I am satisfied in the idea of a future state of discipline in which the impenitent are miserable." I know that it has often been said that Mr. Ballou believed that the sinner received all his punishment in this life, but the above statement is from Mr. Ballou's own pen. I am aware that Dr. Thomas Whitemore, in his history of Mr. Ballou, has stated that Hosea Ballou did not believe in future retribution. We know that Mr. Whitemore, at the time he wrote the history of Universalism, did not himself believe in any discipline after death, and was so tenacious of this idea that he did not wish to admit that anyone did, who believed in the ultimate salvation of all. Some men are given to strong and sweeping statements when treating of religious themes. Possibly Mr. Ballou did not feel to class himself with the early restorationists of the Elhanan Winchester school,

but he was always most emphatic in quoting St. Paul's assertion: "As a man sows, so shall he reap." I recollect distinctly of hearing Rev. Hosea Faxon Ballou, the son of the elder Hosea Ballou, who preached Universalism for many years, say that his good father always preached the certainty of punishment, saying, "That if we did not get it here, we would hereafter." His son believed in future discipline, or retribution; so Hosea Ballou should never be classed with those few who at one time gained the appellation of "Death and Glory Universalists." It is true in the early history of the Universalist church this notion of future discipline was not made a controversial question, but all were classed as Universalists who believed in the ultimate safety of all souls. This was especially true of Drs. Williamson, Hosea Ballou, 2d, Thayer, Chapin, Sawyer, Ryder, and Miner. So far as I know this is the case with the whole church to-day.

In 1803 Mr. Ballou and family removed to Barnard, Vt., as a centre, preaching more or less in Woodstock, Bethel, Bridgewater, and Hartland. He found many warm friends of Universalism in these towns, and many others through his ministry were led to embrace it. This year he attended the United States Convention of Universalists held in Winchester, N. H., at which a confession of faith was adopted, which remained intact up to 1897, when some verbal changes in it were made. This confession was written by Rev. Mr. Ferris and supported by Mr. Ballou and others, and was finally adopted by a unanimous vote.

About this period Mr. Ballou wrote his "Notes on the Parables," and published them. The parables had been usually explained literally, and Mr. Ballou knew this to be a sad mistake, resulting in keeping minds in ignorance and forcing upon them irreparable loss. Why he was so anxious to place minds in the way of acquiring knowledge and knowing the truth, it was to the end that they might not lose opportunity for the growth of mind. He believed that repentance and the greatest endeavor could never make up in this world or the world to come for a lost day or lost opportunity, and so henceforth must remain so much behind what it might have been, provided it had continually advanced in the exercise of its fullest power. As God is unchangeable and impartial, he could not be induced to prevaricate in the least from his law of just compensation, always rewarding according to deserts.

In his "Treatise on the Parables," he could not have the assistance of modern travels and investigation, but nevertheless he did get at the pith of them as interpreted by modern scholarship. This work was widely circulated and read.

Mr. Ballou was not all this while unmindful of his aged father, however pressing his cares and duties. Being the youngest child, and the father had mothered him so tenderly through his early years, that their hearts were so interwoven that they could not be separated in spirit, and letters frequently passed between them, and the son visited the father whenever it was possible. The Ballou Dell and the old home there were very precious to Hosea. He could seem to hear, when far off, the calls

there of the wood thrush, the bobolink, and the purling brook bidding him come hither. From the Winchester convention he went to see his noble sire, preaching the succeeding Sunday in the pulpit that had been occupied by his father for many years, but now the son had the father and three brothers as hearers. Hosea was somewhat confused at first, but soon became lost in his subject, which was the "Love of God." The springs of the mind were stirred and they poured tears fast down the sire's cheeks, as eloquent and forceful words fell upon the ear, as thoughts flashed and burned, setting afire all listening hearts.

Not long after this experience, the venerated father departed this life and his remains were tenderly laid beside those of his beloved wife and the sainted mother. Throughout New England at this period Universalism, as defined by Rev. John Murray and his assistant, Rev. Edward Mitchel, rested on the basis of the Calvinistic "Scheme." At this date most Universalists were Trinitarian Calvinists. Mr. Ballou was surprised at this fact; he felt it was not Scriptural and very far from being founded upon Christ's testimony, and so he was induced to write his "Treatise on Atonement."

The prevailing belief then was, Mr. Ballou felt, that God created man and placed him in Eden, and because Adam fell, he involved all his posterity in guilt and unending gloom, exciting the implacable anger of God. So here were God and man involved in furious warfare with each other. What was to be done? What could be done? A scheme was devised and thought to be supported by the Bible that the Almighty was led to become reconciled to some men by the death of the second person in the Godhead on the cross. All men were actually deserving of endless torment, but through the atoning blood of Christ, God had been induced to save all for whom Christ died, thereby making sin and virtue commodities of traffic.

Now, Mr. Ballou had discovered that there was not a passage of Scripture which spoke of reconciling God to man, for he never had been unreconciled. This he felt was an impossibility, for God is unchangeable; he is, always has been, and always will be the Father of all. He had discovered that man was the runaway, and, therefore, had become the unreconciled one, and that Christ so loved God and man that he was ready and, therefore, did sacrifice himself to call man back and make him at one with God. Mr. Ballou believed that Christ did suffer in the flesh for all men, that thereby they might be led to God, somewhat similar, though in an infinitely higher degree, as a mother suffers and even dies to save her children. There is no buying and selling here, Mr. Ballou felt, but doing right on the ground of right and duty.

This treatise is a remarkable work, especially when we consider the age in which it was written. It is as strong and logical, if not as classical, as "Butler's Analogy." "His method of expression is very similar to that of the great Lincoln in his homely talk," of whom Lowell quaintly said, "After hearing him the American people heard themselves thinking aloud."

In this work he treats of the unity

of God and the lordship of Christ long before the cultured Channing treated of the Oneness of God, or the Unitarian sect had a being. He explained vicarious sacrifice a quarter of a century before Horace Bushnell produced his work on the same subject and very much after the same manner, but in a more erudite style; or still later, Henry Ward Beecher preached with tremendous emphasis the same doctrine; and still later Dr. Lyman Abbott has declared the same teaching, as if it were something just revealed to gifted minds. Mr. Ballou's treatise was as a beacon set on the mountain to throw its light far over the landscape, or as a flame from the lighthouse to flare far out over the sea. It is Scriptural and loyal to the testimony of prophet and apostle. Its teachings are being widely interwoven into the theology of the present age. In a few years after its publication the whole Universalist church came to accept its views, having declared them true without let or abatement.

After a settlement of six years in Barnard, Mr. Ballou settled in Portsmouth. Portsmouth was then a large and promising village. He was pledged $800 a year, being a large salary for those days. He soon found that his lines had not fallen upon a bed of roses. As he held forth what he believed to be the truth, he was attacked on every hand, and represented by religious teachers and in public gatherings, as being akin to the satanic majesty. He was forced by request and circumstances to discuss and treat exegetically biblical questions, but he was always courteous and lenient towards those who differed from him. He never indulged in any slang or sarcasm, but was remarkable for supporting his arguments by Scripture quotations. It was frequently said of him that he knew the Bible by heart. If any passage or text was quoted, he could tell at once its author, book, and chapter. Hitherto he had been required to prepare but one sermon a Sunday, as he could use the same in his itinerary, but in Portsmouth it was two discourses each Sabbath, and as he preached without notes, but never extemporaneously, he found it necessary to apply himself, without stint, for he aimed to give his people something new at every service. He had many funerals to attend, and opponents would watch him, trying to pick some flaw with what he said, and would often ask him to explain publicly, or by letter, what he had taught. In this settlement he was challenged to public discussion with the leading clergymen of the village, but he was equal to the emergency and lost no ground, when it appeared as though the odds were against him. He was here during the War of 1812, and proved himself a true patriot and defender of his country. He came to be regarded a gifted man, natural in speech, fluent, idiomatic, not bookish, but far from being classic.

In 1815, being forty-five years of age, he left Portsmouth to settle in Salem, Mass. There was great depression of business after the war, and Mr. Ballou's efforts were in the direction of good cheer and hope, demonstrating that if earthly treasures failed, spiritual riches would not take to themselves wings and fly away, and therefore the great strife should be for the latter, thereby

growing soul-capacity and character. Salem, at this period, was a weird city, and had been from its early history, being given to superstition and witchcraft. Not a few were inclined to regard Mr. Ballou as from the fiery pit, harboring many evil spirits. So pamphlets were published under pseudonyms and circulated extensively, representing him as an imposter and deceiver. One minister made a public attack upon him whom Mr. Ballou so met as to cause him at once to subside and hold his peace ever after.

Here he was called upon to defend the authenticity of divine revelation, which had been denied by one Mr. Abner Kneeland, who had been a popular preacher in various parts of the country. Mr. Ballou gained many laurels in this defence. This victory, with the previous honors, won by persistent and Christian endeavor, placed him now at the front of the Universalist ministry. He was proving himself the doctrinal defender of his church. He won many new converts to his faith while in Salem. With deep regret on the part of his people and himself, from a sense of duty, he removed from Salem to Boston, to commence work there on the first Sunday in January, 1818. Forty-four years before John Murray was stoned in an old meeting-house, occupying the site of the one in which Mr. Ballou was preaching. As Mr. Murray picked up the stone which had lodged in his pulpit, he said, "We confess the argument is solid and weighty, but it is neither Scriptural nor convincing."

Mr. Murray was a Trinitarian Universalist and believed in the expiatory sacrifice of Christ, while Mr. Ballou was a Unitarian Universalist and believed the vicarious suffering of Christ to be the means by which to exhibit the great love of God for his children. He was warmly welcomed to Boston by his own people, but was stared at and scoffed by the masses. He was considered generally as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Still there was a popular tide from the first Sunday he preached there, which kept setting towards his church. To accommodate the throngs that desired to hear him, he usually preached three times each Sabbath. His ministry in Boston commenced with vigor and continued thus for more than a score and half years.

As he began his work in Boston there were sixteen Universalist societies in the state and some twelve ministers, but he lived to see more than a hundred preachers settled in the Bay state, and a larger number of societies. It was not long before he came to be looked upon in Boston as a man of strength. While he was discreet, he was fearless; while he was ready to speak, he was a diligent student; he made every day tell to his advancement and growth in knowledge. He never gloried in himself, or was puffed up by any achievement of his own. All praise for human success, he felt, was due to God. After he had preached what others called a great sermon, he never could regard it such; however, every speech he made and every discourse he delivered had some special point to them. He seldom failed hitting the mark aimed at. After he was settled in Boston every week one of his sermons was published and freely distributed.

In 1819, with Mr. Henry Bowen, he started the *Weekly Magazine and Ladies' Miscellany*, which was soon changed into a Universalist magazine, edited by Mr. Ballou. This was the first Universalist newspaper published in America. From this date till his death, he was either assistant editor or contributor to some periodical. He never wrote unless he had something to say, and as we look over his published sermons it becomes evident that they were the outcome of study and careful preparation; they are direct, positive, devout, and strictly Christian, arrayed in plain English. While they have not the classic touch of a Blair, or a Swing, or Farrar, they are not to be surpassed in genius and profound thought. For sixty years he stood upon the walls of Zion, proclaiming what he believed from the depths of his soul, to be the truth of God. He was sent, it does seem, to be a special interpreter of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Bible was his textbook, commentary, and authority on all questions of doctrine; his sole object was to teach the truth. That he was largely successful is made plain from the fact that he sustained himself for so long a period, as a devout Christian man amidst the bitterest opposition and during the intensest religious warfare in the history of our country.

Horace Bushnell said of him, just after his death, "No other man has done so much to change and soften New England theology as Hosea Ballou." Wherever he preached after he became famous, the people pressed to hear him, and they were certain to understand his thought. His off-hand manner of preaching just met the demands of the age. His theme was sure to be the gospel of Christ. He never made any attempt to invent a new gospel. He was too wise to tear down the Old or New Testament. On their foundation he built his faith. Christ was the chief corner-stone of his religion. All who heard him could but feel he is true to his conviction. In spirit he was genial, tender, and loving as a child.

In his preparation for the pulpit he was careful, studious, and thorough; in delivery he was thoughtful, self-possessed, dignified, and calmly eloquent; intellect, not emotion, controlled him; he was logical, positive, and convincing; he felt responsible to God, not to man; he dared to present the truth. This quality of soul is what especially perpetuates his name. This feature is what makes him, like Latimer and Knox, live. Such characters always move the age in which they exist.

The ground principles of Universalism, as developed by Hosea Ballou, remain unchanged, which are that God will finally have all men saved from sin through Christ, who will reign till every soul, having been disciplined and punished for every sin committed, either in this life or the life to come, shall return to God.

Of course the main points of his theology have been explained, illustrated, and seemingly somewhat modified by Drs. Hosea Ballou, 2d, T. J. Sawyer, T. B. Thayer, E. Fisher, E. H. Chapin, A. A. Miner, and others.

At the beginning of his ministry he was timid and original; at its meridian he was sound and strong; and at eighty he was wise and profound.

He was pastor of the School Street

Church for thirty-four years. After he had crossed the line of seventy, many of his people felt that he should have an assistant, and Rev. T. C. Adams was secured for a season, and afterwards Rev. H. B. Soule was junior pastor for a while, but in 1846 Rev. E. H. Chapin was duly settled as a colleague. He was gladly welcomed by the senior pastor as well as by the laymen. Mr. Chapin had come to be regarded one of the most eloquent preachers in New England. Large numbers flocked to hear him, but in two years he was called to a pulpit in New York which soon became renowned throughout the nation. In 1848 Rev. A. A. Miner was Mr. Chapin's successor, who was equal to the demands. Mr. Ballou soon came to regard him a preacher after his own mind and heart. The relation between them was soon that of father and son. It was not long before Dr. Miner came to be considered a preacher of strength in Boston. A great leader is certain to multiply his stock. This was particularly true of Hosea Ballou. In his trail followed Dr. Thomas Whitemore, for many years the famous editor of the *Trumpet;* Dr. Lucius Page, a scholar and Biblical commentator; Dr. Hosea Ballou 2d, the editor of the *Universalist Expositor*, which afterwards was merged into the *Universalist Quarterly*, and later president of Tufts college up to his death; Rev. John Boyden, who was for thirty years minister and pastor in Woonsocket, R. I.

These, as well as other preachers, were virtually spiritual sons of Hosea Ballou, all having been born into the light of the Gospel through his life and teaching.

His own sons, born of his bone and flesh, were equally his spiritual sons. Hosea Faxon proclaimed the faith of the father for some forty years in Whitingham and Wilmington, Vermont; Massena Berthier preached Universalism for a quarter of a century in Stoughton, Massachusetts; Maturin Murray devoted himself to literary pursuits, writing up his travels of nearly all parts of the world. He was always filial and loyal to his parentage, as he fully illustrates in the biography of his father and his family.

Hosea Ballou was a leader in his home as well as abroad. His spirit especially expressed itself in his family. He and his companion were always one in act and spirit, being tender and affectionate to each other. To them were born eleven children: two of these passed up higher in infancy, while six daughters and three sons lived to grow up and become useful members of society. All revered father and mother up to the very last. As their parents became advanced in years, the children watched over them and guarded them most lovingly. It is not strange that it should have been thus, when we know the spirit which actuated the father in his home, and which he imparted to other friends for the government of children, as expressed in the following:

"When giving your children commands, be careful that you speak with becoming dignity as if not only the right, but the wisdom also, to command was with you. Be cautious that you never give your commands in a loud voice, or in haste. When you have occasion to rebuke, be careful to do it with manifest kind-

ness. When you are obliged to deny the request that your child may make, do not allow yourself to do it with severity. It is enough for the dear little ones to be denied what they want, without being nearly knocked down with a sharp voice ringing in their tender ears. You will find that they will imbibe your spirit and manners. They will treat one another as you treat them. If you speak harshly, they will, when they have formed their habits, treat you with unkind and unbecoming replies. If you treat your little ones with tenderness, you will fix love in their hearts; they will love one another; they will imitate the conversation they hear from the tenderest friends that children have on earth."

In 1850, near the close of his eightieth year, Mr. Ballou preached his valedictory discourse to his church; however, it was not intended to be his last sermon, but it was the last one he committed to writing. His text was from 2 Peter 1 : 15, "I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things constantly in remembrance." This sermon was a review of the past and the progress made in religious and social affairs during his ministry. He emphasized the Divine Sovereignty and Fatherhood of God as the sure helps and support in all trials and conditions of human life.

In the fall of 1851 he made a journey by rail and carriage to his old home. It was in October when nature had donned her most brilliant colors; the air was loaded with exhilarating tonics. Leaving the railroad at Fitzwilliam he rode in open carriage. The roadsides were bordered with goldenrod, and as he came to the woods the spruces and hemlocks dropped their boughs of balsam close about him; beeches and maples waved their branches of gold and scarlet. From each hilltop gained, the descending sun was throwing floods of light upon the heights and into the vales, casting reflections down and up to him of almost celestial hues, making his heart to leap for joy and thanksgiving. As he came in sight of the scenes of his boyhood, resplendent with the sunset glow, he could express his gladness and joy only by keeping silence and communing with God. Now he was old, then and there he was young; now God was very close unto him, then he was afar off; now God is the Father of all, then he loved the few and hated, as he felt, the many. Ballou Dell still continued to be the dearest spot to him on earth. Here were the graves of his beloved father and mother. Here were a few friends left of his boyhood; his heart yearned to see them all.

He reached his destination in safety, and in the course of a few days saw all his old friends remaining in the flesh; visited the graves of his parents and those of many old acquaintances; made many new friends, and on Sunday he preached, not as a boy, "but such a man as Paul the aged," and was like the great apostle in word and demonstration: minds were enlightened, hearts were fed; the crowd present blest God for the day, the occasion and the preached word. That day will never be forgotten, and many a report of it has, no doubt, been borne to heaven, as souls have passed into the beautiful light.

Mr. Ballou expressed himself at the time, as glad that he had been born in Richmond, a town upon which nature had poured from her cornucopia unsurpassed beauties and bounties. He was thankful, moreover, that he was a son of New Hampshire, noted for its men and women, its schools and churches.

As he returned to Boston from this visit, bearing good tidings to wife, children, and friends, he made them feel that they would return to heaven in due time, the happier and the better, because of the added joys to the heart of their cherished friend from his visit to Richmond.

In May, 1852, it was my privilege to be in Boston Anniversary Week and at the Universalist Festival in Boylston Hall, which was elegantly adorned with flowers, plants, and flags. Prof. Benjamin F. Tweed, of Tufts college, was in the chair. After a feast upon the good and abundant things for the body, the president announced a toast in behalf of the clergy, calling upon Rev. Starr King to respond. As the slender man rose, with his boy face and flaxen hair, it seemed as though we should not get much from that call. But at once scintillations of fire began to drop from his lips, clear cut, rhetorical sentences, logic with a hammer to drive it home; profound, electrifying thoughts fell thick and fast upon the audience. As Mr. King sat down he was no longer a little man, but a giant in intellect and heart.

The next toast was "Our country and the Empire state in particular." Dr. E. H. Chapin of New York was called to respond. A flood of eloquence was all at once dashed upon the vast congregation. Oh, such a speech, pathetic, dramatic, convincing, soul-piercing and uplifting, fell from his lips. The vast audience drew a long breath as the speaker attained his climax and period.

The next toast was, "Our denominational fathers, we honor them for what they were, are, and for what their life-power shall be in the strife and progress of the future." The veteran, Hosea Ballou, was asked for a response. A man tall, slim, and straight, with a face as fair as a child's, head high and frontal, crowned with hair white as snow, began to speak by quoting from the Scriptures, how "A handful of corn fell in the earth on the tops of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon and fill the valleys." The speaker continued, saying, "I have lived to see this fulfilled. The few kernels of spiritual corn which were scattered into the soil of our Mount Zion, took root, blossomed, and are yielding sixty and a hundredfold. Fifty years ago, I little dreamed that I should be permitted to see such a sight as my eyes now behold. From a few believing souls in the great salvation, we have grown to a respectable Christian body. The Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Christ, and the Brotherhood of man, are bringing minds out of darkness into marvelous light; are converting the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord. Our chief concern should be, brethren, to live our faith so as to let our light shine before men and to glorify our Father in heaven." For twenty minutes this venerable man spoke after this manner, causing hearts to burn and re-

spond amen. All who enjoyed that festive occasion could not refrain from thanking God that it had been their privilege to see and hear once more Father Ballou, who had fought the good fight and gained the victory. His thought was clear, his sentences complete, his expression eloquent, and his mein graceful. No one after hearing him could question his sincerity or profoundness, and would not admit that he was quick to perceive, keen to analyze, cogent in reasoning, honest in purpose, and altogether consecrated to the work of the Gospel.

The following month he was preparing to attend the Massachusetts State Convention of Universalists at Plymouth on the second of June, and while doing so he was taken ill and soon took his bed. His devoted wife was an invalid at the time, and on the morning of June the seventh, Hosea Ballou passed from the mortal to the immortal. On the ninth his burial service took place at the School Street church, Dr. A. A. Miner preaching the sermon. The procession from the church following his remains to Mount Auburn was immense.

So in triumph Hosea Ballou departed this life. Into his labors we have entered. He planted for others to harvest. His was the toil, ours the inheritance. While we rejoice in the heritage, let us freshen the memory of his virtues and honor him as a worthy and gifted son of New Hampshire, realizing that the secret of his power lay in his ever seeking for the truth and ever dispensing what he believed to be the truth. Others surpassed him in eloquence; many were ahead of him in scholarship; but none excelled him in intuitive perception of the truth and a conscientious regard for justice and the right. His emphatic questions were, Is this right? Is it just? When these were affirmatively answered his Puritanic sense of duty pushed him onward. He was optimistic, never failing to see the good and to appreciate it; and was pessimistic so far as to see the evil and despise it, always believing that right, however, would triumph in the end over wrong. God to him was the only Almightiness in the universe. He so wrought this idea into the nerve and fiber of his long life of intellectual and spiritual labor as to render him famous as a religious builder.

Lamartine has said: "There are certain men nature has endowed with distinct privileges. Their ambition, instead of being the offspring of a passion, is the emanation of mental power. They do not aspire, but they mount by an irresistible force, as the aërostatic globe rises above the element higher than itself, by the sole superiority of specific ascendency." Thus among the favored few Hosea Ballou stands preëminent. Star after star may dim; stone after stone may crumble into dust; the names of kings and warriors may be forgotten, but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for the love of God and the salvation of man, minds will enshrine the memory of Hosea Ballou with freshest wreaths of love and gratitude.

Men are pleased to stand by the small stone inserted in the pavement of the Parliament square, near St. Giles's church in Edinburgh, for it

marks the grave of John Knox who dared, in spite of queen and high majesty, to preach and live what he felt to be right in the sight of God. Men are delighted to look upon the tomb of Martin Luther at Wittenburg, Germany, who was brave enough to tear off the monkish cowl and go to the Diet of Worms, though "Every tile on the roof-top were a devil." Men are glad to bend over the grave of John Wesley near City Road Chapel cemetery, marked by a marble slab, who always acted on the principle which he laid down for others: "Make all you can by industry; save all you can by economy; give all you can by liberality;" and who passed behind the veil, surrounded by friends, exclaiming, "The best of all is, God is with us." Men esteem it a great privilege to visit the grave of Frederick W. Robertson in the Extra-Mural cemetery at Brighton, Eng., who preached so many great sermons to a small congregation, marvelous for their intellectuality, philosophy, and spirituality; and on whose monument have been placed by his friends, his own words, spoken at the burial of a noble man, "We have lost him as a man, gained him as a spirit; for just where the human ends, the divine begins." Men are gratified to visit the grave of Hosea Ballou at Mount Auburn, who lived and died endeavoring to show that God is the Father of all souls and Christ the ultimate Saviour of all men.

While walking the sacred retreats where rest the mortality of gifted men, we find naught that is permanent and satisfying; still, as we take a backward and forward look through the vista of the centuries, by some irresistible instinct and soul power we behold these men still living, working out honor and glory in the temple of the Most High. Somehow, through Christianity, their individuality and identity are brought to light and immortalized as co-workers with the Father and Son, bidding us and all, "Come up higher," in thought, spirit, culture, and life.

ON A HILLSIDE.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Come, sit on this bowlder, the warn sun is shining,
The woods are in autumn array,
The woodbines, with scarlet, the elm trees are twining
And barberry clusters are gay.
Ripe apples, like cannon balls heaped, are all ready
To bombard the cold winter days.
From out ghostly corn-fields the pumpkins beam steady
With comforting hints in their rays.

[Look there—down the highway! What cumbersome wain!
Oh, thrashers are coming to thrash out the grain!]

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The haws of the wild rose are gleaming like cherries—
They huddle close down in the dell,
The bayberry bushes are blue with ripe berries,
How spicy their spiky leaves smell!
The beeches are dropping their nuts in good measure—
All bristling with burs—to the ground,
The wild vines no longer are guarding their treasure,
Its purple may quickly be found.

[The thrashers are turning. They take the barn lane.
What clanking and rattle of tackle and chain!]

The old pasture carpet looks threadbare and faded
But juniper mats spread their green,
Where sunflowers gaily—a proud troop,—paraded
Now round shouldered veterans are seen.
Three crows fly across cawing loud in derision,
The chicadees giggle in glee,
The squirrels are after their winter provision
And scamper from stone heap to tree.

[The thrashers! The thrashers! What racket they make!
Their loud, strident voices the wild echoes wake.
There is stirring and whirring of shafting and wheel,
The snorting of horses, the flashing of steel.]

Hark! The crack of a gun! There's a stir in the bushes!
A smoke puff creeps up from the dell.
Now out from the alders the brindle cow pushes
Her broad horns and jangles her bell.
What can Jack have found? There is furious barking!
A woodchuck? He makes the air hum.
There's sure to be fun when he goes out a larking—
For Jack—that is—woodchucks are dumb.

[That 's a clear, happy laugh! Oh, the thrashers are gay!
More chaff than from wheat will be scattered to-day.]

The barn cat is stealing away through the clover—
The din jars his sensitive ear.
The pens of the turkeys and hens have run over
And scattered their flocks far and near.
Across, o'er the ridges, just see pony scurry!
No harness, no bridle to tease!
The joy of a gallop alone bids him hurry
And fling out his mane to the breeze.

[The thrasher is quiet. The horses are stalled.
That means it is noon and that dinner is called.]

MISS CAMPBELL'S CHRISTMAS.

By Laura Harlan.

HOPE CAMPBELL came out upon the piazza of the Lodge into the wondrous glory of Christmas morning in the mountains. The valley beneath her, the hills on her own level, the towering peaks in the distance, all were arrayed in the spotless white of new-fallen snow. For twenty-four hours the storm had whirled and beaten and dashed through all the North Country, but now, upon the year's most tender anniversary, Nature was again calm and serene. From grand old Lafayette the brilliant sun was reflected in dazzling splendor, and a thousand other points within the circle of view gleamed like the facets of a living jewel. The crisp air made the blood dance in the veins, though it was so still that the smoke from the village chimneys, far below, rose straight towards the cloudless sky.

"Isn't it grand, aunt?" said the girl, as the door behind her opened once more and a much befurred and bewrapped personage ventured out.

"Grand enough, I suppose," was the reply, "but how fearfully cold! I do wish we were snug at home in Boston. And this storm has blockaded us so that we cannot even hear from there for days. Hope! Hope! What possessed you to drag me off up here in the dead of winter? Your freaks will be the death of me yet."

The girl laughed gaily. "Why, this experience is doing you a world of good, auntie," she said. "A week in the mountains now is worth a whole winter of symphony concerts and Harvard lectures; or a whole summer of life here in a crowded hotel. Now we have the whole panorama to ourselves. It is like a performance of grand opera for just two royal auditors."

The older woman smiled reminiscently. "Last summer you did not seem so anxious to be alone," she said. "Or, at least those college boys did not allow you to be. I wonder—"

The girl interrupted her with something of relief in her tones. "Oh, auntie!" she cried. "Some one is coming up the hill. He must be on snowshoes. I'll run and get the glass."

With the aid of a field-glass a man could be seen plainly toiling laboriously up the long incline. He had on snowshoes, as Hope had surmised, and with their aid he was able to make his way, after a fashion, along the drifted opening where lay the deep-buried highway. A good-sized pack was strapped upon his back.

"It's Mr. Russell, the expressman at the village," Hope announced, after careful scrutiny. "He must be bringing our Christmas presents up to us. Isn't it good of him?"

"Well, I never supposed we should get any presents way up here in the woods," commented her aunt, "but if we are really to have some I hope there will be a lively novel and a box of Huyler's for me. I need something to counteract the high thinking and plain living you have been enforcing upon me of late."

They had not long to wait before the young giant from the valley reached the foot of the long steps that led down from the Lodge. His beard was white with frost and his blue eyes twinkled above cheeks that had been stung red by the biting cold.

"Merry Christmas, ladies!" he cried. "Here's a few of your presents. Most of 'em are too heavy to bring until the team can get through, but I picked out a dozen that I could pack up here so's you would n't forget what day it was."

Before Hope and her aunt were half through their expressions of thanks he had turned and was off on the return, proceeding much faster, though more carefully, than on the ascent. Then the ladies hastened indoors, unfastened the bulky package with impatient haste, and soon had its contents sorted out. Happily the novel and the candy for auntie were speedily discovered, and with a sigh of content she settled down in an easy chair before the brisk flames that crackled in the huge fireplace.

The larger number of the packages were addressed to Hope and she looked them all over leisurely before opening any of them, prolonging the pleasure like a child with a box of bonbons. When, at last, she removed the wrappings from one she uttered an exclamation of such unfeigned pleasure that her aunt looked up with interest.

The girl held in her hands a framed photograph. It was a picture of a sullen sea, breaking in surf upon a long, wide beach which ran back to wooded hills and bluffs. A little city of tents skirted the land side of the beach. Here and there upon the sand were scattered men, singly and in groups, busily engaged in turning the beach, literally, upside down. In the foreground of the picture was a young man in high boots, shovel in hand, principally prominent because of his once white sweater with a college initial upon it.

The frame was of wood, evidently whittled out with a jackknife from a pine board. In each of its corners was glued a little bottle filled with sparkling grains of gold dust. Enclosed in the package was a note which Hope read, while her aunt examined the picture.

"Dear Miss Hope," ran the note. "This is the most suitable holiday remembrance that I can devise up here in the wilderness. If it will keep me a tiny lodging somewhere in a far corner of your heart, that is all I could wish. For, you must know, in spite of what you said last summer, I still have hope that some day Hope will have me. And I have one hope now, the Hope claim, back in Boston gulch. Your Jack."

"That present is just like Jack Hall," said Aunt Mary, as she handed back the picture, a "clever idea with Jack Hall very prominent in it. What else have you got, Hope?"

Hope was busy finding out.

The smallest package in the pile was her next choice, and the removal of the outer wrappings disclosed a monogrammed jewel case. Hope touched the spring, and as the lid flew back looked down—at herself.

A miniature on ivory, framed with brilliants, formed as striking a contrast to her first present as could be imagined.

"Miss K. has painted two of these," said the note. "I am send-

ing you one as a bribe to allow me to keep the other. In Wall street, you know, we need Hope more than anywhere else in the world; and I must have you in spite of what you said last summer."

"Well, Harry Greeley must be making money," was Aunt Mary's comment on this gift. "That cost him a thousand dollars at the least."

One by one the other "returns of the seasons" were disclosed until but a single package remained, and that when opened revealed a wondrous fan made from the feathers of some strange bird. The handle was of scent-bearing wood, polished and carved and weighted so as to stand upright when the glory of the fan was outspread. The manner of this was explained in the accompanying note:

"You may be interested to know," it said, "that the weight in the handle of the fan is a bullet that the surgeon dug out just over my heart a month or so ago. The wound sent me off my head at the time and I fancy I said some inexcusable things. At any rate the surgeon delights in reminding me that I can never be shot in the heart, because, he says, I confided in him that I gave my heart away last summer. Well, that 's true. As my old namesake said somewhere in his Psalms, 'Hope possesseth my heart.'—David."

"Did n't you get anything from Nathan Jenks?" asked auntie, having arrived at a convenient stopping place in her novel, and having completed a mental inventory of her niece's gifts.

"No, aunt," replied the girl with an unnecessary flush, "but there is probably something from him down at the village. Mr. Russell brought only a few of the things, you know."

"Hump! Any present a country parson could give you would n't be so heavy but what the expressman could bring it. I do n't believe you will get a thing from him and I hope to gracious you 'll not. I verily believe you dragged me up here so as to be somewhere near him, and he has n't so much as called. Girls are such fools about men!"

"It is very foolish of you to talk like that, aunt," replied Rose sharply. But the rift had come in the lute, and there was little of the true Christmas peace in the girl's heart as she sat by the window and watched the score of men and horses break out the drifted highway.

Hardly had the long road up the hill been cleared when a covered sleigh, drawn by a span of powerful horses, made the ascent and drew up at the Lodge entrance. The driver fastened his horses, accepted the invitation to enter and warm himself, and then stated his errand.

"I am Dr. Hunter of Lincoln," he said. "In the hospital at the lumber camp there is a very sick man who calls night and day for 'Hope.' Unless he can be quieted and get natural sleep I fear he will die. Miss Campbell, I think his life is in your hands."

"In my hands? Oh, no!" cried the girl in protest, "Who is the man?

"Nathan Jenks," replied the doctor.

Hope turned pale and grasped at a chair for support; then, in an instant, rallied. "I will go with you, doctor, of course," she said. "I will be ready in five minutes."

Doctor Hunter bowed her from the room and turned to meet the flood of questions on the elder lady's lips. The story he told was this:

Nathan Jenks, minister of a struggling church in a nearby town, came often to the lumber camp to hold simple services and to help the men in whatsoever way he could. His last visit was just at the beginning of the great storm which speedily imprisoned him at the camp. After the blizzard had raged for hours, and all the scattered crews had fought their way to the cabins, it was discovered that one man was missing. All who were able turned out to search for the wanderer, Nathan Jenks among the number. The quest was long and perilous, and one after the other all the little knots of searchers returned empty handed. All but the minister, and he, at last, staggered into hailing distance of the camp, carrying the insensible and half-frozen body of the lumberman in his arms. The rescuer was almost as exhausted as the rescued. Both were put in the hospital, and there they had remained on the verge between life and death.

Aunt Mary listened attentively to the doctor's recital. "It was heroic," she said, when the story was ended. "Mr. Jenks must be a brave and good man. But I do wish he had called for some one but my niece in his delirium. You cannot appreciate my position, but—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Dr. Hunter, "but perhaps I can. When I was at the Harvard Medical school I saw not infrequently at Cambridge Mrs. Mary Bradford Standish of Brookline, and her beautiful niece, Miss Campbell. They came, you will remember, to visit Miss Campbell's cousin and your son, Miles Standish, '96."

At the name the woman started violently, then bit her lips till the blood came. "Yes," she said faintly.

"So I came to know from college gossip," continued the doctor, "that Mrs. Standish planned for her rich and lovely niece a brilliant international match. Then, up here in the wilderness, I lost sight of you until last summer when I heard of Miss Campbell as the belle of the mountains, and Nathan Jenks as one of her admirers. That explains my action to-day."

He paused, cast a sharp side-glance at Mrs. Standish and went on: "I would like to tell you, Mrs. Standish, a little more about the man Mr. Jenks rescued. He is not a common lumberman. He is a college graduate and a gifted man. But drink found the weak place in his armor and dragged him down until he had lost position, friends, even, as he believed, a mother's love.

"When he was almost at the bottom some God-sent impulse brought him into the woods to straighten out. He did it. For three months he has not touched liquor. But the mental and physical reaction has caused in him what we physicians would call acute melancholia. I am afraid that he intended to be lost in the storm; that he sought death in the blizzard."

The questioning anguish in the woman's eyes checked the doctor hastily. "We found this about the man's neck," he said, and handed her a tiny gold locket. She scarcely needed to touch the spring to know that within were pictures of herself and of Hope.

The sight broke down all the barriers of her pride, and the flood of her tears washed away her idle vanities. They left her, the New England mother, sobbing with joy, "Thank God! My boy!"

A week later Nathan Jenks, admiring Hope's Christmas presents spread out for his inspection on his bed, was especially pleased with the miniature, the fan, and the photograph from his old mates at college. But Hope remarked demurely:

"I like the two you gave me, Nathan, better than all the rest."

"What do you mean?" queried Nathan in meek astonishment. "I couldn't give you one even."

"Oh, yes, you could and did," said Hope, close to his ear. "One was Miles, and one was—yourself."

A SIRE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

By Clara B. Heath.

I did not think the task would e'er be mine
To draw from out the dim and shadowy past,
Such fragments of his life as intertwine
With mine; and from these scattered memories cast
Into the mold of verse, with pure intent,
Build to his name a simple monument.

Yet it is even so, for there are few
Now left who loved him as a cherished friend;
When fortune frowned they vanished like the dew
Blown from the roses which the rough winds bend.
A loving tribute, humble though it be,
And long time due, I bring in memory.

He had a fund of stories that he told,
Some humorous and quaint—a few were sad:
A part had been long gathered—legends old,—
Of some he was the hero, good, or bad.
He told these noted stories far and near,
Wherever he could gain a list'ning ear.

And he had told them o'er and o'er till now,
When threescore years and ten of life were passed,
He fancied them all true—that truth, somehow,
Had won them over to her side at last.
Perhaps his fancies, long in story trim,
Had restive grown and danced away from him.

We think his spirit saw beyond the bound
The world has set around her children here,
The wall that closes in the narrow round
Of ways and customs, followed year by year,
He made of life what it should ever be,—
The simple prelude of eternity.

So strong his faith (I think his prayer for years
Had been for its increase) that day by day
He saw his substance wasted, yet no fears
Disturbed his peace. God was a God alway;
And those who called him Father strong should stand
Sure of the help of His almighty hand.

We saw him last when fourscore years and more
Had passed beside him with their noiseless tread;
And some of them had scattered o'er and o'er
Their shining silver on his unbowed head.
His smile still lingered, fainter than of yore,
But full of peace, as if on sunshine fed;—
Nor did the color of his cheek quite fail,
There still were roses though they had grown pale.

No marble marks his resting-place, I ween,
I wonder if the briers and weeds grow tall,
Or, if the mound is fair with waving green,
When summer dews at early twilight fall?
Perhaps the sparrow twitters there unseen,
And robin to his mate will softly call.
I would a rose might blossom at his head,—
One of the olden type—so sweet and red.

NECROLOGY.

GEN. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Gen. Charles Williams, long prominent in Manchester's social, political, and business circles, died at his home in that city, on Monday morning, November 6.

General Williams was born near Oxford, Eng., but came to this country with his father when a boy of ten, settling at Blackstone, R. I., where he learned the



trade of a weaver. When sixteen years old he went to Manchester, where he remained two years apprenticed at the trade of a tinsmith, when he went to Peacedale, R. I., and finished learning his trade, his father living and dying there. He returned to Manchester in 1859, where he married Ann Augusta Jackson, daughter of Artemas and Sally (Young) Jackson, who survives him, with three children, Arthur H., and Charles A. Williams, and Mrs. Mabel Pickering, wife of Herbert D. Pickering of Lowell.

He opened a stove store in Smyth's block, where he continued in business until after 1870, acquiring meanwhile an interest in the block itself, which he held till death. About the time he discontinued the stove business he became interested in the quarrying and manufacture of soapstone, and, in company with Harrison Eaton, bought the plant at Nashua Junction, and, soon after, the Francestown quarry, developing an extensive business, which came entirely into his hands in 1881, through the purchase of his partner's interest. In 1889 he commenced acquiring interest in the Manchester Street railway, and continued until he secured full control thereof, developed the system extensively, and introduced electricity as a motive power. In April, 1898, he sold the same to the present operating syndicate.

General Williams was prominent in Republican politics, though not himself an aspirant for office. He was several times a delegate to national conventions, was quartermaster-general on the staff of Governor Currier, and a member of the executive council during the administration of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer.

COMMODORE GEORGE H. PERKINS.

Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N., retired, died at his residence at 123 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, on the evening of October 28.

Commodore Perkins, a son of the late Judge Hamilton E. Perkins of the Merrimack County Probate Court, though born in Hopkinton, October 20, 1835, was reared in Concord, and was regarded as essentially a son of the capital city. Educated at the Naval academy he became an acting midshipman in 1851; a lieutenant, February 2, 1861; a lieutenant-commander, December 13, 1862; a commander, January 19, 1871; a captain, March 10, 1882, and a commodore in 1896, by special act of congress, five years after his retirement as a captain.

He was in active service in the navy throughout the War of the Rebellion; was executive officer of the *Cayuga* at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the capture of New Orleans under Farragut in 1862, accompanying Captain Bailey when sent ashore to receive the surrender of the city. He commanded the ironclad, *Chickasaw*, in the battle of Mobile Bay; was mainly instrumental in the capture of the big rebel ram, *Tennessee*; subsequently bombarded Fort Powell, which was evacuated and blown up, and later shelled Fort Gaines, compelling its surrender with the entire garrison. For his conspicuous gallantry here he was specially commended by Farragut.

Commodore Perkins left a widow, who was a daughter of the millionaire merchant of Boston, the late William F. Weld, and a daughter, Isabel, the wife of Larz Anderson. He owned an extensive summer establishment in the town of Webster, where he had spent much money for various improvements, and where he passed considerable time during the warm weather. His attachment for his native state remained firm through life.

DR. THOMAS L. JENKS.

Dr. Thomas L. Jenks, for many years prominent in political and public life in the city of Boston, died October 31, while in attendance upon the session of the Superior Court, in Pemberton Square.

Dr. Jenks was born in the year 1830, in the town of Conway. In 1843 he

went to Boston and entered the drug store of Andrew Geyer at the corner of Causeway and Lowell streets, where he remained until the breaking out of the Mexican War in 1846, when he shipped in the navy as a hospital steward, which position he retained through the war until February, 1849, when he returned to Boston and went into business himself as a druggist, at the corner of Merrimac and Portland streets, which stand he occupied for thirty-three successive years, when he retired from active business to take a position on the board of police commissioners. In the course of business as a druggist he studied medicine and received his diploma from the Harvard Medical school in 1854.

In politics Dr. Jenks was at first allied with the Whigs, casting the first vote for General Scott for president in 1852, but on the demise of the Whig party he united with the Democrats and became prominent in the party councils, serving fourteen years as a member of the state committee, and ten years as its treasurer. He served in both branches of the Boston city government, and in the state legislature. He was appointed chairman of the board of police commissioners in 1882, and served two terms or six years. In 1889, he was made commissioner of public institutions by Mayor Hart, reappointed by Mayor Matthews, and held the office till 1895. He was president of the North End Savings bank of Boston; was trustee of many large estates, and enjoyed in the fullest measure the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

HON. WALTER S. DAVIS.

Walter Scott Davis, born in Warner, July 29, 1834, died at Contoocook, October 31, 1899.

He was a son of Nathaniel and Mary (Clough) Davis, and one of the historic family which gave the name to Davisville in Warner. He attended school at the academies in Washington and New London in this state, and at Thetford, Vt., and after teaching for some time engaged in lumbering, being for some time in partnership with the late Samuel H. Dow, and, later, with Paine Davis. He subsequently engaged extensively in the manufacture of straw-board. In 1874 he removed to Contoocook, and was mainly instrumental in the development of the water power at that point and did a large amount of building, aside from the erection of an elegant residence.

In politics Mr. Davis was an active Republican. He represented Hopkinton in the legislature in 1878; was a state senator in 1885, and a member of the executive council during the administration of Governor Ramsdell in 1897–'98. At the time of his decease he was moderator for the town of Hopkinton. He was an active Free Mason and a Patron of Husbandry, and had been a leading spirit in the Swedenborgian church at Contoocook, in which he was for a long time a reader duly authorized to conduct services in the absence of a clergyman. He married, in 1857, Dollie, daughter of Daniel and Judith (Trussell) Jones of Warner, who survives him, with two children, Horace J. and Mary A. Davis of Contoocook.

REV. DANIEL L. FURBER, D. D.

Rev. Daniel L. Furber, D. D., pastor emeritus of the First Congregational church in Newton Center, Mass., died there November 19, 1899.

Dr. Furber was born in the town of Sandwich, October 14, 1820. He fitted for college at Portland and Fryeburg, Me., and graduated from Dartmouth college in 1843, being a classmate of Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton. He studied four years at the Andover, (Mass.) Theological seminary, and was ordained pastor of the First church in Newton, December 1, 1847, continuing actively in the pastorate for thirty-five years, until 1882, when he resigned and became pastor emeritus.

Dr. Furber was a great lover of music, having taught the same in his college

days to aid in meeting his expenses. He was also a hymnologist of no little merit and published a volume of hymns in connection with Professors Parks and Phelps. He was a close friend of the late Samuel F. Smith, author of "America," and the last call which the latter made before his death was one of congratulation upon Dr. Furber, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth birthday of the latter. In 1871, on the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Long, Dr. Furber preached the "election sermon" before the Massachusetts legislature. He married, in 1850, Mrs. Maria Peabody of Hanover, a sister of the late Chief Justice Brigham of Massachusetts, who died in 1882, leaving no children.

HON. THOMAS DINSMORE.

Thomas Dinsmore, born in Alstead, March 4, 1821, died in that town November 14, 1899.

Mr. Dinsmore received a common school education and remained in Alstead until 1848, when he went to Boston and engaged in business in the Quincy market, continuing with good financial success for thirty-three years, when he retired from business and returned to his native town, where he subsequently resided up to the time of his death. He purchased a farm in Alstead, erected thereon a splendid set of buildings, and engaged extensively in agricultural operations.

In politics he was a staunch Democrat, and while in Boston served eight years in the common council. After his return to Alstead he took a strong interest in public and political affairs, and was a member of the state senate for the term 1883–'85.

WALTER H. STEWART.

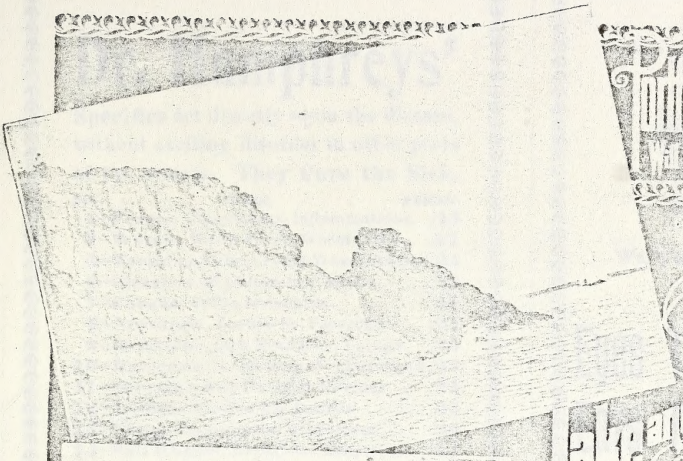
Walter H. Stewart, postmaster at Franklin, died at his home in that city, November 10.

Mr. Stewart was a native of Enfield, born March 22, 1863, and removed with his parents to Franklin at the age of five years, where he subsequently resided the most of his life. He learned the machinist's trade and perfected and patented a knitting machine, which he sold to Norristown, Pa., parties. He subsequently invented other machines and disposed of his patents for the same. He was active in politics; was president of the Republican City club; was for four years one of the town supervisors; was a representative in the legislature from Ward 1, in 1896, and was appointed postmaster upon the coming in of the Republican administration in 1897.

HON. WILLIAM D. KNAPP.

William D. Knapp, a son of Daniel Knapp, born in Parsonsfield, Me., October 17, 1831, died at Somersworth, November 23, 1899.

Mr. Knapp graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1855, studied law at Great Falls, now Somersworth, was admitted to the bar in 1858, and settled in practice there. He received an appointment as judge of the police court in 1868, which he held up to the time of his death. He also represented the town in the legislature in 1870–'71. He married, in 1866, a daughter of Dea. Thomas Hussey, a lady of fine literary and scholastic attainments, who survives him.



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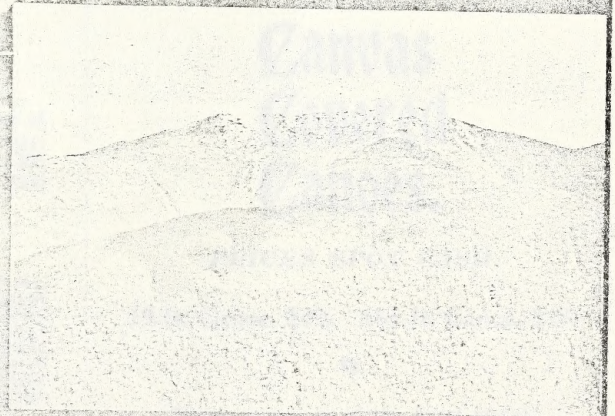
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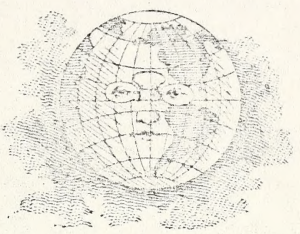
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